THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

HIGH PRICES STARTING DOWNWARD

AN ORDINARY FAMILY DINNER on the last Sunday in January cost a dollar less than it did the Sunday before, according to one market expert who is showing how the tide of food-prices, so long at the flood, is beginning to turn. All over the country editors greet the news with emotions that rise to jubilation. The Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* considers the "dissolution of the league of rations" to be in sight when "eggs have begun the Humpty-Dumpty act; butter charges are in a melting mood," and "meat bills are facing a decline." Faith in the old rule that what goes up must come down is once more justified, the Knoxville *Sentinel* notes, while the Brooklyn *Citizen* expatiates upon the new and "exquisite delight of shopping in a bear market." The drop may not be any "shocking, joyous surprize," but, the Boston *Globe* is certain, "gradually it will wiggle its way down to the things we buy at the corner store." The turn, as several journals point out, came when *Bradstreet's* index-numbers for December last showed a slight decline. On January 14 there were declines in cotton prices said by the New York *Journal of Commerce* to be "the greatest that have been made in textile markets since the close of the Civil War." Then the market reports from New York, Chicago, Detroit, and other cities told of demoralization in wholesale prices. Corn, oats, barley, and rye dropt four to ten cents a bushel. Pork fell off a dollar a barrel. Cheese might "continue strong," but eggs fell off fifteen cents a dozen in four days, and butter ten cents a pound in a week. Such sharp declines came, as the New York *World* notes, "in succession to a general tendency prevailing in practically all markets reflecting the necessary costs of living."

But while the wholesaler and the average consumer who reads his daily paper knows that prices are beginning the descent to something like prewar levels, the retailers, *The World* remarks, in general "appear to be still dwelling in the outer zone of darkness." And *The Evening World* calls attention to a certain strange sensitiveness of the retailer toward declines in the wholesale price of any commodity he handles:

> "Let the wholesale price be advanced two cents, and behold even before it is announced the retail price bounds up ten cents.
>
> "Let the wholesale price come down ten cents and a month later the retail dealer may reluctantly shave a penny off the price he has been charging his customers."

Irony and bitter jesting at the expense of the unpopular retailer might be quoted from dozens of newspapers, but his case is presented not by one of his own trade, but by a wholesale dealer in butter and eggs who told a New York *Evening Post* news-gatherer:

> "The retailer has a lot of goods on hand that he paid high prices for. The effect of a decrease in prices doesn't affect him for some time after it has occurred. When he has paid sixty-five cents for a supply of eggs he is reluctant to make a cut in his prices because the market price has dropt to fifty-five cents."

This authority goes on to give some reasons why the consumer ought to feel very happy, even if his grocer is only beginning to give him the benefit of the new prices. He sees nothing ahead but "a tremendous decrease in prices, even to the prewar standards." And here are some of this practical business man's reasons for saying so:

> "There is tremendous production going on in this country. Extreme prices have encouraged the raising of everything. There is a bumper crop of wheat and corn. Therefore cows and hens will be well fed, and they will be productive. In the United States there is to-day $575,000,000 worth of cattle more than there was a year ago. There are large holdings of poultry all over the country. There are such tremendous quantities of food that I don't know what we're going to do with it. Schwab has warned us that the export trade is going to be very disappointing. Already England has canceled meat contracts. And the United States Government, formerly the largest purchaser in the market of every commodity, has withdrawn from competition.
>
> "Last year the Government commandeered forty per cent. of all the butter for the soldiers and corresponding quantities of other products. Imagine the effect the withdrawal of this factor will have. With this outlook in supply, prices will go down inevitably."

The chief cause of the drop in prices, says the Detroit *News*, is the large surplus of foodstuffs that has been piled up awaiting war's demands or a possible further advance in prices, but which must now be disposed of. For instance, we read,

> "Federal reports show that holdings of meat in refrigerators are sixty-five to eighty-five per cent. higher than in 1914; in other words, there are 900,000,000 pounds of frozen pork, 350,000,000 of frozen beef, and 106,000,000 of frozen poultry."

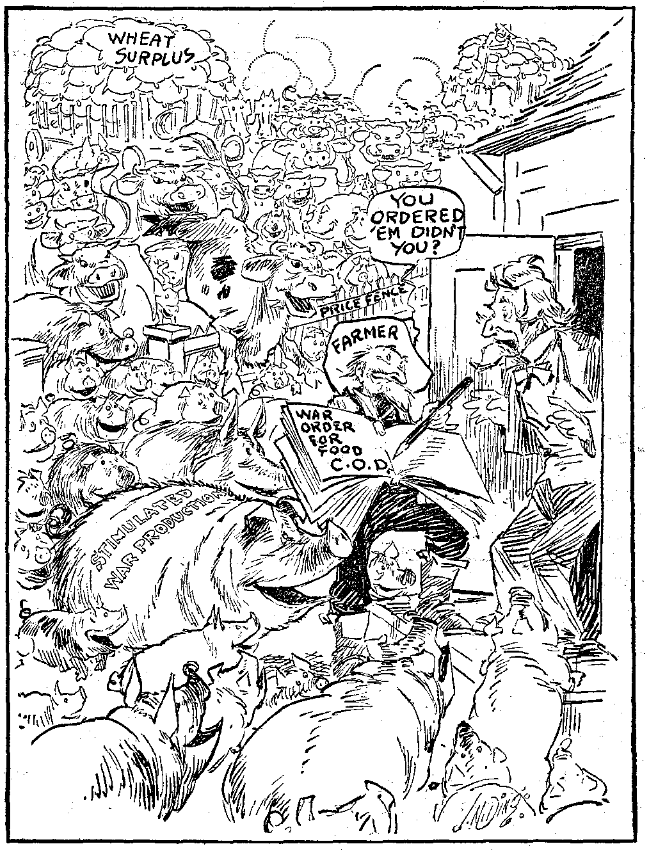
And there are other obvious reasons for the drop in prices, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* notes. The open winter is one very strong factor—

> "It has permitted unimpeded transportation of foodstuffs, and there have not been the vast losses from freezing suffered at this time last year. The supply of vegetables from the South has greatly helped, as it has caused a switching from meat to vegetables, the lessening demand lowering meat prices. The export demand for meat is also dwindling. The open winter has also moved the hens to greater activity."

Nor is it food alone that is being affected, as the St. Louis daily reminds us. "Reduction in cloth prices has begun, both wool and cotton fabrics being affected." Clothing dealers are said to "expect a material reduction in next season's prices and a still greater reduction for the spring and summer of 1920." Yet after considering the falling markets for both food and clothing, *The Globe-Democrat* warns the consumer that tho he "has prospects of relief," "he should not overestimate its extent or its imminence." Similarly the Newark *News* thinks that the return of prices on necessities and luxuries to anything like the prewar level will be delayed for some time. For one thing it finds that supplies are short almost all over the world, and "this, backed by the large volumes of currency and credit available almost everywhere, will constitute a strong pull in favor of maintaining a relatively high range of quotations." A financial authority like the National City Bank in its monthly circular explains why it thinks the commodity prices will not continue "a headlong decline to the level of before the war." Prices must follow costs, and these "are not going to be reduced rapidly in other countries." As we read:

"Freight charges have just been largely reduced on the ocean, but not to prewar rates, and railway charges are not being reduced at all. Profits are being sacrificed and production curtailed, but the fundamental conditions which are necessary to prices much below those now existing have not been established here, still less in Europe.

"Finally, the great underlying fact in the situation is the world-shortage of goods, following four years in which production has been devoted mainly to war-supplies and the need of raw materials and equipment for reconstruction."


WHEAT SURPLUS
YOU ORDERED 'EM DIDN'T YOU?
PRICE FENCE
FARMER
WAR ORDER FOR FOOD C.O.D.
STIMULATED WAR PRODUCTION

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THERE'S A MAN AT THE DOOR WITH A PACKAGE.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

But the great obstacle to any phenomenal and immediate decline in prices, particularly in the case of foodstuffs, is found by most editors in the continuance of the Government's price-fixing policy. The price-fixing policy was adopted, it will be remembered, to protect the consumer against an inordinate rise in the price of necessities and to encourage the producer to do his utmost by protecting him against any sudden drop in prices or unforeseen decrease in the demand for his product. It was necessary to encourage maximum production, to store up food against the needs of our armies and our allies. As all editors agree, both nature and our farmers responded nobly, so that at the end of the war the nation finds itself with a great surplus store of food in the granaries, elevators, the cold-storage plants, and the terminal warehouses. Yet, in the midst of this plenty, we are still paying war-prices, and the Government's stabilizing agencies are apparently keeping prices at the high level. As the indignant New York *Sun* puts it, "the United States Government, exercising to the limit its war-control of food, does everything in its power to hold food-supplies back from our own consumers in peace so that it may continue to jack prices high above their reach." *The Sun* calls attention to a specific example in the case of one commodity:

"The United States Government again fixes the price of hogs for February, as for January, at $17.50 a hundred pounds. A war price! A starvation price! And on January 1 there were at terminal points such stocks as 295,000,000 pounds of frozen meats; of cured beef, 36,000,000 pounds; 12,000,000 pounds of lamb and mutton; 60,000,000 of frozen pork, 351,000,000 of dry salt pork, 295,000,000 of pickled pork, 100,000,000 of lard. Virtually every day since the first of the year those stocks of surplus meat-products have been piling up. Furthermore, not in years and years has there been back on the range and the farm anything like the superabundance of live stock on the hoof there now is, waiting to go to the slaughter-houses, the packing plants, and then into cold storage when there is room for it.

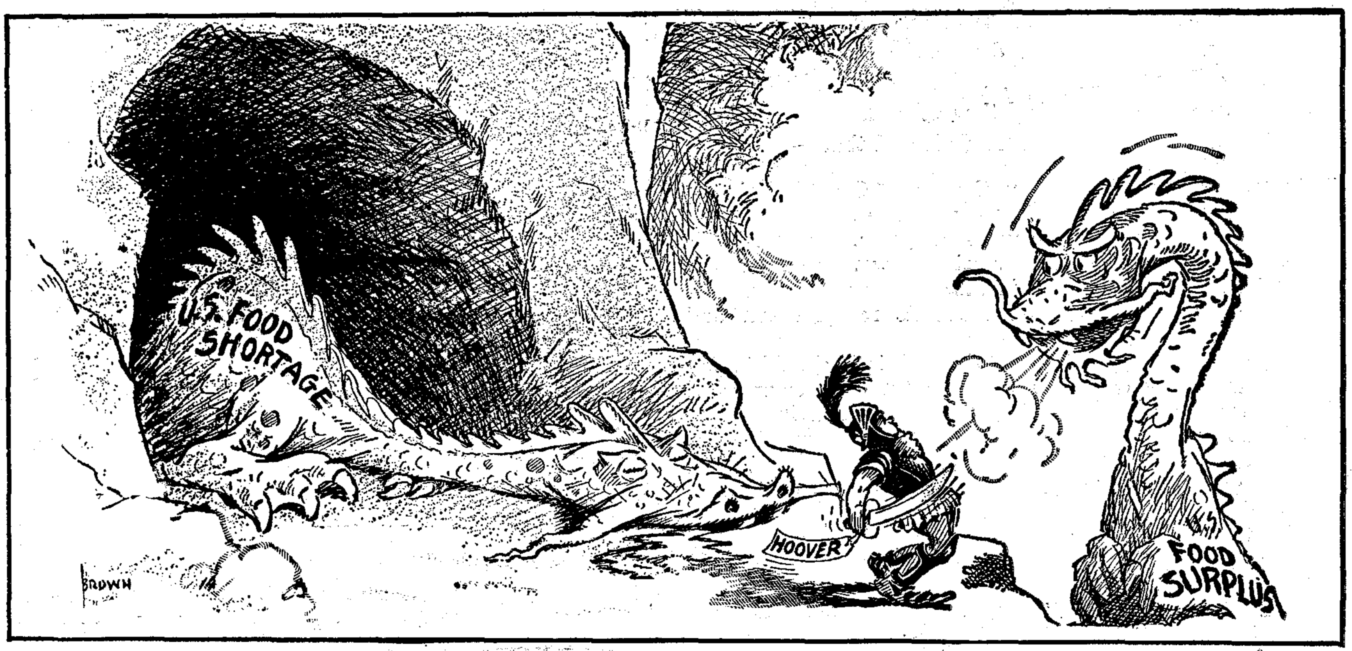
"A week ago the Agricultural Department reported on the farms 44,399,000 cattle, an increase of 287,000 over last year; it reported 49,863,000 sheep, an increase of 1,260,000; and 75,587,000 hogs, an increase of more than 4,600,000.

"All the while the American consumer pays 50 cents a pound for ham, as if there weren't a hog on earth."

The Chicago *Tribune's* Washington correspondent has reported a "storm brewing over the policy of the Administration in continuing, with the war ended, a high minimum price for foodstuffs, under war-legislation designed to stimulate production." A bill has been introduced into Congress demanding of the Administration an explanation of the continuance of a price-fixing policy which "evidently is directly responsible for the high cost of living to the consumer." The New York Produce Exchange has asked the President of the United States—

"To discontinue the practise of price-fixing as now applied to hogs, grain, and other foodstuffs, to the end that prices may return to their normal and natural bases, controlled only by conditions of supply and demand, and so bring about a material and necessary reduction in the cost of living, now bearing so heavily upon the mass of our people, such reduction in living expense being especially called for in this period of reconstruction and readjustment, where there must be a considerable discharge of labor, or at least reduction of wages to meet diminished demands incident to stoppage of the intense and abnormal war-activities."

Yet while there is a very general editorial approval of demands like these, there is an equally general willingness to accept the reply from Washington that the Government must stand by its guaranties, in accordance with which farmers planted wheat and raised hogs as they would never have done otherwise. There has been much talk in Congress about the profits the meat-packers are making and about the Food Administration helping the packer by keeping prices up. But as Mr. Judson C. Welliver says in the New York *Globe*, Mr. Hoover "can't keep faith with the hog-raising farmer without also enabling the packer to unload his meat stocks at high prices." Mr. Hoover himself has answered his critics in a statement given out from Paris by telling them that our food-problem is simply "a problem of the American farmer," and one calling for much thought and patience. If the packers' profits are too high they can be taxed, but "if the farmers' prices threaten to fall below the level of a fair return" production will fall off and the country will suffer. Mr. Hoover points out that we were prepared to export over fifteen million tons of food this year, altho before the war we exported but five million tons a year. If the war had gone on every pound of our increased production "would have been required by the Allies before next harvest." But "the armistice came suddenly, freeing shipping from military use and reopening to the Allies the cheaper southern hemisphere and the colonial markets, where, in addition, they could have more liberal credits and markets for their manufactures." After peace is signed "and the markets of Europe are open freely to trade there will be a greater demand for food from the new mouths" than even our large surplus could supply. In fact, Mr. Hoover declares that "if the entire consuming populations of the world were able to obtain fats to-day, there would be a shortage at this moment," even with the great surplus due to our farmers'



MORE WORK FOR ST. GEORGE. —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

record production of hogs. It might be noted here that there were 4,600,000 more hogs on January 1 than a year ago. But for the next few months we face a very difficult situation. Restrictions on free marketing are being removed, the ban on American food-exports has been taken off, other moves toward food-demobilization have been made. But, concludes Mr. Hoover:

> "It is no more possible to demobilize in a week the whole of these intricate forces set up during the war than it is to demobilize our Army by dismissing it on the field. And, pending these solutions, our American farmers, merchants, packers, and banks simply must stand together for two or three months to carry our excess surplus over until the markets of the world have been more extended and finally liberated by peace."

The high price of wheat, most editors agree, is the keystone in the structure of high prices. As the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* notes, "it holds up the price of other grains, and that in turn holds up the price" of meats. The Government is under a pledge to the farmers of the country to pay for wheat a price equivalent to $2.26 a bushel at Chicago, in case they are unable to get that price in the open market. Yet why, asks the Chicago Board of Trade, as quoted in the daily press, should wheat sell here at $2.26 a bushel when selling in Argentina at $1.28¾ cents, and when Canada and Australia are ready to undercut us a dollar? Why should corn be $1.36½ in Chicago and 57¾ cents in Buenos Aires? Or oats 68¼ cents in Chicago against 37 abroad? Why, it asks again, should flour stay at $12 a barrel with an existing glut and with a wheat crop of probably more than 1,100,000,000 bushels in prospect?

Practically no one wants the Government to break its bargain with the farmers, but there is an almost unanimous agreement upon the part of the press that the Government should either buy up the wheat crop at $2.26 and sell it at the market price, pocketing the loss for the benefit of the consumer, or that it should pay the farmers the difference between $2.26 and the price for which they are able to sell their crop. In either case the taxpayer foots the bill. But it is thought better by newspaper writers that the loss should be distributed widely than that the price of bread should be kept artificially at the war-level. The Government, it seems, is inclined to the first of the two solutions just mentioned, and the Administration has prepared a bill proposing the appropriation of $1,250,000,000 to be used by the Food Administration in purchasing 1919 stocks of wheat at the Government's guaranteed price of $2.26 a bushel, such stocks to be disposed of at world market prices, the Government to bear the loss involved as part of its war-time obligations.

A FLURRY OVER BRITAIN'S EMBARGO

ANGRY APPREHENSIONS of a bitter trade war, and even hints of "bloody reprisals," found voice in the United States Senate last week during a discussion of the temporary restrictions imposed by Great Britain on her own import trade. The occasion of these expressions was a resolution offered by Senator Weeks (Rep.), of Massachusetts, calling upon the Secretary of State to say what steps, if any, he had taken "to request the British Government to modify or suspend" these restrictions. Such a request was necessary, in Senator Weeks's opinion, because the trade restrictions were "detrimental to the employment at their full capacity of our manufacturing industries" and "in direct conflict with point number three" of President Wilson's fourteen peace points, which demands the removal of trade barriers.

The Massachusetts Senator denied the implication that the action of Great Britain—which applies impartially to all nations, including her own dominions—was "aimed at the United States." But Senator Lewis, of Illinois, Democratic whip, warned Great Britain not to arouse "the spirit of 1812," and Senator Reed (Dem.), of Missouri, according to a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times*, declared that there would be "bloody reprisal" if the embargo were carried to the extent of keeping out American goods from the British market for an appreciable time. And he went on to say:

> "Great Britain, that you went over yonder to save, is proceeding to gain every advantage she can. Where she admits your soldiers to save her, she will not admit your goods you would like to sell to her for honest money, giving honest value. . . . . . .
>
> "Great Britain! No sooner had she succeeded in extricating her two hands from the great mouth of the German war-monster, but she proceeds selfishly to put up the bars of her trade against the very race and the very nation that went to her rescue."

Turning again to the reports of Senator Lewis's protest, we read:

> "While the President is in France working for the benefit of all the Allies, it is inimical for Great Britain to impose such an injurious embargo as planned. It is calculated to arouse a feeling of hostility. Britain does this country a great violence at this time to press the embargo. She will make it very difficult for the President to protect and secure the adoption of his program. It will lead to retaliatory legislation, and instead of insuring peace among the Allies it will lead to enmity."

In the main, we find our editorial observers calm in the face of Senatorial forebodings. They remember that predictions of a disastrous trade-war were immediately heard when Great Britain reduced her ocean freight-rates, despite the fact that our own Shipping Board cooperated with and advised the British lines in making these reductions. And they note also the official and reassuring statement of our War Trade Board that—

> "The reasons for such action on the part of Great Britain are not hard to understand, nor do they require anything in the nature of justification. For over four years, Great Britain has been subject to the shock and strain of a war which not only required the sacrifice of life and intense human energy, but also necessitated the most stringent economic readjustment and the sacrifice of private business.
>
> "It is not strange, therefore, that Great Britain should to-day wish to make every legitimate effort to keep her commercial and economic status from falling into chaos, and instead to restore it to a state of equilibrium. In fact, to do anything else would be strange.
>
> "As a natural result of such a normal, patriotic aspiration, in order to bring her own manufactures to a state of stability approaching that of prewar days, Great Britain finds it necessary to impose such import restrictions for the time being as will permit her the opportunity to reestablish domestic business conditions on a normal basis."

Some of our papers fail to see any ethical difference between protecting home trade with an embargo and protecting it with a tariff wall. "Protests will come with poor grace from a country so given to import-trade restrictions as our own," remarks the New York *World* (Dem.), which in another editorial thus amuses itself at the expense of a Republican Senator:

> "If Senator Weeks were an out-and-out free-trader he might say that the British order prohibiting certain importations is in violation of the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, and the comity of nations. Being a stern protectionist of the Boston Home Market school, he merely accuses the London Government of preventing 'the operation of our manufacturing industries at their full capacity' and of disregarding Point No. 3 of President Wilson's fourteen peace proposals.
>
> "Embargoes are not always applied in the same way. To stabilize industry and markets long demoralized by war, Great Britain temporarily forbids importations of goods of which it has or may have a surplus. Its act is in conflict, of course, with its own free-trade policy in time of peace, but it is a sovereign right and it is exactly in line with the noble principles of the political party in this country of which Mr. Weeks is a distinguished member.
>
> "When Republicans wish to place an embargo upon articles with which some of the most generous contributors to their campaign chest are overstocked they increase the Custom-House taxes to a level that is certain to prohibit imports, and then they hire brass bands and go out on the stump and tell workingmen and farmers that nothing but such divinely ordained measures keeps them out of the pauper-labor class.
>
> "It is all right, of course, for a Republican to wallop the Democrats, discredit the President, and break up the League of Nations, but he should be extremely careful as to what he says and does on the subject of embargoes on manufactured goods. The American Protective Tariff League and the Home Market Club, not to mention the treasurer of the Republican National Committee, are very sensitive on that point."

The New York *Wall Street Journal* (Financial) reminds us that—

> "In season and out of season the United Kingdom has been our premier customer. Her purchases have doubled those of any other customer, while she has been the least insistent and least bothersome of all creditors."

The British import-trade regulations which are causing all this discussion go into effect in part on March 1 and in part on July 1. They cover a wide range of commodities, the most important of which are thus summarized in a Washington dispatch to the New York *World:*

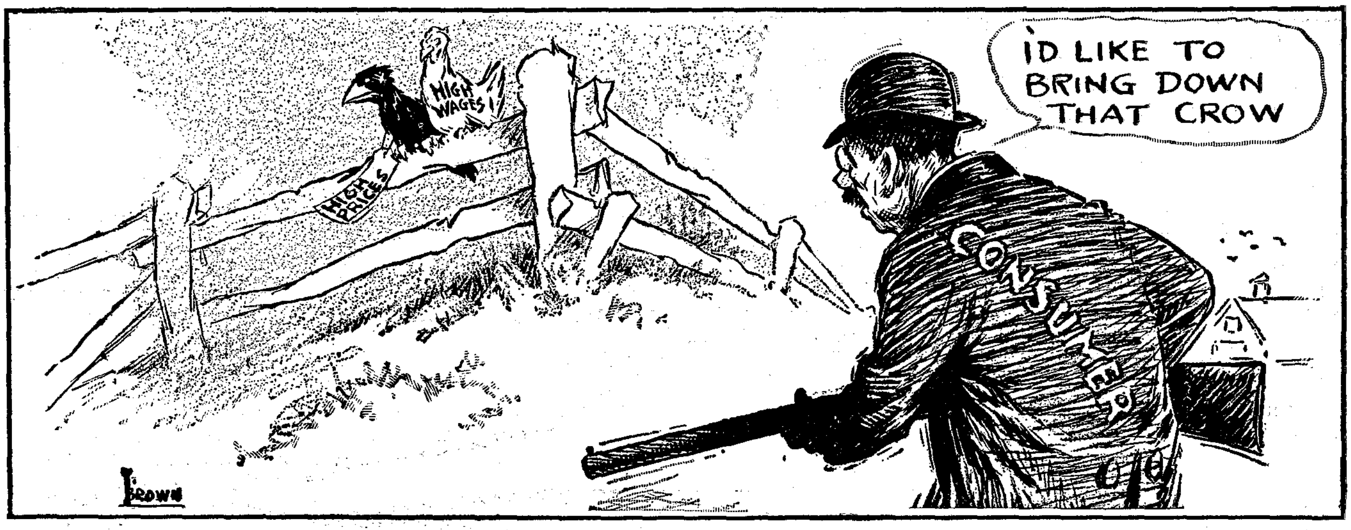
> "Commodities which may not be imported into Great Britain after March 1 without special licenses range all the way from essentials to luxuries and include machine tools and machinery for working in both metal and wood, stoves, manufactures of aluminum, wearing apparel not water-proofed, baskets and basketware, metal baths, cartridges, cement, fatty acids, fire-extinguishers, guns, carbines, rifles, hats, bonnets, lawn-mowers, linen yarns, manufactures thereof, mats, matting, mops, oilcloth, perfumery and toilet preparations, photographic apparatus, pictures, prints, engravings, photographs, plated and gilt ware, revolvers, pistols, salt, sewing-machines, skins, furs, soap, spectacles, eye-glasses not containing gold, time-recording instruments of all kinds, movement and parts thereof, wringers, mangles, weighing-machines, scales, balances of all descriptions, and vacuum cleaners.
>
> "On the list permitted until July 1 are works of art, apples, bananas, casings and sausage-skins, cocoa, coffee, fruit from all sources, canned, bottled, or preserved; hides, wet and dry; vegetable ivory, marble, onions, pimentoes, rum, sugar-cane, tobacco, unmanufactured and manufactured, including cigars and cigarets."

LABOR RECONSTRUCTION PROGRAMS

SUCH PORTENTS as "the recent strikes in Portugal, in Spain, and in Spanish America, the revolt of Sinn-Feiners in Ireland, the growing strength of the Labor party in Great Britain, the Mooney and Billings case in America, the flying of the red flag on the labor halls in Australia, the Sparticans in Germany, and the Bolsheviki in Russia, the revolt of the Canadian soldiers when leaving for Siberia, all indicate" to a watchful labor-leader like President Martin, of the Oakland Shipyard Laborers' Union, that the present social order, in Macaulay's words, "hangs tottering above the boiling tide." Every one, therefore, is naturally thinking about after-war reconstruction. The Administration having turned the task over to Congress, Congress is leisurely considering or pigeonholing at least five separate measures for the appointment of committees to devise programs. The editor of *The Public* (New York) thinks that in the past six months as many as a hundred reconstruction organizations of one kind or another have been launched, having "every possible end in view, from municipal ownership to the establishment of a *Soviet* form of government." But while "speakers and writers may expound their respective plans" it is to the organized workers that the task of preparing for "real and sound reconstruction" belongs, continues Mr. Martin in *The Tri-City Labor Review* (Oakland, Cal.). This labor-leader insists that the plans "must be based on sound economic principles," and that nothing "based merely on sentiment or political claptrap," "no mere philosophy," will do.

The leading minds of the American Federation of Labor recognized all this long ago and prepared by appointing in June last a committee to draw up an after-war reconstruction program. This committee was made up of John P. Frey, editor of *The International Molders' Journal;* B. M. Jewell, president of the Railroad Department of the American Federation of Labor; John Moore, president of District 6 (Ohio), United Mine Workers of America; G. W. Perkins, international president of the Cigar Workers' International Union; and Matthew Woll, president of the International Photo Engravers' Union. Their report was indorsed by the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor and was submitted to Congress last month. The report reiterates the Federation's official rejection of the Labor-party idea, declares that "there must be no reduction in wages," which in many instances "must be increased," calls for an eight-hour day and a five-and-a-half-day week, and asserts that women who do the same work as men should have the same wages. But the chief feature of the document is the list of eighteen specific demands for reconstruction legislation to be enacted as soon as possible. Summarizing its chief points, we may note that labor asks laws—

> To make it a crime for an employer to interfere with organization of employees or legitimate union activities;



A RISKY SHOT. —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

To enable the people to reenact a law declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court;

To put public and semipublic utilities under government control;

To prohibit immigration for two years;

To progressively increase taxes on incomes, inheritances, and land values, taxing the last named so as to discourage private ownership of unused land and prevent the extension of the tenant class;

To prohibit child labor;

To further regulate corporations and make them subject to a Federal license;

To make the Government develop and utilize water-power and waterways;

To extend free education under Government supervision;

To provide for a small standing army and voluntary State militia;

To provide free transportation and other help for discharged soldiers and sailors;

To provide homes for workers and assist the workers to build their own.

Other labor bodies and subdivisions of the Federation, especially the State Federations, have worked out reconstruction programs very much like the above. The New York State Federation, for instance, has prepared a carefully drawn up platform, calling, among other things, for shop management or "voice and vote in industry," and the establishment of a minimum-wage scale higher than the bulk of present "low pay." In the West labor is emphasizing the land question in the spirit of Henry George. In an editorial in the San Francisco *Seamen's Journal* it is asserted that "land monopoly is the prime cause of that distribution of population which is crowding the people too closely together in some places and scattering them too far apart in other places." *The Seamen's Journal* notes that the California Farmer-Labor Alliance is now urging on the State legislature "the adoption of a system of land-values taxation that shall include a supertax on all idle uncultivated land as well as on land held for speculative purposes." The aim is, we are told, "to disintegrate monopolistic ownership of large areas" and "place a larger share of the burden of taxation on monopolistic wealth at its chief source."

The Federation program is naturally indorsed by union-labor papers and also by the more radical spokesmen of the workers as far as it goes. It has been discust seriously and at length in the daily press, both the Newark *News* and the New York *Times* taking up the various demands in considerable detail, without passing any final judgment upon the program as a whole. *The National Civic Federation Review* (New York), which favors cooperation between employers and workers, calls for a careful reading of the document. It says that "while it is sufficiently radical to please the real progressive minds of our country, its radicalism relates to concrete things and not to abstractions." This editor is pleased because the American program "talks about those things that the labor men believe will help to make conditions better *now* for the wage-earner and his family in the United States, leaving for the millennium most of those things," like "industrial democratization of industry," "descanted upon" in the program of the Labor party in Great Britain. The Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* is similarly gratified by the apparent retention of the conservative view-point that the Federation "has held since the beginning of the war." A writer in the Baltimore *Evening Sun* notes that there is nothing Bolshevistic in the Federation's program; there is "no proposal to seize private property without adequate compensation; no recommendation of or excuse for violence; no suggestion that changes are to be brought about except by due process of law and with the approval of a majority of the people." In other words, he continues:

> "These proposals are offered as reforms to be discust by the people and acted upon after the judgment of the people with regard to them has been formed and matured. Is not this a thoroughly American method?"

But it seems to the New York *Journal of Commerce*, on the other hand, that "there is something strangely idealistic and impracticable" in a number of the proposals in the Federation program, "rather suggestive of those which are creating such a tumult in Europe." The Brooklyn *Eagle*, after considering a number of the demands, concludes that—

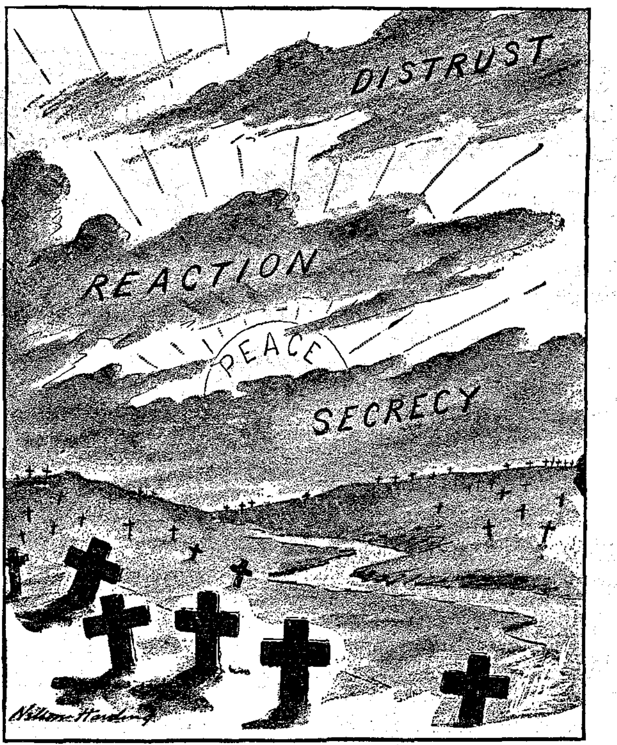
> "Altogether the program is one of magnificent range and stupendous magnitude. It would revolutionize our form of government. That Mr. Gompers and his aids will not insist on having it all carried out at once is the fervent prayer of the seventy-five per cent. majority of American voters."

The Indianapolis *Star* calls it a "program of special privilege," and thinks that the Federation is getting on dangerous ground when it backs it. It says:

> "We should all bear in mind that the strength of our nation lies in the fact that we are more than 100,000,000 American citizens, each with privileges equal to those of everybody else. The moment we begin to claim specific rights, not because we are citizens, but because we are bankers, or farmers, or laborers, we are getting away from a republic form of government and are espousing autocracy.
>
> "There is nothing to which the members of the American Federation of Labor are entitled as patriotic citizens of America that they should not have and that public sentiment will not help them to get. There is not a single thing they could claim as a class privilege. The workers of this country have suffered more injustice than any one else from the evils of special favor and should be first to realize the peril of departing from even-handed justice for everybody.
>
> "The program outlined by the committee involves the essence of Bolshevism in so far as it undertakes to favor and to protect one element of our population regardless of the rights of others."

THE TOLL OF WAR AND PESTILENCE

THE WAR HAS SLAIN its thousands and the "flu" its tens of thousands, at least so far as American lives are concerned; for 50,000 soldiers killed in France, we have hundreds of thousands killed at home by the epidemic. In the world at large the London *Times's* estimate of 6,000,000 dead from influenza and pneumonia does not fall far short of the estimate, also sent out from London, of 6,396,504 men killed by the war. These last figures are, however, admittedly incomplete. The New York *Times* doubts "whether the whole truth will ever be known about the sacrifice of life, the maiming of men doomed to be remnants of humanity, and the many lost to view and never to be accounted for." For months to come, casualty tables will figure in the newspapers, and *The Times* is not alone in believing that "when all the returns that can be gathered are in, it will be found, doubtless, that 10,000,000 men laid down their lives in the greater war." But even this, we read elsewhere, will probably not be half the total loss of life for which the Prussian authors of the war may be held responsible. As the Atlanta *Constitution* reminds us, "millions of civilians died in France, Belgium, Russia, Italy, Servia, Roumania, and in the enemy countries from starvation, from overwork while enslaved, from Hun barbarities, from disease brought on by conditions which would not have existed but for the war, from exposure and from broken hearts." It is still too early, the Georgia editor adds, to try to foot up the number of deaths in these classes, because "every day thousands of helpless men, women, and little children are dying somewhere in Europe and in Asia from sheer starvation as a direct result of the devastations of war, and for years children of to-day who may survive the existing *post-bellum* famine period will be dying one by one as a result of constitutional weaknesses being brought on now by malnutrition."



BREAKING THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

Some call the influenza epidemic a by-product and charge its fatalities to the war. Our own total of battle deaths will probably reach about 50,000, as noted below. The Federal Census Bureau gives 115,258 as the influenza-pneumonia mortality total in forty-six cities of the United States up to January 4. These cities contain only one-fifth of our population, the Kansas City *Times* reminds us, and the Springfield *Republican* considers the figures absurdly small. The Massachusetts daily notes that from October 1 to December 24 insurance companies received 120,000 claims due to influenza or pneumonia, and expected 80,000 more for the same period. Using these figures as a basis and checking up by other statistics, the writer in *The Republican* comes to the startling conclusion that the national loss of life from the epidemic up to the end of last month is between 1,312,000 and 2,262,000. But it does not seem so incredible when attention is called to the ravages of this plague in other lands:

> "The loss in India has been estimated as more than 3,000,000. In the South Sea Islands people died in such numbers that the bodies had to be burned in huge piles. In Mexico it is said the plague caused 432,000 deaths. Its ravages in Germany and among German soldiers has been pointed out as a not negligible factor in the disintegration of the Hohenzollern Empire. In France, in England, in Spain, in Italy—in fact, in nearly every land on the globe—it has taken enormous toll. An outstanding feature of the plague is that it has been even more destructive among southern peoples than it has been among peoples dwelling in northern countries."

In an editorial discussion of war and mortality *The Republican* observes that the total wastage of human life from starvation—even if Russian and other figures may have been exaggerated—"must run far into the millions." It continues:

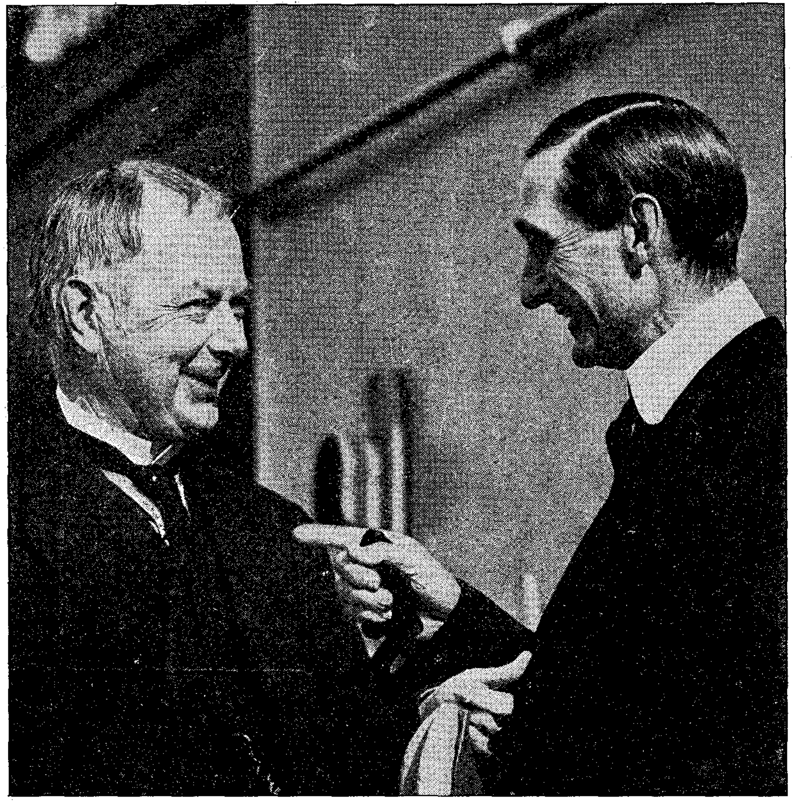
> "Closely related to famine is disease, both in the innumerable individual cases in which want has reduced vitality, preparing the way for a fatal malady, and in the terrible epidemics which a great war always brings in its train. These pests are at their worst when as at present Europe and Asia are both involved. Maladies endemic in remote places are spread broadcast by the disturbance of population, and find congenial soil among the wretched crowds of war-refugees, cold, hungry, and enfeebled, who huddle together wherever any sort of shelter can be found and are forced to live without regard for sanitation or decency. We have felt what one of these plagues of distrest humanity can do even to a prosperous and well-ordered land; from the influenza epidemic we may judge what some of the most miserable parts of the Old World have suffered from this and other plagues, including typhus, which is still one of the worst of all whenever modern sanitation breaks down under the stress of a great war. A British authority puts at 1,000,000 the deaths due to lice."

This war, "with its attendant revolutions, famines, and plagues," will have a tremendous effect upon the population of the Old World, *The Republican* concludes. We can not yet precisely estimate the effect on the birth-rate or death-rate or calculate the population of Europe for 1920. In 1910 it was 450,000,000. If the war had not occurred, there might have been a gain of as much as 40,000,000 by next year, but now "the actual increase is likely to prove small."

The latest German figures are published in the *Kölnische Zeitung* of November 25, which places the number of German casualties at 6,066,769, including 140,760 officers and 4,750,000 Prussians. The total casualties include 1,611,104 dead, 3,683,143 wounded, and 772,522 missing. Of the missing the Cologne paper thinks 180,000 may be considered dead. This does not include losses in the last two weeks' fighting on the Western Front, and final figures will probably show that 2,000,000 German soldiers were killed. The Tacoma *News-Tribune* confesses to "a certain grim satisfaction in finding that Germany has lost more men than any of the nations she attacked, except Russia." And the Grand Rapids *News*, figuring that "at least one out of every three able-bodied men of ripe age in the German Empire suffered death, was wounded, or missing in the war," concludes that "that ought to be a cure for the madness of any nation." Our editors wonder if anything ever will be definitely known about Austrian losses. The figures quoted in the London press dispatches set Austria's killed and wounded at 4,000,000, the killed being estimated at 800,000. These estimates may perhaps be taken with some skepticism, especially in view of a statement coming from Budapest by way of Italy that Hungary alone lost 839,000 in dead. An Associated Press dispatch from Sofia says that Bulgaria's war-losses, without including those suffered in the Macedonian retreat, were: killed and missing, 101,224; wounded, 1,152,399; prisoners, 10,825. The Washington *Post* observes that if we add the 90,000 prisoners lost in Macedonia, this would give a total Bulgarian casualty list of 1,354,448, which would outnumber the entire male population of fighting age and be three times as numerous as the whole Bulgarian Army. That Turkey lost 250,000 men out of a total casualty list of 750,000 is a mere estimate.

Similarly on the Entente side Russian casualty figures are merely guesswork. The New York *Times* prints, without vouching for it, an estimate that Russia's grand total of loss was 7,700,000, including 1,700,000 killed, 3,500,000 wounded, and 2,500,000 missing or prisoners. The same paper calls attention to a report of total Italian casualties amounting to nearly 2,000,000, including 460,000 dead, 947,000 wounded, and 500,000 missing or prisoners. A British total casualty list of 3,098,013 is divided among 706,726 killed, 2,032,142 wounded, and 359,145 missing or prisoners. Canadian forces, according to an Ottawa dispatch, suffered 220,182 casualties, with 60,383 dead. The French Government long kept the story of its army losses secret. But last month the French High Commission in this country gave out official figures showing that total casualties (excluding colonials) were 4,762,800 up to November 1. These included 1,028,000 dead, 299,000 missing and given up for lost, 3,000,000 wounded (three-fourths of whom have recovered), and 435,000 prisoners. Said the Commission: "The total killed or dead of wounds, missing, and unfit for work is between five and six per cent. of the French population, and between 26 and 30 per cent. of the men mobilized."

Official tables of American major casualties up to January 8 (ninety-five per cent. complete) showed deaths from battle aggregating 39,158. To this should be added more than 3,000 names published since January 8, and 1,551 from the Marine brigade. Then, as few of the 10,000 still reported missing are thought to be alive, our total loss of life will probably reach 50,000. These tabulations show the losses in killed, missing, and prisoners, by divisions, the First (Regulars) leading with 5,248, and the 28th (Pennsylvania National Guards) following with 3,890. The lists of wounded are still incomplete. General Pershing's November estimate was 189,955, and up to the beginning of February 149,418 names had been published. Of our men in hospitals from January to October last year, 85 per cent. recovered from wounds and 93 per cent. from disease. In our overseas Army 1,100 have lost limbs and only 100 have been blinded. In the Allied armies 7,000 were blinded and nearly 40,000 lost one eye.



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"NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO BE THE TARGET,"

As Mr. McAdoo might be saying to Postmaster-General Burleson.

MR. BURLESON UNDER FIRE

NEARLY EVERY ADMINISTRATION at Washington has had some one special target for public criticism, and in the present Government Postmaster-General Burleson now seems to be drawing volleys such as previously fell to the lot of Secretary Daniels and Secretary McAdoo. Even after the elimination of what he himself calls "the mouthings of irresponsible blatherskites," there remains a notable body of public criticism directed against the official actions of Mr. Burleson—criticism which has culminated in the fight of a score of States against his new telephone-rates. Thus, Senator Hitchcock (Dem.), of Nebraska, recently characterized his seizure of the cables after the signing of the armistice as "a high-handed outrage," and on the same occasion Senator Smith (Rep.), of Michigan, protested against giving "new and added responsibilities" to the Post-office Department, which he declared "incompetent from the head down." In the matter of the cables and telegraph systems a Minnesota Congressman affirmed that Mr. Burleson was "guilty of embezzlement of power," and the Macon *Telegraph* (Dem.), protesting against the telephone-rate order, exclaims:

> "Already this amazing maladministrator is mailing telegrams to us when we pay for delivery. The telegraph service of the country has been so slowed up that it is almost intolerable—and now this. And some people wonder what makes Bolsheviki out of folks who always had behaved themselves previously."

In the case of telephone-rates, it is pointed out that the Postmaster-General is imposing a new and nationwide schedule despite the fact that the House Committee on Post-offices has voted in favor of the Government relinquishing control of telephone-, telegraph-, and cable-lines not later than December 31, 1919. The new schedule, moreover, was officially announced as "a sweeping reduction" in rates, but this reduction, according to the New York *Tribune* (Rep.), has proved "illusory"; and the Chicago *Daily News* (Ind.) finds that there is actually "a very substantial increase." In the New York *Evening Sun* we read:

> "The new rates were promulgated by the Postmaster-General with the statement that they brought about a decrease in charges, but analysis by the Public Service Commission gives the same results as those made by the commissions in Illinois, Ohio, Nebraska, New Jersey, Indiana, Missouri, and other States; that is, that the increase in rates varies from 20 to 100 per cent.
>
> "The general effect of the order of the Postmaster-General is to increase charges for certain telephone service covering the bulk of traffic and making charges for certain services which were heretofore free."

"Since the telephone systems were taken over by the Federal Government as a war-measure and put in charge of the

Post-office Department the service has steadily deteriorated," declares the New York *World* (Dem.), which goes on to say:

> "Nothing has come out of government control except annoyance, vexation, and increased charges.
>
> "In his argument for the extension of the period of Federal operation the Postmaster-General stated that he had been informed by representatives of the telephone companies that 'deterioration and confusion' would follow if the systems were turned back without legislative guaranties. The deterioration and confusion are already here, personally conducted by the Postmaster-General.
>
> "There are only two obstacles to the immediate return of the telephones to private ownership. One is Mr. Burleson's public-ownership campaign. The other is the desire of the companies to have their rates equalized and stablized by the Government before the properties are turned back to them."

In a somewhat bitter editorial which characterizes the new telephone-rates as "another of Mr. Burleson's personal triumphs at the expense of the general welfare of the United States," the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (Rep.) says:

> "When this adroit Texan, whom Speaker Clark in his autobiography calls the greatest master of intrigue he ever knew in the House, went into the Cabinet, the prevailing Washington view was that he was to act as the Administration's political expert. Col. George Harvey continues to call him the Political Master-General. And Mr. Burleson has been 'perniciously active' in politics in rather devious ways. He and Mr. Tumulty, for example, conferred with Attorney-General Gregory on the Hughes aircraft report and the manner of its publication on the eve of the Congressional election, altho it was a matter entirely foreign to the Post-office Department.
>
> "But Mr. Burleson has some schemes of his own, which he has stubbornly sought to foist upon the people. Lawsuits from one end of the country to the other have been brought to prevent the sweeping changes in telephone-rates he has ordered. It was his insistence which caused the President to veto the bill extending the pneumatic-tube service in the larger cities. Under his reign, the postal service has become a by-word for inefficiency, and the bureaucratic despotism which employees endure is a national scandal. As a suppressor of publications that met his disfavor during the war he was notoriously whimsical.
>
> "One of his crowning achievements was to get a system of second-class mail zones created which would have destroyed the facilities of communication which have unified the nation as no other country covering a vast extent of territory was ever before unified. Its provisions were to go into gradual operation, but the effect of the first stages was such that the Senate made substantial modification of the law. But this modification has been rejected by the conference committee. Mr. Kitchin is held to direct responsibility, but it is really a Burleson triumph. It means the suspension of many of the weaker publications and the monopolization of nation-wide circulation by periodicals sufficiently powerful to shift circulation cost to advertisers. It will make the circulation price of professional and technical periodicals prohibitive and will in time leave citizens almost solely dependent for information on their local publications. A worse blow could not have been dealt to general enlightenment."

Since the Government assumed control of the wires, says the El Paso *Times* (Dem.), "the 'public be damned' policy is in full force and operation." And the same paper adds:

> "Complaints of poor service, of garbled messages, and of inexcusable delay in transmission and delivery meet with just exactly the same attention they receive at the post-office. They are politely received and filed. No one is interested in whether you send a message or whether you do not; the Government is footing the bills, and the matter of whether the lines earn or lose money is of not the slightest interest to the haughty officials whose salaries are guaranteed by the taxpayers. . . . . . .
>
> "This state of affairs exists in El Paso, as in other large cities of the country, and conditions are growing worse instead of better because the employees of the companies, alleging they have been unfairly treated in the matter of wages and hours of employment, are becoming disgruntled and indifferent."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

John Barleycorn's last order will be a bier.—*Newark News.*

So far it seems to be "victory without peace."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

The line that stood at Château-Thierry must not become a bread-line. —*Detroit News.*

When national prohibition goes into effect even Maine will be dry.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Now that women are no longer knitting sweaters, we fear a return of the doily peril.—*Washington Post.*

Berlin, once ambitious to run the governments of the world, is now unable to keep the street-cars running.—*Washington Star.*

Marshal Foch wants the watch on the Rhine permanently equipped with French works.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The Peace Conference will probably furnish barber-chairs for the Bolshevik delegates at Princes' Islands.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

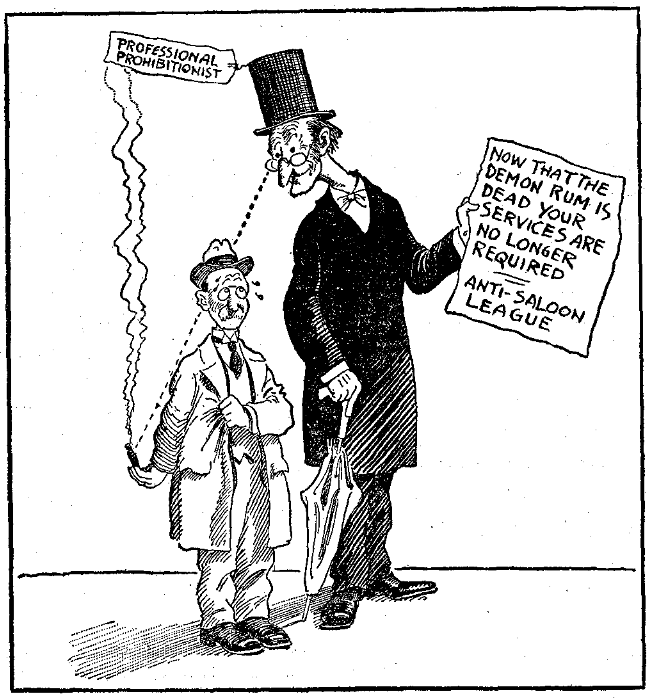
There is no "America irredenta," but America will be satisfied to annex all the world to the democratic idea.—*Chicago Daily News.*

What perfectly lovely husbands those returning soldiers who have learned to obey orders are going to make.—*Peekskill Evening News.*

Ex-King Manuel of Portugal says he is in the hands of his people. That's just where he will be if he doesn't watch out.—*Omaha World Herald.*

"One thousand innocent bystanders killed in Berlin." That's frank exaggeration. There aren't 1,000 innocent persons in all Germany.—*Washington Herald.*

The cootie killed a million people during the war, it is claimed. But we have reason to believe that fatalities among the cooties were even larger.—*Tacoma Ledger.*


PROFESSIONAL PROHIBITIONIST
NOW THAT THE DEMON RUM IS DEAD YOUR SERVICES ARE NO LONGER REQUIRED
ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE

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SOME OF US ARE APPREHENSIVE.

Harried Poland needed a composer.—*Colorado Springs Gazette.*

It may be that we had this year's winter last winter.—*Detroit News.*

Of course a cat may look at a king, but it will have to hurry.—*Chicago Daily News.*

John Barleycorn naturally thinks national prohibition is a rum go. —*Arkansas Gazette.*

What is to become of the barkeepers? Easy. Make them revenue officers.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mr. Marcosson says the American "melting-pot" has become a caldron. Yes, and it needs skimming, too.—*Omaha Bee.*

Colonel House is one delegate the Versailles Conference will never grow tired listening to.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The Siberian railroad is losing only $40,000,000 a month, but it may catch up with our speed, some day.—*New York Evening Sun.*

The ex-Kaiser's sudden devotion to literary pursuits looks suspiciously like a belated attempt to write his wrongs. —*Manila Bulletin.*

Several bars will be added to the music of the world when our mahogany of the tap-rooms is sawed into piano legs.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The trouble with the Irish question is that too many of the Irish people want what too many of the Irish people don't want.—*Detroit Free Press.*

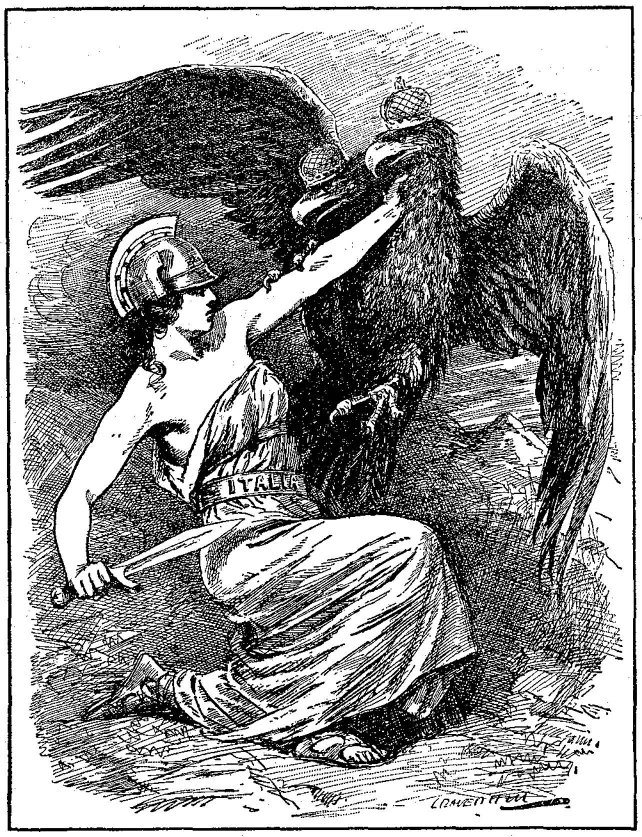
These reports that the Prussian children are cheering for the Allied troops make it look as tho those Germans were trying to kid us along a little.—*Manila Republic.*

Pershing's drastic orders against the Yanks flirting with German women are going to give his Presidential boom a big impetus in the suffrage States.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

ITALY'S CLAIM TO DALMATIA

THE CONFLICTING CLAIMS of the Italians and the Jugo-Slavs to Dalmatia have excited so much rancorous dispute in some sections of the Allied press as to evoke a warning that it is a foolish and dangerous game to feed fuel to the controversy. Should trouble really arise between Italy and the Jugo-Slavs, only one people on earth would benefit, and they are the Germans, remarks *The Anglo-Italian Review* (London), and therefore to foment by unwise or inaccurate statement a discussion that touches the pride and the good faith of great nations who have been, are, and it is to be hoped will remain allies in these hard and perilous times, is "to play the game of the enemy, who is still dangerous tho beaten and defeated." This moderate monthly, which was founded to strengthen the bonds between England and Italy, reminds us that the Italian Government has not yet stated its position on this subject, so that people who hastily rush to its defense are at least a little premature. Public opinion in Italy is, in fact, divided, and such prominent papers as the *Corriere della Sera* and the *Messagero* have opposed the claims made by Italy and confirmed by France and Great Britain in the "secret treaty" of 1915. Italian authorities admit that the great majority of the people of Dalmatia are Jugo-Slavs, but base their territorial claims on historical and cultural grounds. *The Anglo-Italian Review* says on this point:



VICTORIOUS ITALY.

—*Punch* (London).

> "Dalmatia, the strip of land which is hemmed in between the Adriatic Sea and the Dinaric Alps, and stretches southward along the coast from Istria to Cattaro, became Austrian territory only in 1797, when Venice and her dependent lands were shamefully bartered to Austria by Napoleon. The civilization of the Dalmatian coast is of pure Latin extraction. Every one of its towns was once a Roman colony or municipality endowed with the rights of Roman citizenship, and later, when Venice was reigning as heiress of Rome in the Adriatic, the Dalmatian towns became subject lands of the Serenissima and essentially Venetian in character; all, as it would seem, striving in their customs and architecture to reproduce their mistress. Everywhere along the whole Dalmatian coast are records of past Roman dominion, followed always by the Winged Lion of Venice. Yet the purely Latin-Venetian character of the Dalmatian coast towns has hitherto been little realized, partly, no doubt, because it is a region well off the beaten highway of the tourist, and partly because of the unfortunate dearth of pictorial books on the subject."

A sharp statement on the Adriatic question from one Italian point of view is made in the New York *Times* by Captain Pietro Tozzi and Lieut. Alberto Pecorini, of the Italian Army, who are in the United States "on special mission." These gentlemen claim that Dalmatia belongs to Italy, tho "no sensible Italian denies that the great majority of the people in Dalmatia are Jugo-Slavs." Yet, "no sensible Jugo-Slav denies that the history, the civilization, the art, and the trade of the Dalmatian coast are Italian." Some rather sharp words are addrest to those Allied Powers which themselves are ruling alien peoples but ask Italy to tread the narrow path of "self-determination." In short, "Italy resents being always told that she must follow a liberal policy in the interest of mankind if the others do not apply to themselves the same principles," and coming down to the facts—

> "Italy loves England, but she feels that if the press in the Allied countries repeat so frequently that it would be a crime against the principle of self-determination to give Italy the islands of the Dodecanese, inhabited by Greeks, it ought not to be considered bad taste to mention that Cyprus is also inhabited by Greeks. Italy admires France, but she fails to understand why it should be such a terrible thing to detach a part of Dalmatia from Jugo-Slavia, while the suggestion of Marshal Foch to detach from Germany the Rhenish provinces does not seem to cause any sensation."

Luciano Magrini, a special correspondent in the Balkans of the Milan *Secolo* during the Servian retreat, comes to view again after a long disappearance, we learn from *The New Europe*, with an interview with various members of the Jugo-Slav Council, including Mr. Pribičević, vice-president, and Mr. Martić, general secretary. In the *Secolo* he quotes the vice-president as saying in part:

> "We are sorry enough that the attitude of the Italian military authorities in the recently occupied lands should make us feel that in Italy the principle of nationality for the Slav populations does not perhaps meet with excessive sympathy. There have been on the part of the Italian military authorities acts of a kind hardly sympathetic and hardly friendly toward us, especially in Dalmatia. Several parts of Jugo-Slav territory, altho not included in the Treaty of London, have been occupied: thus the Isle of Veglia and the islets surrounding the Lussingrande island. The form of the occupation of Fiume also caused us bitterness, making us understand that the Italian Government was not acquainted with the real conditions obtaining in the town; an entire division occupied Fiume as if in the town the Jugo-Slav militia had put up some sort of resistance. We hope that all this is only a passing attitude of the military authorities and does not represent the ideal and proposals of the Italian people. We, too, admire your great apostle Mazzini. We, too, seek what you seek: the right of the peoples to dispose of themselves freely.
>
> "We ardently desire to live in the best of friendship with the Italians, whose culture we admire. But we can not forget that Dalmatia is Slav, that Fiume is the lung of Jugo-Slavia, and that by ethnographical, geographical, and historical right Dalmatia and Fiume fall to Jugo-Slavia. We shall have the greatest respect for the Italian minorities who must inevitably find

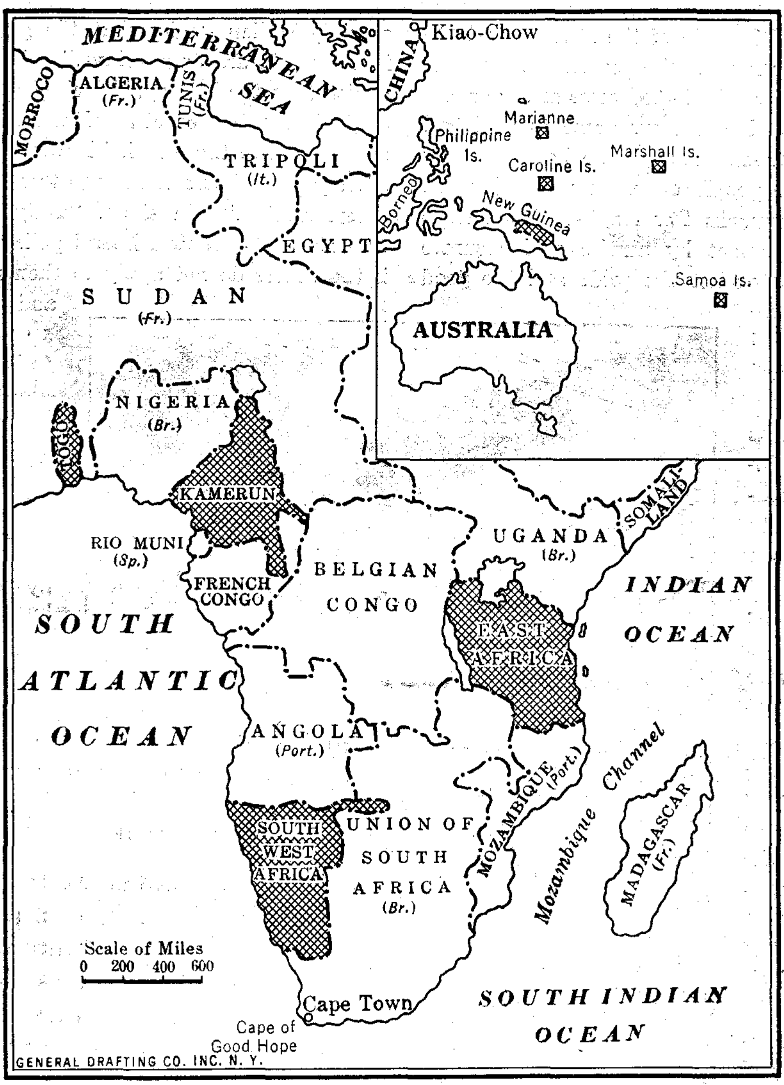
themselves included in our territory. Zara and Fiume will enjoy all liberty of culture and municipal autonomy. And we are convinced that an equal treatment will be accorded to the Slav minorities which will inevitably be included in your territory. We understand and perfectly recognize your right to Trieste and to Pola, and we would that in Italy our right to Dalmatia and to Fiume were recognized with the same justice. Among us also there are a few Imperialists who would like Trieste and Pola, but the Jugo-Slav National Council will not let itself be turned aside by imperialistic infatuations. For us Trieste and Pola belong *de facto* and *de jure* to Italy, and we are sure that Italy will accord all liberties to the Slav populations which will find themselves included in the territory, just as we shall accord the greatest liberties to the Italian populations which will find themselves on the territory of Jugo-Slavia."

Another Jugo-Slav opinion is found in *The Jugo-Slav Review* (Chicago), which maintains that the Italians in their demand for Dalmatia can not call to their support the period of the Emperor Diocletian because "the old Rome and the present Italy are two altogether separated and distinct entities." Into Dalmatia penetrated the first waves of Jugo-Slav migration in the Balkans, we are told, and at the time of Croatian independence the greater part of Dalmatia belonged to the Croatian Kingdom. The southern regions, with Dubrovnik (Ragusa), were called the Crvena Hrvatska (Red Croatia). For some time a large part of Dalmatian territory was under Servian rule. What is more, according to *The Jugo-Slav Review*, Dalmatia has the old Jugo-Slav literature.

As to the charge made by some Italian observers that while the Czecho-Slovaks fought with Italy, the Jugo-Slavs fought against her, it is pointed out by Mr. R. F. Hlacha, of the Jugo-Slav Information Bureau (New York), that Czecho-Slovaks and Jugo-Slavs, as well as all other races subject to Austria, among them the Italians in Austria, had to fight in the Austrian Army through sheer compulsion. What is more, Jugo-Slav prisoners promptly went over to the Servians and Russians and formed volunteer legions. Is the quarrel over Dalmatia not "partly instigated by an enemy"? is the question asked in a letter to the New York *Times* by Mr. Vladislav R. Savic, former head of the Press Bureau of the Servian Foreign Office, who wonders whether the Italians and the Jugo-Slavs are not perhaps "victims of an intrigue which adroitly exploits a superficial antagonism of two very susceptible peoples, not allowing them to see their real and permanent interests pointing to friendship and cooperation."

THE FUTURE OF GERMANY'S COLONIES

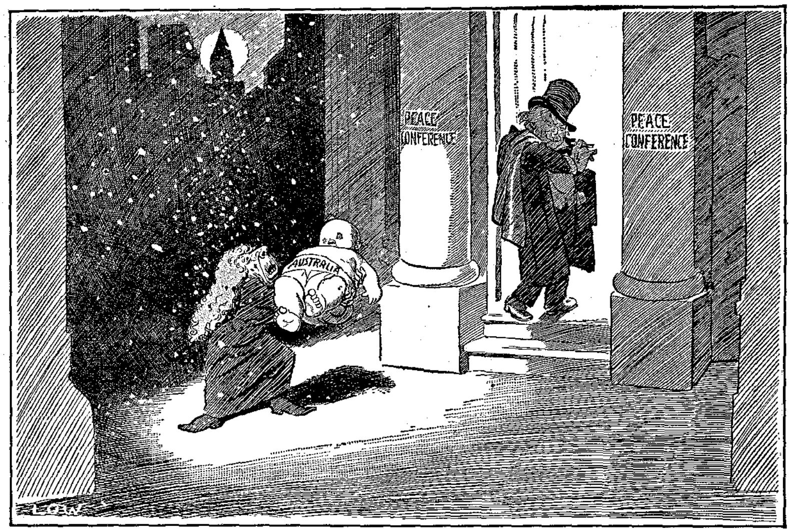
SHARP CRITICISM in some sections of the British press greets the provisional acceptance of President Wilson's League of Nations plan for the administration of Germany's captured colonies, while certain German editors are equally severe on the project, because, as they say, it shows up the American President as being no "fairer" than Lloyd George or Clemenceau in his attitude toward Germany. The basic idea of this policy apparently is that the colonies will be administered by mandate for the benefit of their own people, and not exploited as profit-making enterprises by the Powers claiming them. Two classes of mandatories, we learn from press cables, have been suggested by President Wilson for governing the German colonies. In the case of civilized colonies, the nation to hold the mandate would be chosen by the inhabitants. In the case of uncivilized territory, the League would choose a governing nation, basing its selection on geographical, economic, and military grounds. Particularly bitter is the opposition of the London *Globe*, which speaks of Mr. Wilson as "trying his prentice hand," and "at the expense of the British Empire and its Allies." Australia, led by the indomitable Premier Hughes, this journal goes on to say, never will consent, and England will never desert her children at the behest of any one. Outside of the Empire international control "sooner or later means German control," and *The Globe* asks: "For what purpose, then, will the war have been fought?" The first objection to the arrangement, according to the London *Pall Mall Gazette*, is that it offers no security for permanence. The mandate which the League of Nations can give can also be taken away. Another drawback this daily names is that the territories which are undeveloped must for some years be a considerable burden on their holders, and it adds: "If France, for instance, should spend millions of dollars developing the Kamerun, upon what grounds in later years can the League dispossess her?" The London *Evening Standard* asserts that it is impossible for Australia, which has sacrificed so much, to abandon the safeguards which she considers necessary. Destined undoubtedly to be as great a country as the United States, *The Evening Standard* proceeds, Australia is as much concerned in the matter of the Pacific Islands as America was in Hawaii when that valuable base was annexed. This London daily reminds us that then "there was



From the New York "Tribune."

GERMANY'S COLONIAL EMPIRE THAT WAS.

Of territorial possessions lost by Germany in the war the most important is considered to be German East Africa, known as the necessary link completing the British colonial chain between Cairo and Cape Colony. Other African lands are the German Southwest Colony and the Kamerun and Togoland, adjoining French Dahomey and the French Kongo. Also there are the two groups of Pacific islands, the first including New Guinea, the Bismarck, northeast of New Guinea, and the Samoan Islands; the second consisting of the Marshall, Caroline, and Marianne Islands.



THE WORLD AGAINST HER.

ERMYNTRUDE HUGHES (Australia's Premier)—"Friendless, hungry, and desperate, I beseech you not to desert me and my cheild." (As he turns indifferently on his heel)—"David! . . . . DAVID! . . . . Abandoned! . . . . BETRAYED!!!" (*Slow curtain, green limelight, as Erm. writhes center.*) —*The Bulletin* (Sydney).

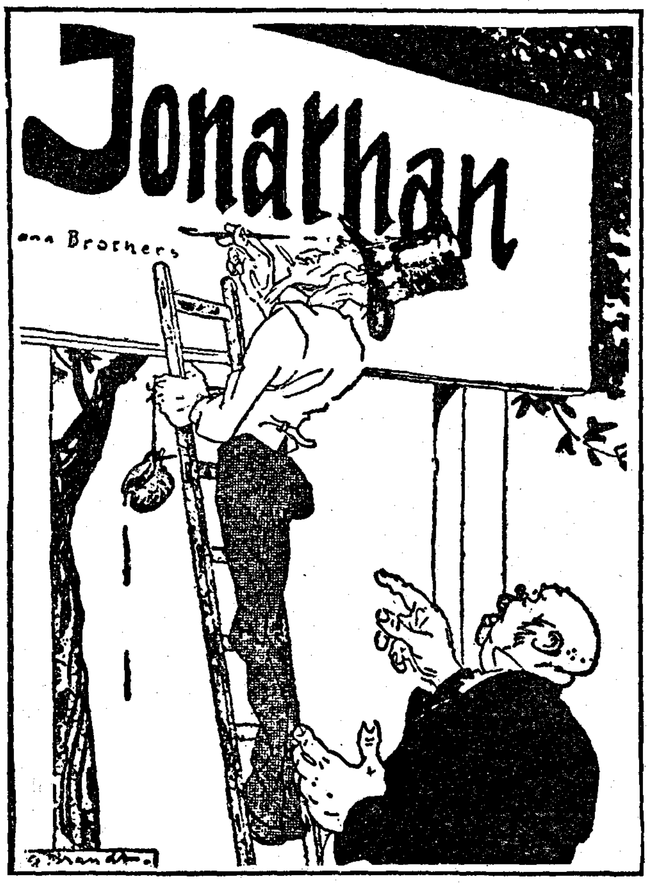
no question of America being mandatory for the rest of the world; she simply took the islands over." Typical, too, of considerable French press opposition to the Wilson plan is the remark of the Paris *Journal*, that the régime applied to Morocco by the Algeciras Conference is "an exact prototype" of that which Mr. Wilson would like to apply to the colonial domain of the League of Nations, and the question is asked: "Is it necessary to remind our readers to what that fine system led? To war, in one word. The principle of internationalization engenders nothing but discord and futility." Of all the German colonies involved, the most important territorial possession is considered to be German East Africa, with its population of upwards of seven million. Adjacent to the British South African commonwealth, it is a necessary link connecting the British in the south and the north, thus completing the British territorial chain between Cairo and Cape Colony. Less important is German Southwest Africa, tho it has a valuable harbor in Walfish Bay. Belgian interests are believed to relate to Southwest Africa, cable dispatches report, and the French interests to the Kamerun and Togoland, which adjoin French Dahomey and the French Kongo. China's interest in the German colonies is to recover Kiaochow when it has passed from Germany to Japan, and also in the termination of German concessions in China. Japan's interests lie both in Kiaochow and the Pacific Islands, which are being considered in two main groups. The first island group includes New Guinea, Bismarck, and the Samoa group, in which Australia and New Zealand are presenting their interests. The second group is made up of the Marshall, Caroline, and Marianne Islands, lying east of the Philippines and south of Japan. The discovery that the Allies have the German colonies under consideration excites such alarm in sections of the German press that for the moment the grave complexity of home problems is waived. As soon as it became known that the colonial question was to be put forward, we are told, German newspapers set about to awaken the interest of the people. The *Kölnische Zeitung* publishes an appeal by "the Imperial League of German Colonials" urging upon the people the necessity to demand their colonies back from the Allies. Every nation has a right to a place in the sun and to the expansion of culture, says the appeal, which asks for signatures, evidently with the intention of presenting Germany's case in petitionary form to the Peace Conference. The *Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung* complains, groaningly, that international administration of the colonies is "robbery" concealed behind "a veil of humbug." Berlin dispatches inform us that some German editors were much perturbed by a speech of President Wilson before the Peace Conference in which he is reported as having said that "the United States would have a feeling that it could not take part in guaranteeing these European adjustments unless this guaranty included the permanent surveillance of the world peace by the associated nations of the world." This sentence, pondered together with the reported decision of the Supreme Council that German colonies must not be restored to Germany, excites disquiet in some German circles, which is exprest by the Berlin *Börsen Zeitung* as follows:

> "If President Wilson is correctly reported, he confesses openly that he, too, like Premiers Clemenceau and Lloyd George, does not desire Germany in the future community of nations as an equal among equals, but as a nation watched by overseers. . . . The President can not wonder if people in Germany gradually begin to form the opinion that the hopes they placed in him are to be disappointed."

In a tone of scathing irony the Berlin Socialist *Vorwärts* remarks that the League of Nations is "making a lovely beginning." The decision to take the German colonies, it suggests craftily, is "born of a spirit diametrically opposed to that proclaimed by President Wilson." Then, as if casting a handful of the seeds of dissension on whatever ground it may reach, the *Vorwärts* adds:

> "It appears more and more as if it were the intention of the Western imperialists to leave to Mr. Wilson the merely musical declamatory rôles of the performance and to reserve to themselves the business end of the show. . . . We Germans would prefer an honest policy of stand and deliver to a policy of imperial aggrandizement adorned with ethical and oratorical phrases. But since America has not yet agreed to the pact we shall later see whether America can do anything except make speeches."

The South-African representatives, we learn from the London *Daily Mail's* Paris correspondent, believes acceptance of the colony plan will give the "greatest encouragement to the rebel



GERMAN EFFORT TO START TROUBLE IN THE FIRM.

JOHN BULL—"I say, Jonathan, why don't you write 'Brothers' in larger letters?" —*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

element in South Africa which it has received during British administration." This observer goes on to say that the Australian delegates fear their countrymen will regard the plan as "extremely unsatisfactory and inexplicable." Dominion representatives generally, we read further, "tho very reticent, are greatly perturbed." An Australian government cable from Melbourne quotes Mr. W. A. Watt, acting Prime Minister, as saying in part:

> "It is the desire and hope of the Australian Government that the islands of the Pacific formerly held by Germany and now occupied by Australian and New Zealand forces should for the future be controlled either by Great Britain or Australia and New Zealand.
>
> "In expressing this desire, we are not influenced by an ambition to extend our territory, but feel that this free, young nation must safeguard itself against molestation. The only form of insurance which is open to us is government under the British flag, as the Commonwealth already governs a substantial area in Oceania adjacent to the late German possessions of New Guinea and the Bismarck Archipelago. We feel that success has attended our development of these islands. [Parts of New Guinea and the Bismarck Archipelago have been under the administration of an Australian governor-general for four years.]
>
> "We must appeal to the nations who have to judge our claims. We do not seek to exploit the natives, but to develop the productive and industrial possibilities of these possessions for the future good of the present inhabitants as well as the safety of this island continent."

From the Japanese standpoint we read in the Tokyo *Nichi-nichi* that Japan must assert her rights vigorously at the Peace Conference with regard to the disposal of the German possessions south of the equator, otherwise "the valuable services rendered by the Japanese Navy in the Allied cause will be left unrewarded to the impairment of Japan's dignity." New Guinea and other islands south of the equator, the *Nichi-nichi* recalls, cover a total area of 96,000 square miles, and are regions suitable for the peaceful economic penetration of the Japanese. When it is remembered that these islands are occupied by the Australians, thanks largely to the cooperation of the Japanese Navy, the *Nichi-nichi* concludes, it is obvious that "Japan has a just right to a voice in the disposal of these German colonies."

AMERICA'S DUTY IN ORIENT EYES — Our national disposition has always tended to the avoidance of "entangling alliances," a feeling that still persists in many minds despite our participation in the Great War and in the Peace Conference, so that one notes with acute interest suggestions to the contrary which come, not from this side of the Atlantic, but from the other. Perhaps no more remote source of such ideas could be found than Shanghai, China, in which city is published *The Celestial Empire*, the weekly edition of the Shanghai *Mercury*. That the United States should accept a commission from the Allies to watch over the development of civilization in the Middle East, including large portions of territory that have lately been of the Empire of the Turk, is a proposal said to emanate from an important British source, which receives the warmest approval of this Far-East weekly. No other nation enjoys the reputation won for the United States by its missionaries and teachers, we are told, and while other nations have gone to that land as warriors, concession-exploiters, or something equally mundane, the Stars and Stripes have "flown over nothing more worldly than a hospital or a school." Moreover, America would have no ax to grind in the way of territorial ambitions, which makes it the one Great Power capable of action with the minimum of friction or opposition from the rest. Then, too, she has plenty of money, a great requirement of the Middle East, and *The Celestial Empire* points out that if the world is quickly to recover its previous food-supply in sufficient quantity, American capital will be required in many quarters, and "for a time the nations hard hit by the war will of necessity have to take careful note of their changed positions financially and so be the less ready to risk expenditure that may take time to become fruitful."

GERMAN AUSTRIA FINDING ITSELF

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME has seldom produced a more swift change than the reduction of Vienna, lately the capital of one of the Great Powers of the earth and the seat of the ancient dynasty of the Hapsburgs to the low estate of a mere metropolis of a small province which has decided as a last resource to become a second-rate state in the German Republic. German Austria's disposition to unite with the German Republic is noted with concern in some sections of the Allied press, and officially the Allies strongly object to any such union, we read, while even in German Austria itself the Conservatives oppose it because they still have hopes that the monarchical rule of some branch of the Hapsburgs will be reestablished. But the Socialist, Karl Seitz, President of the German-Austrian National Assembly, is reported to be in favor of the union with Germany, his contention being that the German Austrians have acquired political freedom just as other parts of the Empire, and they demand the same rights allowed to the Jugo-Slavs and the Czecho-Slovaks. In the view of *The New Statesman* (London), the Austrian Germans should be allowed to determine their own fate, and it is in the interests of Europe that no obstacle should be placed in their way "whatever settlement they desire for themselves, be it even complete reunion with Germany." The only inadmissible settlement is such as would give them control of the destinies of other nations. On the grounds of policy, *The New Statesman* avows its opposition to any attempt to prevent by force a union of the Austrian Germans with Germany, if such is their wish, "because in a long run any such attempt would be bound to fail," and it adds:

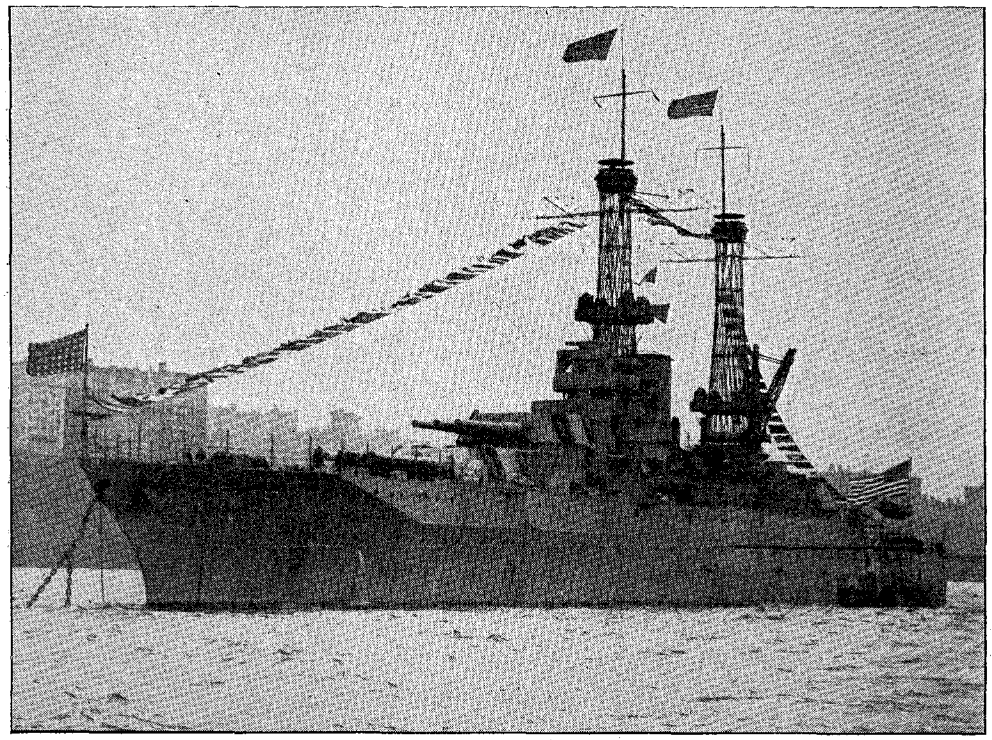
> "Ineffective in its ultimate results, such a prohibition, while maintained, would stimulate immensely German nationalism wherever Germans live. It would create an open German question in Europe. However carefully we draw the frontiers of Poland, we shall not be able to avoid including well over a million Germans in the new state; the Czecho-Slovak state will probably contain no less than three millions; German minorities will be left in Alsace-Lorraine, in the new Italian provinces, and even in the Jugo-Slav state. The case of these Germans differs widely from that of German Austria; many of them could not possibly be included in Germany, because they inhabit enclaves or form minorities in predominantly non-German territory; others because they inhabit provinces whose unity can not be broken up. If no flagrant injustice is inflicted on the German nation, and provided these scattered German minorities are left full opportunities for their national development, it is to be hoped that within a short time they will, while preserving their language and culture, become loyal citizens of the states in which they are included. But while an open German question remained in Europe, these minorities would remain in a state of continuous agitation."

German Austria, with a population of six millions, could hardly lead a separate, and certainly not a prosperous, existence, for it is "a freak in its economic and social composition." A single city, Vienna, on the very outskirts of German Austria, comprises more than a third of its total population, while another million inhabits the industrial districts of lower Austria and Styria. The rest is scattered in the sparsely populated mountain provinces, which "supply Vienna with its pleasure resorts, but not with its food." *The New Statesman* proceeds:

> "German Austria can not possibly maintain its own population, and its industries are as helpless as its agriculture; there is no coal in German Austria. . . . About the middle of October the German Socialists of Austria invited the Czecho-Slovaks and the Austrian Jugo-Slavs to discuss with them the problem of federation. The Slavs answered with a flat refusal—whoever would marry German Austria would get Germany for mother-in-law. A reconstruction of Austria, under whatever name, would be against the interests of the non-German nationalities, for in any federation centering round Vienna and bordering on Germany, the Germans would be bound to reassert themselves as its leaders."

SUCCESS OF THE ELECTRIC BATTLE-SHIP

THE ECONOMY, efficiency, and battle-qualities of the electric drive in the new battle-ship *New Mexico* were made clear by the naval authorities in a recent hearing before the House Committee on Naval Affairs at Washington. The particular advantages of the system were explained to the committee by Commander P. W. Foote, U. S. N. At first thought, it is difficult to see the advantage of the electric drive, for the current must be generated, of course, by a steam power-plant on board ship, and it would seem more economical to use this directly to operate the machinery, instead of generating electricity with it and then using electric motors. This argument, in fact, does hold when the conditions are perfectly uniform, as they would be on a commercial vessel; but with the wide range of speeds desirable on a ship-of-war, electric control is found to combine flexibility and economy in a greater degree than where the drive is purely mechanical. Our quotations are from a report in *The Electrical World* (New York, January 11). Said Commander Foote in his testimony before the committee:



THE *NEW MEXICO*, WHOSE MOTORS DEFY TORPEDOES.

"Destroy half your motive power . . . and the other unit will drive that ship still at 17 knots."

"In the main, sir, the big advantage of the *New Mexico* over any other ship of her size is this: Of course, when you come to the big-powered ships of that class, the reciprocating engines practically reach their limit, in view of the size and diameter. . . . Now, it is a fundamental principle of the turbine that its efficiency depends upon a high rotary speed, and the converse is true in regard to the ship's propeller; the ship's propeller to have a high efficiency wants a big diameter and low speed. Therefore, if you have a turbine running at its maximum efficiency, you have to have a high speed, and to have the propeller running at its maximum efficiency you have to have a low speed; and if you hook the two directly together, you get a very poor operating efficiency. At that time the mechanical reduction gear and the electric connection were devised. . . . With the mechanical reduction gear, with the ship always running at one speed, you could get a very high efficiency. If you have one of the big liners running back and forth at twenty-one knots, the mechanical reduction gear is a fine thing; and it is probably superior to an electric drive because you can design the turbine to run at its very best efficiency and put in a reduction gear to step that speed down to get the best efficiency in the propeller, and have a very happy result. . . . . . .

"But when you come to a man-of-war ship, the battle-ship, which in ordinary times of peace won't operate at a greater speed than fifteen knots, you want to be able to make top speed at any time or be able to maintain top speed for a long time, and you have a difficult matter where you are running except at a constant speed. And it is in that type of ship and the big battle-ships, where we want to operate at different speeds, where electric propulsion finds a very happy application, and that is accomplished in this way: The fundamental principle of the relation between the electric generator and the electric motor is this—I am speaking of alternating currents—the speed of the generator, which is the prime mover, of course, is as to the speed of the motor inversely as the number of poles. You know in the machines you have there are many electric poles. For instance, in the motor you have two poles and in the generator you have thirty-two poles, and your speed of the motor is as one to sixteen, so you step down your electric windings. Now, then, you can rig your motor so that you can throw a switch and have thirty-two poles in that motor, or you can have sixteen, or you can have sixty-four poles. Now that is where we utilize the principle in electric propelling machinery, because if we want to drive the propellers at low speed, which is the top speed of the ship, we throw the switch and have a certain number of poles in this motor. Of course, the poles of the generator remain fixt, you can not change them; but you throw a switch which gives you the high efficiency of twenty-one knots, or, if you want to step down from twenty-one to fifteen knots, you throw a switch and you can maintain the same relation of the propeller to the mover and you get practically the same economies. . . . . . .

"To get the power from the motor you have four motor sets. . . . These motors, of course, are simply connected by a wire, which you can lead around the corners and put in a heavy tube. Each one of these compartments is separated into water-tight compartments. Another beautiful thing is you can absolutely destroy half of your motive power, one of the two big generating units, and the other unit will drive that ship still at seventeen knots; because you throw a switch and put either one or all of those four motors on both of them, or the four motors on one of them. And a torpedo could explode in this engine-room and blow out this generator and the ship would still go on; or you could blow out this motor compartment or two of them and she could still go on."

Another important thing brought out by Commander Foote's testimony is that the electric drive actually costs less than the mechanical, so that the electric battle-ship is a measure of economy.

TIMBER'S HORN OF PLENTY

WHERE DOES ALL THE LUMBER COME FROM? Our forests have been at the vanishing-point at any time these twenty years, as all readers of the veracious and esteemed daily press can testify; and yet we always seem to be able to squeeze out a few million cubic feet of whatever particular kind we want, without extra trouble. Two hundred years or more ago, we are reminded by a writer in *The Hardwood Record* (Chicago, January 10), an officer of the British Admiralty sounded a warning that the forests of our Atlantic coast were approaching exhaustion; and one hundred and seventy-five years ago Benjamin Franklin repeated the warning. More than one hundred years ago the United States Navy prepared to plant live oaks for future ship timber. The cry was heard a few years ago that black walnut was practically a thing of the past; and a similar prediction concerning white pine has been heard constantly during the last thirty or forty years. He goes on:

"In all of these cases it has turned out that the predictions were too pessimistic. Some timber has always been forthcoming when wanted. Black walnut, which was supposed to have been exhausted nearly forty years ago when the big run was made on it by furniture-makers, proved to exist in sufficient quantities to furnish gun-stocks and airplanes for ourselves and our Allies during the late war, and that was the heaviest demand made on walnut in all past history. It is not yet exhausted, and somebody has said that a similar drain would not wholly exhausted the walnut supply had the war continued five years more."

Our Allies in Europe, too, have had a similarly pleasant experience in proving that the pessimists were too blue. We have been reading for years that France was in danger of deforestation, and the British Isles were supposed to be as badly off, or perhaps worse. But the need revealed the supply. As we read:

"A surprize now seems due us from France. We might have expected that the lumbering during the past four years would have laid France bare of trees; but the claim is now being put forward that France has enough timber left to take care of its own reconstruction needs, and that it will not be under the necessity of going outside its own borders for any. If that is true, it will come as a surprize to many persons who supposed that France was sacrificing the last of its woodlands in a desperate struggle to beat the foe back.

"When the war began, England and Scotland were not supposed to possess timber resources of any consequence. Those countries had shade- and park-trees, but these were about the limit. Yet millions on millions of feet of timber were cut in England and Scotland, and surprize at the quantities furnished was universal. Nobody seemed to know just from where it all came.

"No less an authority than Joseph G. Cannon, for years the vigorous Speaker of the House of Representatives, has been quoted as saying that Indiana now has more timber than it had when he was a boy, seventy years ago. There probably is not more, but he has a better understanding of the matter, and it seems to him there is more. However, there are persons who are confident that Virginia has more timber now than it had seventy years ago, and that is true of some of the lodge-pole pine regions west of the Rocky Mountains, and of paper birch in the Northern and Northeastern States, and of mesquite in Texas.

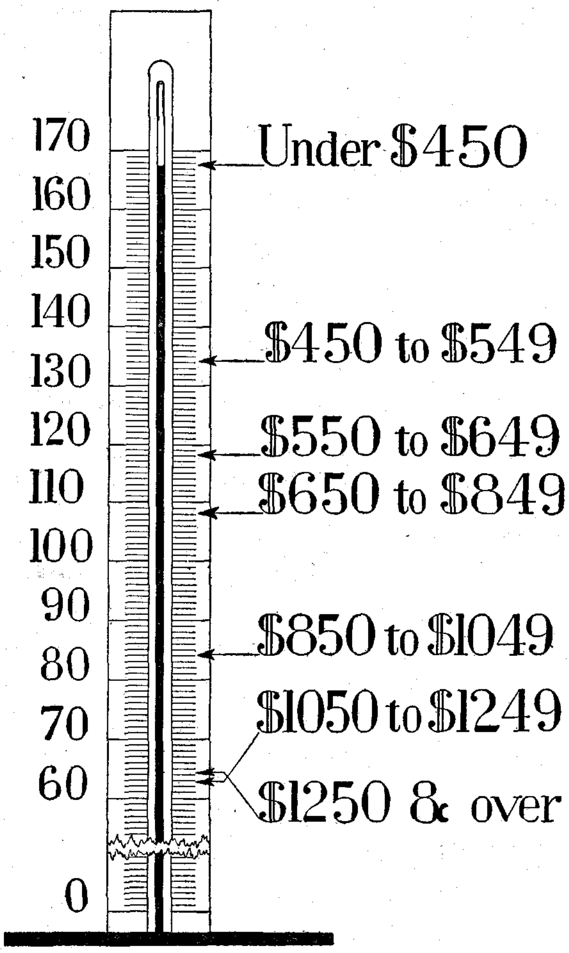
"One trouble in arriving at timber-stand by guess-work is that so many persons are poor guessers, yet their guesses may be accepted by somebody as correct. One case to the point will illustrate. Not long ago a lumber company bought the timber in a boundary lying on the border of Maryland and West Virginia. One farmer with a little tract of timber above his field refused to sell or set a price. Not that he was holding out for a higher figure, but he wanted to 'show the corporations that there was something they could not buy,' etc. Finally, he lost his temper when they continued to try to buy the few acres; and, thinking to silence them once for all by naming a price which he knew no sane man would pay, he replied:

"'Put up or shut up. You can have that timber for fifty dollars, and not a cent less. Decide now what you will do. Take it or let it alone.'

"The buyer said he would take it, and the farmer lost his breath; but he lost it again afterward when he found that the company had cut $2,200 worth of timber on the tract.

"The moral is that many people don't know how to estimate timber, or even guess at it. That is why there is often so much timber in places where there is supposed to be but little."

BABY DEATH-RATES ACCORDING TO FATHER'S WAGES. COMBINED FIGURES FOR EIGHT CITIES.



AS WAGES DECREASE THE BABY DEATH-RATE RISES.

INCOME AND INFANT MORTALITY—That babies whose parents are well off have a greater chance of life than those of poorer families is shown clearly by recent studies made by the United States Children's Bureau in eight cities. In illustration of the close relation thus existing between infant mortality and the family income, a novel chart, drawn in the form of a thermometer, has been utilized by the bureau in its recently issued annual report. The above chart, sent to us by the Bureau, differs slightly in detail from the figures given below, but not in its moral. Says a press bulletin of the United States Department of Labor (Washington, January 8):

"This chart sums up the results of six years of study of infant welfare in its relation to the earnings of fathers. Extensive field investigations, based upon interviews with the mothers of nearly 23,000 babies, are embodied in the results given. The lowest point touched by the mercury in the thermometer is at earnings less than $550; the highest at $1,250 and over. In the lowest group (earning less than $550) the death-rate of babies is given as 162.5, or 1 in every 6. In the highest group (earning $1,250) it is given as 62.5, or 1 in every 16. The decrease in infant mortality in proportion as the family income is increased toward a decent living-wage is thus made clear. The earnings of all these separate groups of workers have probably increased during the past two years. But figures recently published by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, showing a general increase in the cost of living, give no indication, according to the Children's Bureau report, that the advantage to infant life can be at this time in proportion to the presumable increase in fathers' cash wages. 'The conclusion is unavoidable,' says the report, 'that while poverty exists infant life will be needlessly wasted.'"

SAFETY FOR WOMEN IN FACTORIES

WOMEN MAY TAKE ANY JOBS in Wisconsin except those "in or about any mine or quarry." In addition, it is advised by the State Board of Health that they be not employed in "pickling-rooms" in the metal trades. Furthermore, the State Industrial Commission suggests in a recent hand-book that they be not required to lift and carry weights of more than twenty-five pounds. The hand-book contains "suggestions for improved equipment and housekeeping" in all institutions using the services of women. These suggestions are given under the heads of "Safety," "Sanitation," "Equipment," and "Housekeeping and Supervision." Naturally they are applicable to a much wider field than that offered by a single State of the Union. With regard to safety, for instance, the Commission believes that every large plant should have a safety organization of its employees and that where a considerable part of the force is made up of women there should be a woman's committee, or the women should be represented on the general committee. To quote the handbook:

IN CASE OF SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT.

A Milwaukee factory keeps up with the "Wisconsin idea" by providing this well-equipped emergency-room for its women employees.

"It is important that in large plants a competent person be placed in charge of all safety work. In smaller plants some one should be assigned to devote part of his time to supervision of this work. The duties of the safety supervisor would be to stimulate interest in safety among the rank and file of the working force, supervise all educational work, keep the safety organization working smoothly and effectively in all of its branches, cooperate with foremen in eliminating unsafe practises, make thorough weekly inspections of the entire plant, have charge of fire-prevention and protection activities, including fire-drills, pass on safety specifications of new machinery, investigate all accidents, see that all approved recommendations are carried out, keep in touch with injured employees, etc.

"The scheme of safety supervision carried on in a factory should include efforts to maintain improved conditions. It is useless to safeguard machinery unless the guards are kept on the machines and used by the employees. Nothing will be gained from working out safety rules unless the rules are enforced. Due attention to factory housekeeping and safety discipline must be given if the accident-prevention work is to bring results."

In the section on "equipment" many suggestions are made for increased comfort among woman employees, including separate small dressing-rooms to save time, the provision of lunch-rooms, preferably of the cafeteria type, proper illumination, and the use of hygienic chairs. Says the Commission:

"The day of the ordinary wooden chair and of stools without backs as a part of modern factory equipment is past. Factory managers and the manufacturers of factory chairs know that a chair to have utility must be adjustable, so that it can be more nearly physiologically correct. During the last few years, the manufacturers of factory equipment have given some consideration to the things that make a factory chair desirable from the standpoint of physical comfort. Chairs should support the part of the body receiving the greatest strain from the work.

"For certain operations the factory chair must be high. Under such conditions a suitable foot-rest should be provided. In most cases the foot-rest should preferably be attached to the work-table rather than to the chair. It should be large enough, and placed in such a way that the operative may be seated in a normal position.

"When the work requires constant standing, chairs should be available for use during lulls in the day's work, and the employees should be encouraged to use them. Wherever possible, it is well to arrange the work so that the operative may stand part of the time and sit part of the time. Change of position appears to decrease fatigue and increase production."

The Commission advises the appointment of a special factory housekeeper, or service executive, to be responsible for the care and upkeep of all factory equipment. To quote and condense further:

"She assists in supervising the installing of machines and work-tables; she sees that workers who can sit at their work have chairs that are adjusted properly; and she supervises the care and cleaning of the sanitary conveniences. Such a supervisor will study the temperature and humidity in the workrooms and she will ventilate the room during rest periods. In the daily shop visit, the supervisor will confer with the foremen and forewomen in reference to the new workers, broken time, industrial relations, and difficulties arising from misunderstandings among workers and between workers and overseers.

"Visits are made to the homes of absentees for the purpose of keeping capable workers on the company's pay-roll, and to determine causes of absence and quitting. All personal-relations work in the shop should be under one executive. The employment executive should make periodical studies of individual cases of decrease in production. Studies may be made of hourly production, fatigue, and lost time, with a view to establishing the length of the work-day on the basis of the physical and business welfare of the firm and force."

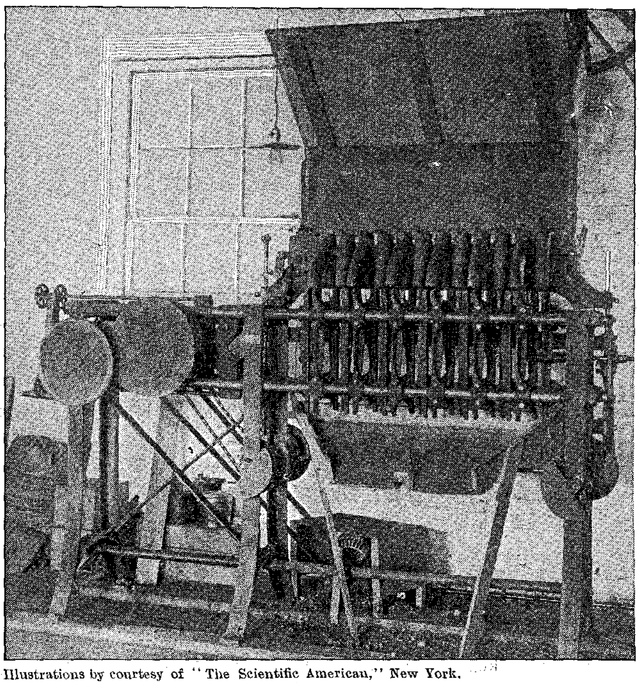
THE LADDER AS A DANGEROUS DEVICE—The Bureau of Safety, says *The Electrical World* (New York, January 18), recently issued a statement to the effect that the ladder in its various forms has been called one of civilization's most dangerous devices. Statistics show that a great number of accidents have happened with its use. Following are suggestions for reducing accidents arising from this cause:

"Take care in placing ladders before using them. If there is danger, have some one hold the ladder. Do not place ladders too straight or at too great an angle, or they may fall, break, or slip. Never place ladders in front of doors opening toward the ladders. Ladders should never be placed against window-sashes; screw a board across top of ladder to give bearing on each side of window. Step-ladders should be fully opened out in all cases before any one steps on them. Never slide down a ladder.

Never use broken or weak ladders or ladders with missing rungs. When defects of construction develop to such an extent that the ladder is discarded, it should be destroyed. Ladders withdrawn from service for repairs should be sent to the repair-shop or tagged 'Dangerous—do not use.' Where necessary see that ladders have safety feet at the base or safety hoops at top. Short ladders should not be spliced together, as they are usually not strong enough to be used as long ladders. A good method to follow is to number and classify all ladders as an aid to regular and careful inspection."

SCIENCE, THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL

THE FOLLY of objecting to new discoveries because they are not "practical" is brought out by Prof. Theodore W. Richards, of Harvard, at the conclusion of a recent address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, printed in *Science* (New York, January 3). In this address, on "The Problem of Radioactive Lead," Professor Richards tells how it has been recently demonstrated that there are at least two kinds of lead, indistinguishable to the eye or by ordinary chemical tests, but of different densities and atomic weight. One theory is that these different leads are the result of disintegration of two different chemical series of substances. This has the most interesting bearings on theories of the constitution of matter, but to the ordinary citizen its practical uses would seem to be undiscoverable. Professor Richards, however, reminds us that one never can tell at what point practical results will spring from the apparently useless in science. He writes:


Illustrations by courtesy of "The Scientific American," New York.

IT CRACKS FIVE TONS OF NUTS A DAY WITHOUT CRUSHING THEM.

"Faraday had no conception of the electric locomotive or the power-plants of Niagara when he performed those crucial experiments with magnets and wires that laid the basis for the dynamo. Nearly fifty years elapsed before his experiments on electric induction in moving wires bore fruit in a practical electric-lighting system; and yet more years before the trolley-car, depending equally upon the principles discovered by Faraday, became an every-day occurrence. At the time of discovery, even if the wide bearing and extraordinary usefulness of his experiments could have been foreseen by him, they were certainly hidden from the world at large.

"The laws of nature can not be intelligently applied until they are understood, and in order to understand them, many experiments bearing upon the fundamental nature of things must be made, in order that all may be combined in a far-reaching generalization impossible without the detailed knowledge upon which it rests. Until we understand the laws, all depends upon chance. Hence, merely from the practical point of view, concerning the material progress of humanity, the exact understanding of the laws of nature is one of the most important of all the problems presented to man; and the unknown laws underlying the nature of the elements are obviously among the most fundamental of these laws of nature.

"Such gain in knowledge brings with it augmented responsibilities. Science gives human beings vastly increased power. This power has immeasurably beneficent possibilities, but it may be used for ill as well as for good. Science has recently been blamed by superficial critics, but she is not at fault if her great potentialities are sometimes perverted to serve malignant ends. Is not such atrocious perversion due rather to the fact that the ethical enlightenment of a part of the human race has not kept pace with the progress of science?"

NUTCRACKING EXTRAORDINARY

A MECHANICAL NUTCRACKER that deals with five tons of nuts daily and keeps fifty women at work picking out and grading the meats is part of the machinery that is putting the California English-walnut industry on the map. Machinery such as this, we are told by Howard C. Kegley, writing in *The Scientific American* (New York, January 18), has enlarged production, stabilized prices, and cut out waste. The finest nuts, Mr. Kegley tells us, are not cracked, but marketed whole, and it was partly to keep the smaller nuts, or "culls," out of the market that it was determined to crack them and sell the meats separately. This has been done so successfully that the demand is now greater than the supply, and the California nut-meats have crowded imported meats from the American market. This result is largely owing to the improved machinery noted above. Writes Mr. Kegley:

"Probably the most important of the mechanical devices used in the walnut-cull factory is the cracking-machine—a device invented by one of the association members, and sold to the organization. It has a capacity of five tons of nuts per day, and four of the machines keep two hundred women and girls at work separating the meats from the shells and grading the meats.

"This machine has a nut-hopper at the top. The nuts drop from holes in the bottom of the hopper into cylinders, going in one at a time. The cylinders feed them one at a time in between long iron fingers. The finger device is operated by cam wheels. At one stage of the cracking operation the fingers are just far enough apart to admit a walnut with its end perpendicularly. When the walnut has dropt between the fingers until it fits snugly, the cam wheels turn around to the point where their leverage shoves the right-hand set of fingers over against the left-hand set with a quick motion, and that motion exerts just enough energy to snap the shells of the nuts without exercising any slow pressure which would tend to pinch or crush the meats. Then as the cams turn over again the fingers are allowed to spread apart, and the nuts drop into sacks which are hung over the mouth of the chute below the machine.

"The adjustment of the machine is so nearly perfect that it cracks at least 85 per cent. of the nuts without injuring the meats in any way. The 15 per cent. of damaged meats come from extra large or unshapely nuts which do not conform to the size of the space between the cracking fingers, and consequently get too much squeeze when the machine is in motion.

"One of the biggest problems that confronted the association when it undertook to separate the culls from the high-grade nuts was that of weeding out the lightweights—the nuts with only one mature half, or those which had shriveled meats, or moldy meats, or were otherwise unfit to go into the two best grades.

"This difficulty was overcome by the use of a vacuum machine invented for that particular purpose. The device works on the principle of the vacuum-cleaner, and it lifts from among the high-grade nuts all nuts which are light in weight, and therefore of questionable quality.

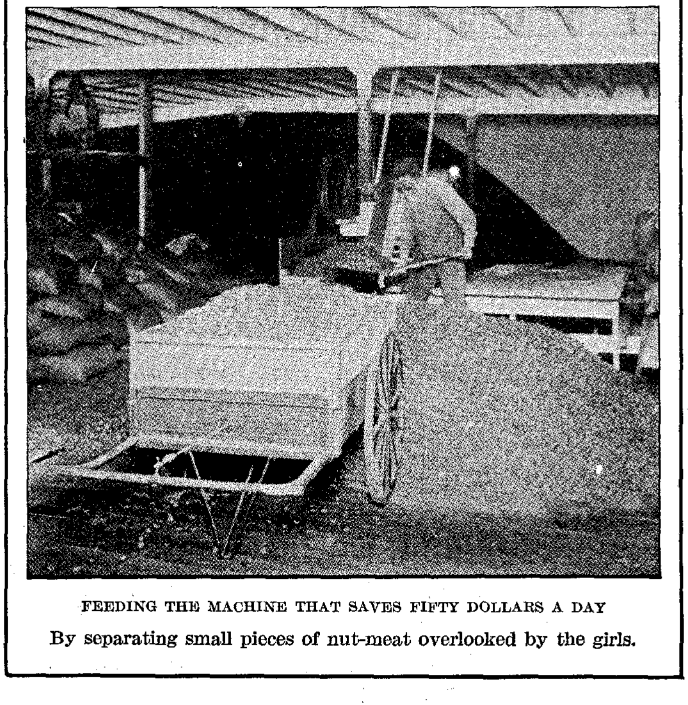
"The nuts are conveyed to the vacuum machine in a narrow elevator at one side of the machine. The elevator-belt is pocketed to keep the nuts from piling up and overflowing the elevator track. When they are dumped into a trough at the end of the elevator they are distributed across one end of a sieve which operates like an endless belt. This sieve conveys the nuts beneath a chute which extends down from the overhead motor-driven blower that operates the vacuum device. This arrangement exerts just enough suction to pick up all of the nuts which are below a certain weight, leaving the heavier nuts of grades one and two to pass to the end of the sieve and glide down a long chute to the packing-shed.

"The third machine invented by members of the association to convert the cull into a profitable by-product is the shell-separator. This is used to handle the tailings of the mill. After the nuts are cracked and the girls have extracted from the shells all of the meats they can find there are usually small bits of meat left in some of the shells, and women who are either careless or new at the work frequently overlook choice pieces of meats and sometimes whole halves while working over a pile of cracked nuts. The manager noted that there was considerable waste from that source, so he had a machine built to handle the tailings, and it has resulted in a saving of fifty dollars' worth of broken meats per day since it was put into operation. This device is built on the plan of a small threshing outfit, and yields a product material which, before the final siftings, runs about 80 per cent. halves and broken pieces of nut-meats and 20 per cent. of shell particles.

"The walnut-grower used to average about three cents per pound for his culls, and was unable to separate the shriveled meats from the sound ones, so the value of his better grades was depreciated. To-day he gets from five to seven cents per pound for his culls, and the sound nuts sell proportionately higher because they are of standardized quality. In 1915 the association cracked and sorted nuts by hand and marketed 434,000 pounds. Last year it sold all the meats it could obtain, and this year it is marketing 1,500,000 pounds of culls alone by the by-product system."

OUR RAILWAY MILEAGE SHRINKING

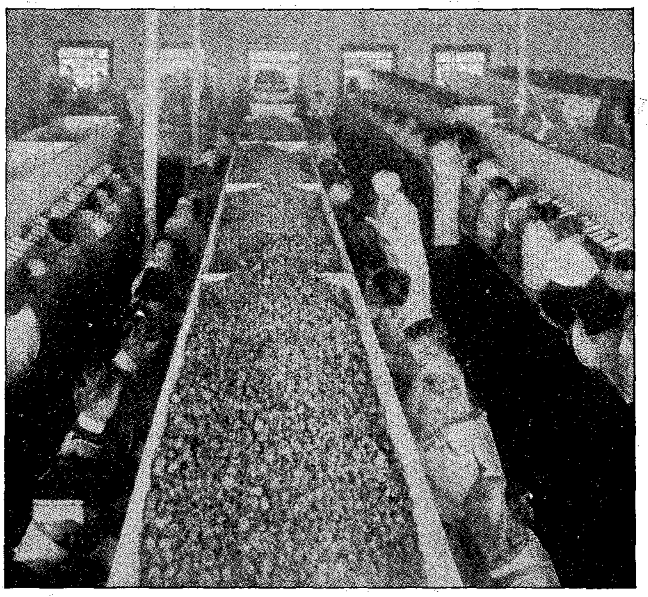
FOR TWO YEARS the number of miles of railroad in the United States, which had been increasing steadily since construction was first undertaken in 1831, has now been shrinking. This does not mean that railroad-building has come to a stop, but it does mean that the mileage of abandoned road has been greater than that of new lines. In all, 1,183 miles of main lines were abandoned for operating purposes in 1918, whereas only 721 miles of new road were built. These figures are from an article in *The Railway Age* (New York, January 3).



FEEDING THE MACHINE THAT SAVES FIFTY DOLLARS A DAY

By separating small pieces of nut-meat overlooked by the girls.

A decrease in mileage, the author tells us, does not necessarily indicate that this country is oversupplied with railways or that there are no areas needing transportation facilities. It is due to the conditions through which the railways have been passing in recent years. Obviously the first roads to go under have been those in sparsely settled areas or with light traffic. He goes on to say in substance:



TAKING THE MEAT FROM THE CRACKED NUTS.

"The abandonment of these lines has received a decided impetus during the last two years. Facing the increased costs of operation brought about by the war, supplemented by the wage advances granted the employees on the roads under Federal control, confronted with the diversion of traffic to the government-operated lines, and with little or no relief through increased rates, the owners of many of these properties have abandoned hope and shown a disposition to dispose of the roads for what they could secure.

"Another condition leading to the abandonment of weak roads has been the high prices which have prevailed for second-hand materials. The shortage of railway-supplies, and particularly of steel, raised the prices for many second-hand materials to the point where they could be sold for considerably more than their cost new. In a number of instances this has resulted in the junk value of lines being greater than the amounts actually paid for them several years previously.

"The statistics of lines abandoned this year also include a new factor. In working out the details of the policy of unified control of the railways of the United States as a single system, the Railroad Administration has found it possible to coordinate the facilities of parallel lines in numerous instances. In some cases parallel single-track lines have been converted for double-track operation. In other cases one line has been abandoned and the traffic of both roads concentrated on the other line.

"Altho it is in the Far West that the greatest need for transportation facilities exists, it is in this same area that the largest mileage of lines has been abandoned.

"The longest line on which operation was abandoned during the year was the Colorado Midland, extending from Divide, Col., 194.20 miles to New Castle. The next longest was the Las Vegas & Tonopah, 117 miles long, in Nevada.

"In considering these roads which have been abandoned, one should not lose sight of the fact that many other lines in operation in the United States are unremunerative, but, being parts of larger systems, which as a whole are solvent properties, they can not be abandoned. Particularly in the mountainous States of the West, as in Colorado, many of the larger systems are handicapped by branch lines tapping mining regions of earlier days, but now largely abandoned or extending into areas for which there has never been a sufficient demand for railways to justify their construction permanently. If left to themselves such lines would be clearly insolvent and abandoned, but as parts of a larger system they have constituted a drain on the earnings of the remunerative lines and the State commissions have in general refused to permit their abandonment. The time would now seem opportune to make a study of lines of this character in order to ascertain where they may be abandoned and to remove this drain on the railways before they are turned back to their owners."

LETTERS - AND - ART

AMERICAN COMPOSERS TESTED BY HOFMANN

HOW FAR AMERICAN MUSIC still has to go to reach classic levels was revealed by the recent recital of American pianoforte pieces by Josef Hofmann. Mr. Hofmann frankly devoted the day to living American composers for patriotic reasons, to encourage their further and better efforts, and was undoubtedly under no delusions about their present place in the music world. The effect on the audience present is said to have been not electrical; and from the critics it evoked a plea to have such good things served them in moderate portions. Most of them failed to recall, as one pointed out, that masterpieces occur about once to a generation, so contemporary products could not hope to stand up alongside the whole range of musical literature. Mr. Hofmann is credited with entire good faith in offering this program, having gone so far as to put into writing in letters to *The Musical Courier* (New York) and to Mr. Krehbiel, of the New York *Tribune*, his motives for such a departure from customary recital programs. He expresses himself "convinced that the war will influence the development of music." And the way this is to be done is by finding concert programs more open, through patriotic motives maybe, to native composers, thereby giving "the talented young American musician a better chance for recognition than was the case before the war." With what Mr. Krehbiel interprets as Mr. Hofmann's desire "to be on terms of good understanding with his audience concerning his aims," these are thus set forth in the *Tribune* letter:

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A CHAMPION OF AMERICAN MUSIC.

Mr. Hofmann believes an entire recital of American piano music worthy to hold its own in the world of harmony, tho critics doubt.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

"SIR: In selecting the pieces for my American piano recital I tried to follow the lines of the programs of my other recitals, and I succeeded in finding music which, tho in most instances showing decided originality and a physiognomy of its own, nevertheless suggests analogies with the works of older masters. In playing over the program at home exactly as if playing it before an audience, for example, I found that the 'Introduction and Fugue' by Clayton Johns, might very well stand for Mendelssohn in one of his polyphonic moods, and 'Restless,' by Rubin Goldmark, for a Schumann piece. The 'Interlude' and 'Joyance,' by Edward Royce, might be looked upon as amalgamation of Scriabine and Stravinsky—the former piece more like Scriabine, the latter more like Stravinsky.

"Daniel Gregory Mason's 'Country Pictures,' in their mysticism and melancholy, suggest the qualities of a Grieg, tho they, as well as all the others, are decidedly original as a whole. The 'Valse Gracile,' by Horatio W. Parker, reflects the lighter and more graceful mood of Chopin, while Miss Dillon's 'Birds at Dawn' follows the tendency of the modern, tho not the ultra-modern, Frenchmen. In her 'Fireflies,' Mrs. Beach shows the skill and *esprit* of Moszkowsky. The sonata by Alexander McFadyen could very well stand a comparison with the youthful achievements of a Brahms.

"Of course I am judging the skill and the tendencies of the composers only by the material at hand. Their tendencies, however, may represent only a present mood or a period in their development. Judging Wagner by his 'Rienzi' or 'Die Feen,' one might have been inclined to predict that he would follow the lines of the Italian composers, and I may, therefore, have failed to characterize the real tendency of one or the other of the composers whose music I am going to play. I simply want now to tell of the impression which their compositions made on me, and how I should be inclined to classify them if I were requested to do so.

"After the program had been published I found that some skepticism existed as to the actual merit of the compositions. Some persons were inclined to believe that patriotic reasons had been predominant in their selection. I can assure these good people that such a motive influenced only the idea that I should like to attempt to arrange such a program. Had I found that from a purely artistic point of view the music did not deserve performance, I should have felt obliged to give up the plan. If a program of the sort could not survive on its own merits, I should be rendering a poor service toward achieving recognition for the young American art of music by performing it.

"Respectfully yours,

"JOSEF HOFMANN.

"New York, January 6, 1919."

Mr. Krehbiel defends Mr. Hofmann from the almost unimaginable charge that he has "any need to present himself as apostle or propagandist to gain an audience." The concert was also prejudged as a "poor business venture," tho it happened that the audience filled the house even to the stage:

"We are violating no confidence in saying that Mr. Hofmann knows that he is making a financial sacrifice in inviting the public to hear music in which it has little or no interest. Pianoforte students, who are a large element in pianoforte-recital audiences, want to hear from a master his interpretation of the music they are studying or are ambitious to play; the people who are merely lovers of pianoforte music, or admirers of the performing artist, want to hear the music which they know and love. The more familiar it is the better. 'I know that,' said Hofmann to the writer recently; 'if all that I was after was a houseful of people, I would announce the Chopin sonata with the funeral march.' It is a fact worth recording, for which we can vouch, that Mr. Hofmann has met with difficulty in his efforts to persuade the managers of concerts in a considerable number of cities in the United States to accept his American program. In some instances he has compromised by introducing a number or two from it in his older-style schemes, admitting that he, too, wants to learn whether or not with them he can establish a proper *rapport* between himself and his audiences."

The recital accomplished, the *Tribune's* critic found the pianist's effort "a somewhat hazardous experiment—more hazardous for the composers than for Mr. Hofmann." He forbears from too rough handling of these whom the pianist dealt with so gently:

"We can, in good conscience, credit Mr. Hofmann with a laudable motive in the set part of his recital without inquiring too curiously into the reasons which led him to supplement the American compositions with four or five Chopin pieces, which turned some things which had seemed to have substance and the flush of life into pale wraiths and whisked them out of memory. The expression which the added numbers (Liszt's transcription of the song, 'Meine Freuden,' the waltzes in E flat and A flat, the nocturne in F sharp, and the Berceuse) called forth from the audience was anything but one of protest, and tho the American composers might have been moved to complain we can not."

Mr. Finck, from *The Evening Post*, had "seldom attended so wearisome an affair":

"It reminded him too much of a meeting of the Manuscript Society which he kindly attended—and then never, never, no more. It seemed strange that so poor a showing should be made in the piano section by the American composer, who, collectively speaking, has made such a good name for himself as a writer of songs and orchestral compositions. Or, was Mr. Hofmann to blame? He spent much time, he says, in choosing the pieces listed by him. Was his taste at fault, or is American piano music (apart from that of MacDowell, which was not included in the scheme, as the recital was devoted to living composers) chiefly a hope for the future? Will some other pianists please step forward and play American pieces that are better than most of those heard on Saturday? But don't play them all in a bunch, please! One or two at a time is better.

"It is very difficult to write about this recital because most of the pieces said so little to the hearer. Soft, mushy stuff most of them were, painfully devoid of virility, strength, and originality. We had not before been aware of the fact—if it is a fact—that the American composer is so effeminate. To be feminine is a different thing, and the two women in the list, Fannie Dillon and Mrs. Beach, were not expected to be aggressively masculine, for when a woman tries to be masculine she simply becomes mannish. Miss Dillon captivated the audience with 'Birds at Dawn'—not the robins and crows that are so horribly noisy at four o'clock, but gentle warbles. The celesta-like sounds did recall the strains of the veery thrush, but did this composer ever hear a bird faintly suggest the 'Star-Spangled Banner' and 'Yankee Doodle'? This piece the audience re-demanded. . . . . . .

"A surprize of the afternoon was the Valse Gracile, op. 94, No. 3, by Horatio Parker, a composer best known as a master of choral writing. His valse, tho a trifle light as air, pleased the audience and had to be repeated. The place of honor on the program was given to six pieces by Daniel Gregory Mason, grouped under the title 'Country Pictures.' Without being original, they were genuine without a taint of Bolshevism."

The reporter of this concert for *The Musical Leader* (Chicago), perhaps by way of warning its readers of an impending visitation, recommends representative artists include one or more American pieces in every program, and thus develop piano literature in this country:

"The field of piano music has lain fallow for a long time—truthfully there have been innumerable song-writers but few composers for piano. The reason is not that there is no talent among Americans for piano works, but there has been no outlet (with a few exceptions) for any kind of piano music 'made in America,' except for '*salon*' and teaching material. Let Hofmann, Bauer, Ganz, and a few such men show their intention of playing American piano music as they are now doing and there will be given an impetus to composition which will undoubtedly result in many worthy works. At best there are few masterpieces produced in a generation, and there must be many from which to choose, before the enduring ones are recognized. As in all other fields of endeavor, we must face the problem of supply and demand in order to stimulate the composer."

SOCIALIZING GERMANY BY EDUCATION

FOR GERMANY TO BEGIN by taking a leaf out of France's schoolbook is like putting coals of fire on her own head. Of course Germany has been helping herself plentifully in France for four years and more, but she, if no one else in the world, has chosen to regard her takings as the spoils of war, and legitimate according to her standard of ethics. Now Germany begins her new civic life with the tribute of imitation to the land she sought to destroy. Seeing that reintegration is necessary in the social classes of a now democratized country, she turns to France to learn how. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* seeks to heal the separation between classes by urging the double method of closer association and education. The writer of the article, Dr. Georg J. Poltke, turns to France for his object-lesson:

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THE PIANO PRODIGY OF THE EIGHTIES.

Little Josef Hofmann, who played here in 1887, when his feet could not reach the pedals.

"Over against the Sorbonne in Paris exists the École Socialiste, the latter consisting of a couple of small schoolrooms with desks like those in children's schools. There laborers and students gather to hear lectures on the history of socialism and upon state socialism in ancient Athens. The different professors of the university and also private teachers (Lanson, Bergson, and de Pressensé) speak before the forum that in its beautiful comprehensiveness has brought together the 'two nations' of laborers and academic students. In Paris it is quite possible that one who has met another in the morning in the Geneviève or some other library, in the evening meets him again when he purchases of him for a sou the *Matin*. The consequence is that between the laborer and the student in Paris there exists no antagonism. The man on the street does not shun the student as an 'intellectual,' but wins him over to his side as one of the most active partizans within the so-called Social Democratic group.

"The mistrust that exists in Germany between the student and the laborer is unfortunately well grounded. The student sees very often in a member of the proletariat a danger to his own cultural progress, the obstacle that will block his way as he goes in the direction of reward from the state. On the other hand, the laborer recognizes that he came into the world with no different brain than the student, but that he has been left painfully behind as regards the possibility of developing himself—a privilege that the student, who was intellectually no better gifted, has had from his cradle—and he grows wrathy at the academic darkness which seems to envelop the university. During these last weeks, shriekingly loud, the political ignorance of our youth has made itself felt, in that it had no foresight whatever of what social democracy has in mind, but had a sort of hope that it would lead to the intellectual and physical freeing of the great masses of the people. Indeed, the knowledge of the Erfurt program, issued as long ago as 1891, which is still binding upon the social democracy—both the old party as well as the Independent Socialists—has in mind the doing away with erring conceptions that lie at the root of things:

"'The Social Democratic party of Germany fights, therefore, not for new class privileges and prerogatives, but for the doing away of control by classes and of classes themselves, and also for equal rights and equal duties on the part of all without distinction of race or origin. Putting forth these ideas, it fights in its present organization not merely the exploitation and the oppression of those who work for wages, but also all kinds of exploitation and oppression. It opposes itself to any one class, one party, one family, or one race.'"

The fearful antagonism between two real groups of German people can be brought to an end, the writer urges, "only by fundamental reformation of our university. That can be directed only centrally from the Ministry of Education. The movement would fail, however, even with the best will in the world, if one attempted merely to draw up to date the complicated structure of the high schools, without having in mind the fundamental reform of the schools according to a well-considered plan which has as its base the newly erected German Republic." The writer here illustrates by the situation in Frankfort, in which lectures are delivered by a professor in the school there, to which the laborers and the students might just as well be invited, and he calls attention to the rich material available in that city as examples of what may be found all over Germany, and goes on to show the course some of these lectures might take. Mr. Poltke then tries to produce a practical program:

"These lectures, both to students and to laborers, could proceed entirely upon a scientific basis and open the way to wider perspectives, and then, in the development of things, evenings for discussions could be interspersed, having for their basis the matter which had been heard.

"Very important, naturally, in this connection is it that knowledge should be given of the tenability of Socialistic doctrines. As a consequence, when the student comes to find out that in a social democracy the tendency is not toward the exercise of power by a single class, but that the effort is for the highest welfare, that it deals with the things which primitive Christianity was most closely identified with by the holding up of ideas exprest by our most celebrated thinkers, then surely among the better elements at least there would come both knowledge and a closer approach. The student would soon see what mastery of time, what outspoken feeling for right, what thoroughgoing honesty, what readiness to go beyond the bounds of the vocation of class, what ability to think and to feel in terms of humanity, live in the workman. The workman, on the other hand, might come to see in these 'intellectuals,' in spite of their somewhat curt expressions, an appreciation of the social idea, and also might find a pure heart underneath an ignorance concerning their contemporaries and under their somewhat naive egoism.

"In this way a further development would become possible; in fact, the tenability of the ideas of socialism would, through a better intellectual statement of them, be molded pure and strong in the statement of doctrines of the party, and the largest influence would thereby be gained for them to the end of an intellectual, ethical, and physical propaganda for the benefit of mankind. This would be the conscious socializing of the social democracy."

The author goes on to say that the immediate foundation of high schools and high-school courses for laborers and students is a pressing necessity, and this is more obvious if the present eight-hour day gives place to a six-hour day for workers, as the trend of demand seems to indicate.

THE REVEALER OF SPAIN

THE GREAT NOVEL OF THE WAR seems, by all votes, to be the work of the Spaniard, Ibáñez. How many have read the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" it would be impossible to tell. To how many of his present readers he is a new author the calculation might be safe if placed at the large majority. The fact, according to Mr. Isaac Goldberg, only emphasizes our indifference to modern Spanish literature, tho in the case of Ibáñez many of his novels are available in English translations. In spite of Mr. Howells's earlier efforts, Mr. Goldberg seems justified in asking, "What, even to some of our leading critics who are fond of assuming an international pose, are the names of Juan Valera, Pérez Galdos, José Maria de Pereda, Palacio Valdés, Pardo Bazán, Pío Baroja? What until yesterday was the name of Blasco Ibáñez?" With another swing of the club he accuses our "dramatic pontiffs" also of ignorance of "the wealth of Spanish drama of yesterday and to-day." The public who are in a worse case are adjured, in his article in the New York *Tribune*, to seize the present moment to break the ice:

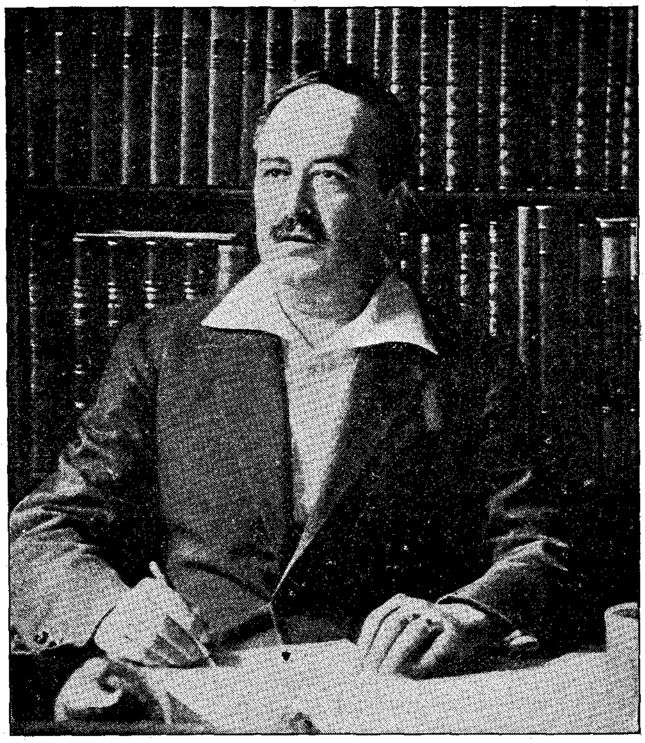
"The war has made the human heart bigger and the world smaller. Both these occurrences augur well for an increasingly more adequate understanding of one another, not only in the world of business but in that of art. An international mind is being developed, and there could be little better for such an excellent purpose than a widening of our acquaintance with foreign writers. Vast as we are from the Continental standpoint, there is, or at least has been, far too much of the parochial in our literary outlook. . . . . .

"I speak of it because what I have called our parochial attitude is keeping away from us numbers of books from Italy, Spain, and France that should be known here generally, rather than to the curious and cultured few."

The man who may precipitate us out of our parochialism is that "Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, who was born in January, 1867, of Aragonese parents, in that Valencia which he has glorified in his best work." He seems to have been a fighter from the first, for when he was eighteen he wrote an antigovernmental sonnet that brought him a six months' stay in prison. A later offense was similarly rewarded; but his work has been mainly fiction, which Mr. Goldberg thus divides:

"As convenient a classification of the author's original work as any would be that dividing the novels into the regional type, the propaganda type, and the war-books, which are in essence of the propaganda type. Outstanding representatives of the first would be such masterpieces as 'La Barraca' (The Cabin, or Farmhouse) and 'Cañas y Barro' (Reeds and Mud); to the second type belong such works as 'La Catedral' (The Cathedral, or as it is known here, The Shadow of the Cathedral), 'El Intruso' (The Intruder), 'Sangre y Arena' (Blood and Sand), and 'La Bodega' (The Saloon); to the third belong 'Los Cuatro Jinetes del Apocalipsis' (The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse) and 'Mare Nostrum,' soon to appear in English as 'Our Sea.' I do not claim for such a classification that it exhausts the writer's work; indeed, it omits some of his best, such as 'La Maja Desnuda' (The Nude Girl, from Goya's painting, altho the character to whom it is applied in the tale is the wife of a renowned artist) and 'Sónnica la Cortesana' (known in English simply as Sonnica). The latter, besides being a tale of ancient war, is also one of the most successful modern novels of the sort that attempt to reconstruct a past age. Here, no doubt, the vast reading of the author was of material aid, but only his penetrating vision and glowing imagination could have infused life into this absorbing tale of the siege of Saguntum by Hannibal.

"Not a little of the work that was to contribute to Blasco Ibáñez's chief literary glory—that is, his regional novels—was foreshadowed in his early collections of short tales, 'Quentos Valencianos' (Valencian Tales) and 'La Condenada' (The Condemned Woman). Just as the English satirist Gilbert expanded more than one of his 'Bab Ballads' into a full-sized operetta libretto, so Blasco Ibáñez (quite as economical with his material as was Sullivan's gifted partner) made later use of a situation or a personage from these early collections."



A "FIGHTER FROM THE FIRST,"

The author of the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Blasco Ibáñez, whose novels cover the various problems of modern Spain.

Of the novels preceding "The Four Horsemen" interest may chiefly cling to the one, "Sangre y Arene," in which he attacks "the blood-lust of the bull-ring." Mr. Goldberg takes this work as typical of the novelist's method in his "propaganda" novels in various ones of which he attacks "the Church, the Jesuits, and the evil of drink." Of that dealing with the bull-ring we read:

"*Juan Gallardo* has from earliest childhood exhibited a natural aptitude for the bull-ring. He is aided in his career by interested parties, and soon jumps to the head of his profession, without threading his way up the steep ascent of the bull-fighters' hierarchy. Fame and fortune come to him, and he is able to gratify the desires of his early days. He lavishes largesse upon his mother and his childless wife, and there comes to him, too, a love out of wedlock. But his powers can not last forever. The life of even *Juan Gallardo* is taken into his hands every time he steps into the ring to face the wild bulls; at first comes a minor accident, then a loss of popular prestige, and at last the fatal day when he is carried out of the ring dead.

"So much for the plot. Not an intricate nor an exciting one in outline. Yet fill it in with the descriptions of bull-fights and the comments of the author (through various characters), with the new insight afforded into Spain's national sport, with the views behind the scenes and the glimpses into the heart of the bull-fighters and their families, as well as into the hearts of the bloodlusty mob, and you have, if not a great novel, a powerful tract. Ibáñez, like the man of wide reading that he is, has studied the subject not only in its personal but also its historical connections; he brings a stinging indictment against his fellow countrymen and casts it in their faces with fearless acrimony. He shows us the glory of the arena, but reveals the sickening other side. He mirrors the thousands that flock to the bull-fights in successive pictures that reach the climax in the closing words of the tale. The popular hero has just been gored to death, but the crowd, knowing that the show is less than half over, sets up new yells for the continuation of the spectacle—the crowd that bellows like its favorite animals in the ring. 'It was the bellowing of the wild beast, the real and only one!' From *Dr. Ruiz*, a medical enthusiast over tauromachy, we get what amounts to a lecture on the evolution of the brutal sport. He looks upon bull-fighting as the substitute for the Inquisition, which was in itself a 'great national festival.' To the accusations that bull-fights are barbarous he replies, 'So they are, but they are not the only barbarous sports in the world. The turning to violent and savage joys is a human ailment that all people suffer equally. For that reason I am indignant when I see foreigners turn contemptuous eyes on Spain, as if such things existed only here.' Whereupon the doctor rails against horse-races, in which 'many more men are killed than in bull-fights; against fox-hunting with trained dogs, witnessed by civilized spectators; against many modern games, out of which the champions come with broken legs, fractured skulls, or flattened noses; against the duel, fought in the majority of cases without other cause than an unhealthy desire for publicity.'

"Thus, through the doctor, Ibáñez states the other side of the case; thus he says, in effect, to the foreign reader: 'Yes, I am upbraiding my countrymen for the national vice which they call a sport; but do not forget that you have institutions little less barbarous.' This fairness of Ibáñez is visible even in his portrait of the hero, who is not so exclusively a type but that he can be made in more than one spot very human; thus he knows the quake of fear before he enters the ring, and is not one of the impossible brave men that crowd the pages of native and foreign fiction alike."

Just as Turgenef's novels give us an "evolutionary glimpse" of Russia, so Ibáñez's works show "the struggle between old Spain and the new."

"Ibáñez's Spain is a land of *mañana*, but not the to-morrow with which we have ever twitted his nation. His is not the to-morrow that seeks to postpone; his is the to-morrow to which energetic, militant spirits look forward for a new and better order. If King Alfonso XIII. has read with care only the propagandistic novels of his illustrious subject, he has had an opportunity of learning the type of man with whom he will have to deal—with whom, indeed, he has already had to deal. These heroes are red-blooded, vigorous, determined; to be sure, they often fail at the end, but if there are victories that spell failure, so are there failures that spell victory. It may be that this quality in Ibáñez's heroes, as well as the problems which he attacks and the manner in which he treats them, accounts in large measure for his success in Russia. Interesting comparisons might be made, too, between the manner and matter of Jack London (also popular in Russia), and those of Blasco Ibáñez. London drew largely upon his personal experiences, using his works often with a propaganda motive. Compare, for example, such a tale as 'John Barleycorn' with Ibáñez's 'La Bodega' (The Saloon). And if Ibáñez is acquainted with 'Martin Eden' he must appreciate the close of that novel, with its strongly characterized man and its weak woman."

COLLEGE ENTRANCE BY PSYCHOLOGICAL TEST—The old terrors of entrance examinations and "conditions" will disappear from Columbia University to be replaced by psychological tests. Princeton looks on and in *The Alumni Weekly* calls the departure "interesting, not to say startling." The new method is announced to be applied at the beginning of the academic year next autumn. In place of written examinations will be the Binet mental tests, "the idea being to measure the candidate's intelligence rather than his knowledge." Professor Jones, of the Columbia department of admissions, is thus quoted in the newspapers:

"These tests are a development of those formulated a dozen and more years ago in France by Alfred Binet for the discovery of mentally retarded children. Much constructive work has been done in this country, particularly at the Leland Stanford Junior University, Harvard, and other institutions. It has been found that many preparatory and high-school students can be coached to pass college entrance examinations whose intelligence does not class them as good material for further education.

"In our requirements for admission to Columbia College are included the applicant's health record, his character and promise of development, and his school record, and these will be embraced in the new requirements. The most radical departure will be the entire doing away with the old-style examinations that were given to establish the applicant's knowledge of the subjects required for admission to college. This will be covered by his school record, and the psychological tests will demonstrate whether he is qualified to continue his schooling."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

RELIGIOUS PRESS ON THE PROHIBITION AMENDMENT

PROTESTANT CHURCH PAPERS are loudest among the religious press in laudation of the passing of the prohibition amendment. *The Churchman* (Protestant Episcopal, New York) exclaims that "it is quite impossible to realize just what it will mean to see a great country like ours with no saloons, no drink evil, no drunkards." It likens our state of unpreparedness to that in which the armistice found us; but it has no record of street jubilations as a following demonstration. *The Churchman* yields to the "militant prohibitionists" their right to feel an "exultant gratification," and gives them credit for having "fought long, persistently, and with political sagacity." Their methods stand justified by a great need. "They have not always showed the mellow tolerance that makes for lovableness; but reformers have weightier moral ends to further than mere urbanity." This paper also reminds them that the result is not wholly their own work:

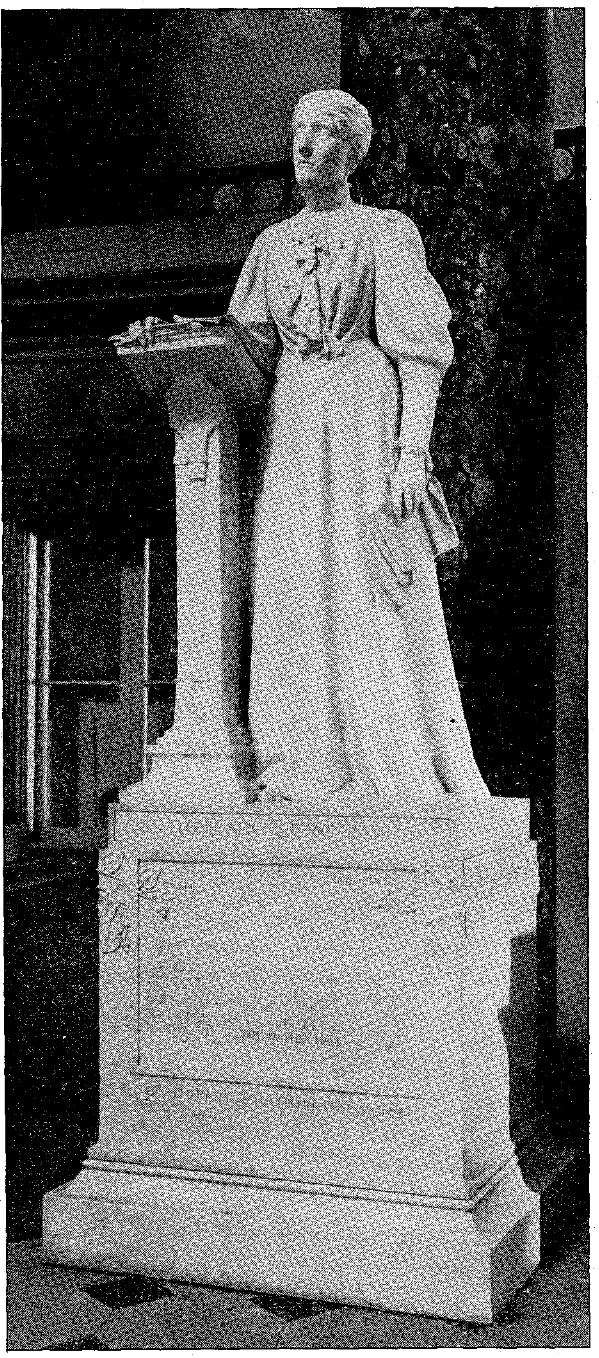
> "Success so overpowering must remind prohibitionists that this victory could never have been won by convinced teetotalers. It was won by a sacrifice, a yielding of custom and preference, on the part of millions of citizens who are not abstainers, who, in fact, hold views about personal liberty quite contrary to those proclaimed by the prohibitionists. To these citizens, prohibition is a sacrifice involving a kind of discomfiture which perhaps is likely to be too lightly appreciated by the teetotalers. That a considerable body of citizens have been willing to surrender their convenience and even to waive their convictions about personal liberty in order that a great social evil may be rooted out of the land gives courage to optimists."

So great is the elation of *The Watchman-Examiner* (Baptist, New York) that it evokes a vision of the "saints in glory" tendering an "impromptu reception" to Neal Dow and Frances Willard. Its outlook on the future is rosy:

> "Let us not lose the joy of victory by worrying over the difficulties before us. Germany is whipt, but we have much to do before order is restored and the world made safe for democracy. We need have no fear that national prohibition will prove ineffective. The country is solidly behind this amendment to the Constitution, even more solidly than the country was behind the amendment abolishing negro slavery. Negro slavery, thank God, was abolished. The liquor traffic, thank God, is about to be abolished. Prohibition will be enforced. National prohibition can be enforced more easily than State prohibition. How can Virginia enforce prohibition when Maryland sells liquor? The State boundary can not be effectively guarded. It will be different when all the States are 'dry.' The liquor people need not deceive themselves into believing that having won the initial victory the prohibition forces will lay down their arms. Having fought to make the nation legally 'dry,' we shall continue to fight until the nation is actually 'dry.'
>
> "Let us have no fear over the persistent efforts of the liquor interests to nullify the ratification of the National prohibition amendment. The Supreme Court has decided again and again as to the legality of State prohibition. What the States can do the nation can do. The liquor people are claiming that in many States the people by vote will have to approve the act by which their legislatures ratified the amendment."

More than *The Living Church* (Protestant Episcopal, Milwaukee) have taken for derisive purposes Tennyson's line about the "moaning of the bar," which in its adopted sense is heard "from the Atlantic to the Pacific." But this mid-Western journal backs up its confidence in the future by another literary application, and sees that the register of John Barleycorn's burial is signed "by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner." Like its Baptist contemporary, its mind reverts to the champions of the past:

> "If only Neal Dow and John B. Gough and Frances E. Willard might have lived to see this day! Years ago in a certain city of Texas visited by Miss Willard the leader of the saloon interests in a public speech made this boast: 'We are bound to win. We have the drinking man on our side; we have the foreigner on our side; we have money on our side, and money is a power, and don't you forget it!' The following evening in the same city Frances Willard closed an eloquent public appeal for the home with these words: 'We are bound to win. We have the sober man on our side; we have the women on our side; we have God on our side, and God is a power, and don't you forget



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WASHINGTON STATUE OF FRANCES E. WILLARD.

The temperance leader here memoralized in the National Capitol once said in Texas: "We have the sober man on our side; we have the women on our side; we have God on our side; and God is a power, and don't you forget it."

it!' And she was right. God and women and sober men make an overwhelming majority."

The Reformed Church Messenger (Philadelphia) quotes its State's new Governor in calling the victory "the greatest disciplinary movement a people ever inflicted upon itself," adding: "No specious considerations of so-called 'personal liberty' nor of 'financial expediency' justified the further toleration of a business that pandered to the vices and weaknesses of mankind." Legislative victory does not, according to *The Presbyterian Advance* (Nashville), preclude further efforts "to promote national sobriety and the blessings that flow therefrom." In fact—

> "Not only must citizens demand that the new national law be enforced, but we must continue the efforts of an educational and moral character which, tho yielding less spectacular results, really count more than anything else in making a sober nation. Our boys and girls should be taught more faithfully than ever before the evil effects of intoxicants upon the individual and upon society and the benefits, physical, economical, and moral, which flow from temperance. The new national law will be a tremendous help in safeguarding the American home and making it easier to build right character, but we must never forget that our main reliance is not on the laws which are on our statute-book, but on those influences which mold the wills and characters of our citizens. Let us continue to labor with all diligence to make a righteous and temperate nation."

Methodism through its various organs laud the result, *The Southwestern Christian Advocate* (New Orleans) declaring that "the States that put themselves on the side of the amendment have carved their names in a niche that will forever remain to the glory of the legislatures and to their posterity." *The Christian Advocate* (New York) glances at those who see a loophole in the referendum clauses of certain Western State constitutions, declaring that "they imagine a vain thing." Also reminding them that "this was tried fifty years ago and found wanting":

> "Both Ohio and New Jersey, which had some political elements in common in those days, promptly ratified the Fourteenth Amendment, and both within a twelvemonth withdrew their ratification. The Secretary of State, however, took no notice of the later action and both States were listed as ratifying. Their attempted 'withdrawal' was null and void. New York went through the same in-and-out process on the Fifteenth Amendment, ratifying (1869) and withdrawing (1870), but New York was counted for ratification."

Jews will "not be greatly worried when the new amendment becomes the law of the land," according to *The American Hebrew*, reminding us that—

> "The 'Devil Rum' never did succeed in making any inroads on the life or morals of the Jew. We fear that nation-wide prohibition is an evidence of a weakness in the dominant religion as a builder of strong character in men. The weakness lies in the prayer, 'Lead me not into temptation.' The Jew has always built on the fact that mankind is everywhere met by temptation, and that therefore mankind must be trained on meeting temptation to conquer it. That is the supreme reason why Jews have always been temperate in their habits, but never prohibitionists. The fact that legislators in States where they were given an express mandate by the electorate to vote 'wet' rushed hysterically to the ratification of the amendment, is an alarming symptom. It is to be hoped that those who continue championing the right of the voter to instruct his representative, as well as the right of personal liberty, will succeed in obtaining a referendum to the people in these States. As to the effects of prohibition on the morals of the citizenship, we have always maintained that legal enactment can not and does not teach or train men in the virtues of temperance and self-control. It is possible that the 'blind tiger' that haunted all the prohibition States may now begin to find lairs throughout the length and breadth of the land. Should this prove to be the case, it will not be many years before the country will return to sane regulations of sane drinks which God created not to curse but to rejoice the hearts of men."

Something of the same aloof other-worldliness is exprest by *The American Israelite* (Cincinnati):

> "Just how much better on the whole it is going to make us remains to be seen. Total abstinence from all stimulants is one of the precepts of the Koran. But this did not make the Mohammedans any better men than the Christians. On the other hand, the British, more especially the Scotch, were always more or less copious consumers of 'hard' liquors, to say nothing of ale, and he would be a bold man indeed who would assert that the British are inferior to, say, the Germans, who are supposed to be much more moderate in their potations.
>
> "It is also a bit curious that after a year or two of total abstinence Russia became Bolshevistic, tho which was the cause or which was the effect who can tell?
>
> "But it does seem strange that so highly a civilized people as our own should be driven to confess that it needs the policeman's club to keep it from getting drunk and for the Christian churches to admit that all their influence is not sufficient to keep those for whose morality and good conduct they are responsible from making beasts of themselves."

Catholic papers do not as yet widely comment on the new amendment, aside from quoting Cardinal Gibbons's words of disapproval and noting some of the complications arising from their misquotation elsewhere. *The Catholic News* (New York) is not friendly to prohibitionists, saying:

> "The prohibitionists believe that, by means of the amendment to the United States Constitution they have succeeded in getting passed, they will cure intemperance in the use of spirituous liquor. Now, if some one could devise a scheme to put a curb on intemperance in speech by prohibitionists the public would regard him as a benefactor. The attack of William H. Anderson, State superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, on Cardinal Gibbons at a meeting of five hundred ministers in this city the other day was an illustration of the lengths to which fanaticism leads the ordinary type of prohibitionist. Mr. Anderson has been severely taken to task by the public press, almost without exception, for his misrepresentation of the Cardinal's attitude. . . . The sinister fact of the incident is that not one of the five hundred ministers publicly denounced the Anderson attack. To their everlasting shame be it said that they all joined in when one of the ministers after the speech called for 'three cheers for Anderson.' An American of the type of Cardinal Gibbons surely deserves something better than that even from a crowd of clerical fanatics."

CHURCH STATISTICS OF A DECADE—Preliminary statistics for a decade, covering 1906–1916, have been issued by the Census Department at Washington. The tabulator is Victor Q. Masters, Superintendent of Publicity, Baptist Home Missions; and his report shows the percentage of increase of the leading denominations. We take this table from *The Presbyterian* (Philadelphia):

	1906	*1916*	*Increase*
Baptists	5,662,000	7,263,000	28 %
Methodists	5,749,000	7,165,000	24.8
Disciples	982,000	1,231,000	25
Lutherans	2,112,000	2,463,000	12
Episcopalians	886,000	1,098,000	24
Presbyterians	1,830,000	2,257,000	23.3
Congregationalists	700,000	790,000	12.8
Roman Catholics	14,210,000	15,742,000	10.8

The following table shows the communicants plus the adherents:

	Members	*Other Adherents*	*Approximate Population*
Baptists	7,236,000	14,572,000	22,000,000
Methodists	7,165,000	14,330,000	22,000,000
Presbyterians	2,257,000	4,514,000	7,000,000
Lutherans	2,463,000	4,926,000	8,000,000
Disciples	1,231,000	2,462,000	4,000,000
Episcopalians	1,092,000	2,196,000	3,000,000
Other Bodies	4,849,000	9,698,000	15,000,000
Total outside of Roman Catholics			81,000,000
Roman Catholics	15,700,000	None	15,700,000

The Presbyterian takes these figures as a basis for disputing the claim that the Catholics contributed forty per cent. of the Army. It draws some other conclusions:

> "This table also reveals the unfairness of the ratio of chaplains assigned in the recent war. These figures of this last census should go far to correct these errors in the Government and in the press, and restore a better equilibrium of justice. The table also in part indicates that the more liberal churches have not made so good a growth as those more evangelical. It also shows that those churches which are most discontented with their present organizations are not so attractive."

A HUGE DRIVE FOR MISSIONS

THE WAR HAS TAUGHT US not only to think in large figures, but to work in unity. The Methodists started a movement for home and foreign missions with $85,000,000 as an ideal for a working capital; but the plan looked so good to other Churches that they have decided to come together, pool their efforts, and raise not eighty-five, but three hundred millions. With five years to do it, and the Liberty Loan campaigns as an educational preparation for the people, the aim looks as good as accomplished. The New York *Times* estimates some 25,000,000 communicants of thirty or more different denominations, with 200,000 individual churches and at least 20,000,000 Sunday-school pupils to take care of the raising of this fund in five years. The country, we are told, has been "divided into districts, the districts into smaller localities, and the localities into unions of groups of churches." One hundred thousand speakers are ready to herald the story, and no community will fail to hear the message. It is now four years since the movement was first under way, initiated by Dr. S. Earl Taylor, executive secretary of the Joint Centenary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who began a survey of world-conditions, religious, sanitary, educational, etc. *The Times* points out that not the least important field of the work will be home missions. It seems that there are three important phases of this: First, the treatment of the depressed, belated, or so-called inferior classes; secondly, the teaching of religion to the laboring classes, and thirdly, the activities with the Indians, negroes, Mexicans, Alaskans, and similar groups of the country. On the subject of those Dr. Taylor's survey bears the following message:

> "The biggest piece of missionary work possible would be for the people in every Christian church to start to-morrow and be friendly, cordial, and helpful to the immigrants living at their doors. This would mean decent houses and more schools for them, and it would mean a moral education which so far they have not yet received. They are brought in touch with the worst side of American life, and that is the side that is uppermost in letters to their friends and in conversation when they return home. The failure so to apply Christianity is almost fatal. The cost to the Allies of the defection of Russia is incalculable. That defection is due to many causes, but to none more than to the stories of exploitation told by returned Russian immigrants from America. Intensive home mission work on Manhattan Island, south of Fourteenth Street, would have more than paid for itself at this juncture.
>
> "There is every indication that the laboring classes of the world are to be very much more influential to-day than they have been up to now, and the gravest question to-day is whether their leadership shall be sane, inclusive, and religious, or whether it shall be characterized by narrowness, eccentricity, and contempt for the Church. In America alone do you find a free Church, supported only by the voluntary contributions of people who like that sort of thing. In fact, it is a most significant tribute to the vitality and power of Christianity that there have been started and are now being maintained in the United States more than 175,000 churches, not one of which receives any subsidy from the State. The religious leadership of the world at the present moment rests unquestionably with the United States.
>
> "In a smaller but in somewhat more concrete fashion, specific home missionary activity has international implications. Money spent on Italian work in the United States bears a very intimate relationship to that spent by the Foreign Board in Italy. Money spent for the benefit of Mexican refugees makes more valuable every dollar sent to Mexico by the Foreign Board. The thousands of dollars used for oriental work on the Pacific coast and Hawaii are profoundly helpful to the work in China, Japan, Korea, and the Philippines. It is a mistake to talk about 'America for Christ.' It is also a mistake to talk about 'the world' when in the thought that word does not include America. So far as we can see, the world cannot be saved apart from America."

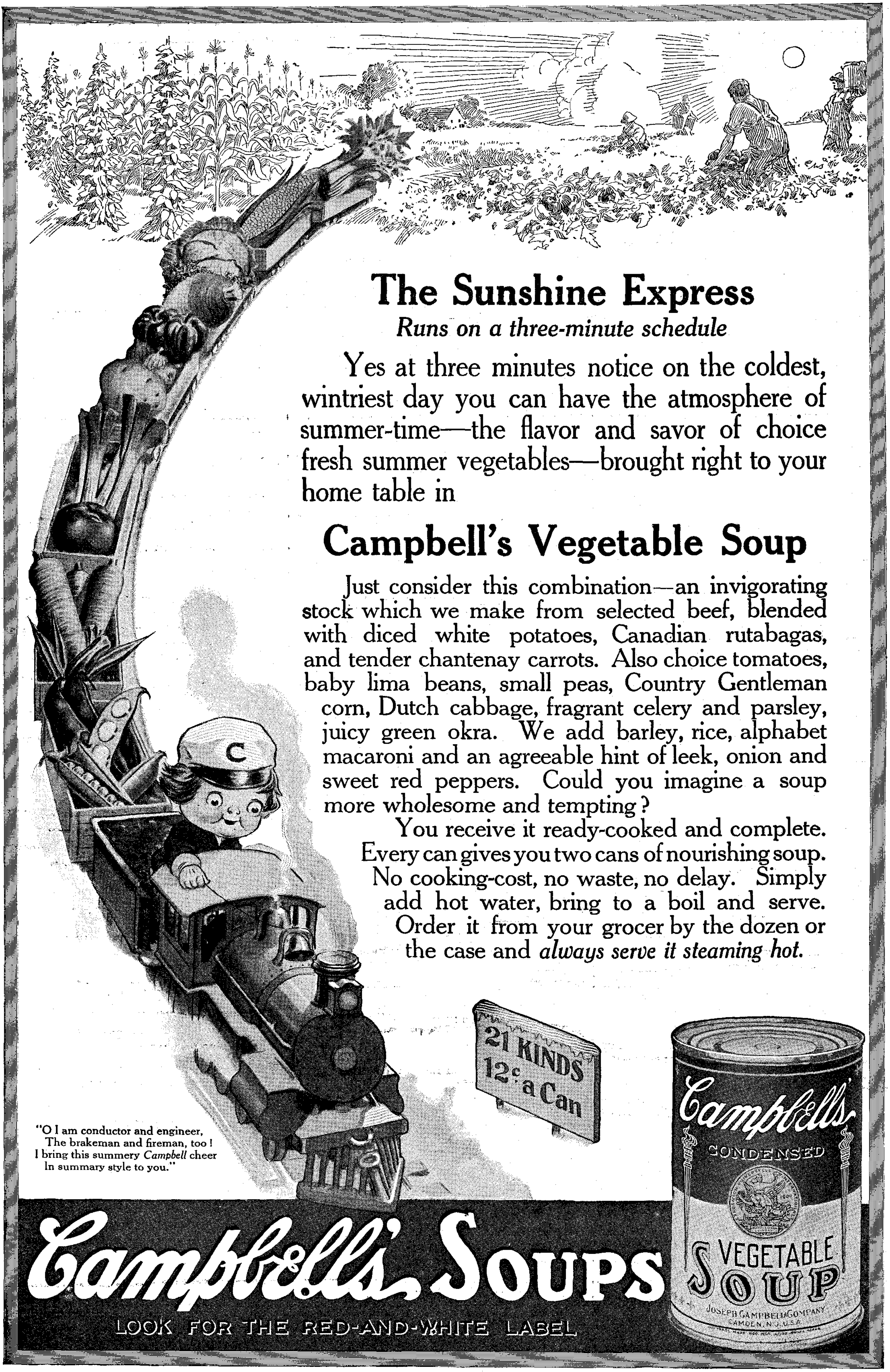
Dr. Taylor's survey takes into account too the industrial problem and its relation to the Church:

> "Even before the war it was becoming apparent that industrial unrest in this country was increasing at an alarming rate. The American Federation of Labor has over two million members, chiefly skilled mechanics, and men allied to definite trades. Of the unorganized thirty-odd million workers a majority are not eligible to the American Federation of Labor because they are unskilled or migratory workers. Sporadic attempts of the I. W. W. suggest that the tendency of these unskilled workers is toward radical methods of foreign syndicalism rather than toward the more conservative methods worked out by trade-unionists.
>
> "The war has considerably intensified industrial unrest. Government control of the big industries in the emergency of war has raised, among many working groups, the question of making government and municipal ownership permanent.
>
> "Conscription of men's lives for the service of the state of necessity suggests that the conscription of wealth might be a close parallel. The adequate food, clothing, medical care, education, and training which the state provided its armies of young men in preparation for sending them to the battle-fields of Europe suggest to the radical-minded an ideal for a similarly adequate preparation of each succeeding younger generation for the demands of ordinary life. The British Labor party is considering these ideas for a proposed constitution which is receiving grave attention on the part of the British Government.
>
> "Face to face with the possibility of such fundamental changes in the social order, the Church must realize that it, too, should begin a process of adaptation, if it is to be the master of future reconstruction.
>
> "In the modern city industrial community there are not many homes left in the old-fashioned sense of the word. Not only the mothers, but the boys and girls, spend their days in mills and factories, and this will be increasingly true unless child-labor laws are passed by each State. At night these children and their mothers may sleep, five, six, and seven in a room, with men and women lodgers mixed in promiscuously beside the young girls and boys.
>
> "It is to work among such homes as these that the Protestant Church, with its traditions of simple, wholesome life in small communities, must adapt itself, not only for the urgent needs of to-day, but in preparation of whatever changes may follow."

The foreign mission work covers the fields of Mexico, South America, Panama, Europe, Africa, India, China, Malaysia, Japan, Korea, and the Philippines. In these countries a survey has been made along the lines of evangelistical, educational, and medical work, and the problems and means of meeting them planned in detail. Perhaps the biggest foreign work that the Churches are setting out to accomplish is that in Africa. The problem there, according to Dr. Taylor, is as follows:

> "Give 30,000,000 pagan black people the Gospel and thus protect them from the evils of advancing European civilization. Save the continent from Mohammedanism, which, 40,000,000 strong and crying 'Africa for Mohammed,' is now spreading over the continent its bigoted, fanatical, and intolerant faith.
>
> "Meet our responsibility for 20,000,000 people in territories already occupied by missions or assigned us by Governments. At the present time the African is being taught to find himself industrially through the efforts of the Church missionaries. Education is given him in agricultural and industrial work in order to take him from the wild life in the jungle on the one hand and the prospect of slavery under white 'promoters' on the other."

The work in the Asiatic countries is much the same as that outlined above for Africa. Ignorance, disease, and fanaticism are to be destroyed, and enlightenment, health, and the Christian Gospel to take their place.



The Sunshine Express

Runs on a three-minute schedule

Yes at three minutes notice on the coldest, wintriest day you can have the atmosphere of summer-time—the flavor and savor of choice fresh summer vegetables—brought right to your home table in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Just consider this combination—an invigorating stock which we make from selected beef, blended with diced white potatoes, Canadian rutabagas, and tender chantenay carrots. Also choice tomatoes, baby lima beans, small peas, Country Gentleman corn, Dutch cabbage, fragrant celery and parsley, juicy green okra. We add barley, rice, alphabet macaroni and an agreeable hint of leek, onion and sweet red peppers. Could you imagine a soup more wholesome and tempting?

You receive it ready-cooked and complete. Every can gives you two cans of nourishing soup. No cooking-cost, no waste, no delay. Simply add hot water, bring to a boil and serve. Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case and *always serve it steaming hot.*

"O I am conductor and engineer,
The brakeman and fireman, too!
I bring this summery *Campbell* cheer
In summary style to you."

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

CURRENT - POETRY

FROM the "choir invisible" of poets who gave up life in the Great War comes another voice—that of Edward Thomas, a Briton, whose "Last Poems" are issued by a London publishing house, Selwyn & Blount. His first volume of verse was in the press when he was killed in France, which, with the present second volume and last, inspires the warm if discriminating notice of a critic in the London *New Statesman*. There is nothing surprizing in the second book, we are assured, for the spirit of the man is already familiar as one "melancholy but not morbid, conscious of the impermanence of life, but keenly enjoying every transient beauty of the world, and consoled for every winter by the renewal of every spring." No man of his time knew and loved the south of England better than he, according to this commentator, and the things he loved were the things "commonest in life and most unusual in literature—wagons coming down a lane, raindrops on dust, nettles in a farmyard corner, ordinary hedges, and ordinary fields." All these awoke emotion in him, with the result that even his "limping" poems—and some move awkwardly enough—have an aroma that is peculiar and a truth that "never fails to interest." But no technical objection can be urged, says the critic, against the following stanzas, accounted one of the four or five best poems in the book.

ASPENS

By Edward Thomas

All day and night, save winter, every weather,
Above the inn, the smithy, and the shop,
The aspens at the crossroads talk together
Of rain, until their last leaves fall from the top.

Out of the blacksmith's cavern comes the ringing
Of hammer, shoe, and anvil; out of the inn
The clink, the hum, the roar, the random singing—
The sounds that for these fifty years have been.

The whisper of the aspens is not drowned,
And over lightless pane and footless road,
Empty as sky, with every other sound
Not ceasing, calls their ghosts from their abode,

A silent smithy, a silent inn, nor fails
In the bare moonlight or the thick-furred gloom,
In tempest or the night of nightingales,
To turn the crossroads to a ghostly room.

And it would be the same were no house near.
Over all sorts of weather, men, and times,
Aspens must shake their leaves and men may hear
But need not listen, more than to my rimes.

Whatever wind blows, while they and I have leaves
We can not other than an aspen be
That ceaselessly, unreasonably grieves,
Or so men think who like a different tree.

Tenderness without mawkishness is explicit in these stanzas, taken from *Good Housekeeping* (New York, February), which indicate by a homely and genuine touch utter grief. They are written by Mrs. Aline Kilmer, widow of the late Sergt. Joyce Kilmer, who was killed in action in France.

I SHALL NOT BE AFRAID

By Aline Kilmer

I shall not be afraid any more,
Either by night or day;
What would it profit me to be afraid
With you away?

Now I am brave. In the dark night alone,
All through the house I go,
Locking the doors and making windows fast
When sharp winds blow.

For there is only sorrow in my heart,
There is no room for fear.
But how I wish I were afraid again,
My dear, my dear!

All aviators have struck fire in the imagination of poets, but of the Americans perhaps no figure remains in the memory more vivid and picturesque than that of Raoul Lufbery, the American who wandered in various parts of the world only to find the supreme adventure for which he thirsted in the skies of battle in France. In the accompanying stanzas from *The Dial* (New York) we find his career aptly epitomized.

LUFBERY

By Mabel Kingsley Richardson

Lure of all far countries called him,
Seas enticed, and skies enthralled him,
Knowing neither fold nor fastness,
Breaking futile bonds that galled him,
Only Venture led him captive with her spell.

But the wonderlands that drew him,
And the venturing that slew him,
Pale beside the golden vastness
Of the realms that opened to him
In the little flowering garden where he fell.

If we were to rule out dialect verse as being unpoetic, we should have to eliminate from Scotland's golden book of poetry the name of Robert Burns. At the same time it must be admitted that much trashy verse has been composed in dialect that is unnecessary and merely blurs whatever impression may be intended to be conveyed. In the appended lines from the London *Westminster Gazette* we have an example of verse in which dialect is used with the nice economy that serves to create character and in no wise clouds the sense of the verses. One can see the Scot, returned from the bloody fields of Flanders, bewildered amid all the turmoil of London triumphant.

THE RETURN

By Isobel W. Hutchison

They've brocht us back to London, where they celebrate peace a' day,
An' to-morrow, they say, they'll send me hame. Ay! Hame to Colonsay!
I've neither mither, nor wife, nor bairn, but it's there that I was born,
An' I've maist forgot what I've been through wi' thinkin' o' the morn!

There's plenty to see in London, but I'm slow to understan',
I suddenly thocht the noo o' the waves comin' in on Kiloran sand
Wi' never a pause—Man! It's wonderfu'! Crested wi' green an' gray,
They'll have been comin' in an' in a' the time I've been away!

I'm standin' here in London streets—no' as ither folks behaves—
They must h' thocht I was kind o' daft, for I stopt to hear the waves,
I heard them through a' yon uproar fine, an' I'm no' ashamed to tell
That they brocht the tears to my eyes at last an' washed me clear o' Hell.

There are ower mony folk for me doon here, ower muckle fret an' rush,
I just feel I'd like to sit awhile quiet-like wi' God in the hush
O' Colonsay, where the waves come in an' whisper on the shore
O' that Peace o' His that passes my understandin' more an' more.

The delightful lilt of the folk-song is happily rendered by Mr. Ernest Rhys in lines from an old Welsh lyric of Ceiriog, which we reproduce from *The New Witness* (London).

SINGING TO THE HARP

By Ernest Rhys

If those old days had heart's delight,
And grace to man was given—
They drank it from the melody
The harp had out of heaven;
And every evil thought and care
Was from the soul far driven.

Merry and dear the maids to hear
Upon the small-harp singing,
And brave to hear the lyric lads
The bass and tenor bringing:
Each voice did with the other vie,
Like bird on bird up-springing.

The old Welsh tongue, the small Welsh harp—
How well they went together:
They lifted up the wintry heart
From sorrow and bad weather:
They woke a sound to win a soul—
So well they went together.

The name of Morley Roberts is one that every so often has flashed brilliantly in literary annals for a considerable period of years. As a writer of short stories about Australian life he was enthusiastically hailed as "the Australian Kipling" in the days when Kipling was monarch of all he surveyed in this field of letters. Also he has published many novels, and a literary observer of *The New Witness* mentions efforts of Mr. Roberts in the literature of science and travel, while calling attention to a volume of verse, "War Lyrics" (Selwyn & Blount, London), from which we quote stanzas dedicated to Prof. Gilbert Murray, the noted Greek scholar and translator. They are a prophecy of the war's effect on future poetry:

TO GILBERT MURRAY

By Morley Roberts

Tho chill it be and coldly gray
The aspect of these blood-drenched years,
Yet shall return the minstrel's day
With solace for our ceaseless tears,
Since every song the poet sings
Is but the tears of things!

All they who fought and are no more
Among us, the immortal dead,
Shall, as of old, again restore
The singers whom their spirits led,
For all true poets draw their breath
From Life no more than Death.

You, who have searched the subtlest coils
And made Euripides our own,
Must know the destined end of toils
When the dark years at last have flown,
And, tho the time be long, aspire
To sound the muted lyre.

Be sure there is a sunlit sea
Beyond the sullen waves we scan!
Who could have hoped for Sicily
The charmèd muse Theocritan
But one who knew that after pain
The singer sings again?

Warriors, ere Homer lived and died,
Raised by their fires a thousand songs!
Ah, million-tongued and myriad-eyed
Are they to whom the gift belongs—
The gift made perfect at the last
By him who chants the past!

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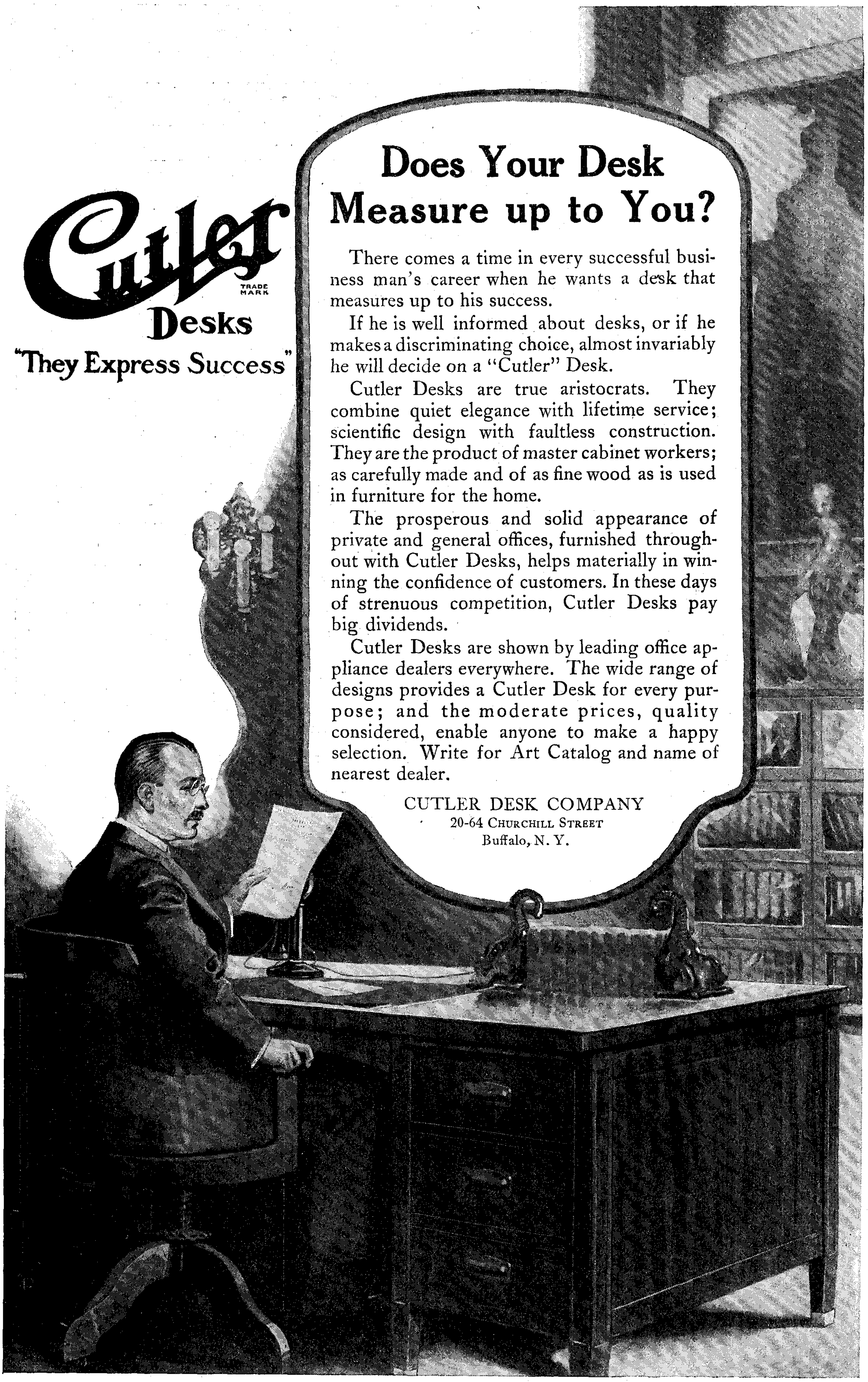

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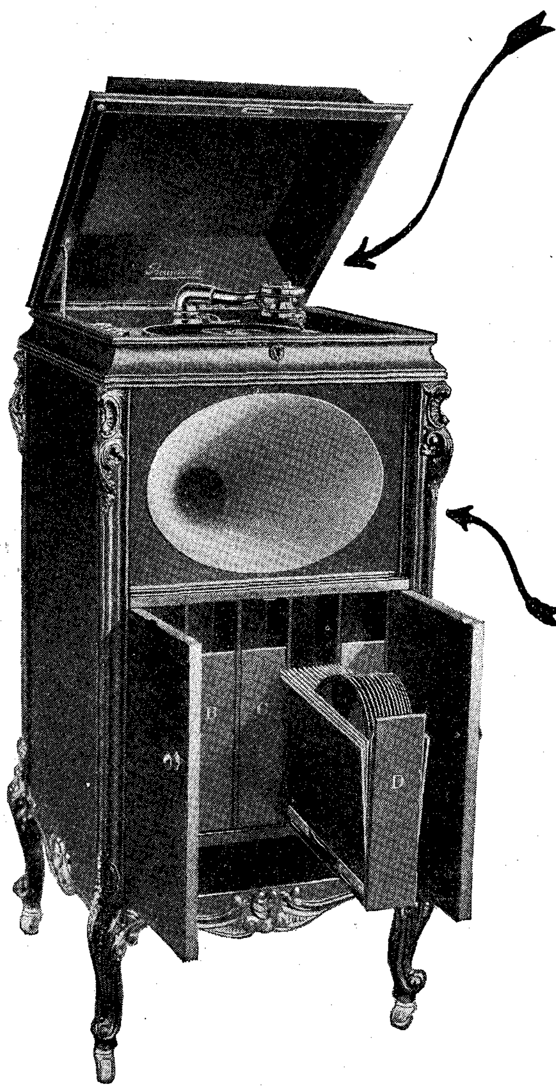

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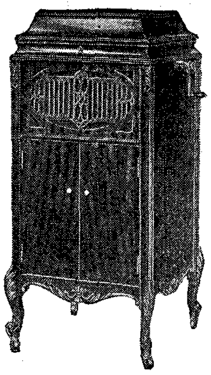

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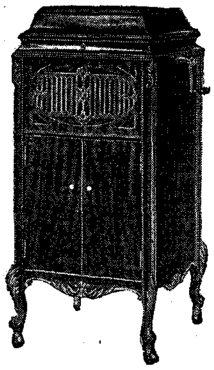


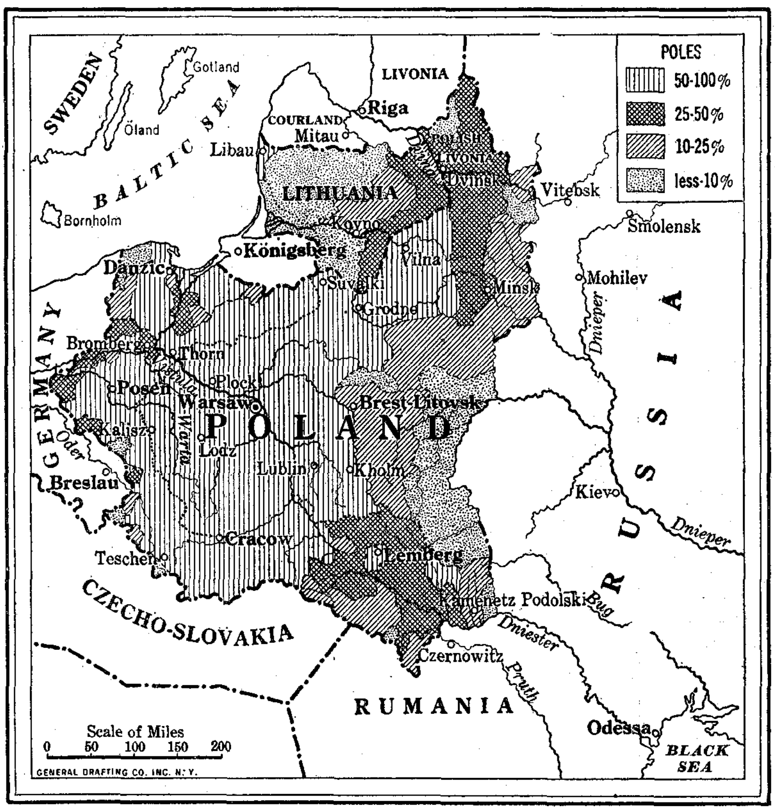
RECONSTRUCTION - PROBLEMS

"NATIONS IN REBIRTH"—a series of articles prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST and especially designed for High School Use

POLAND

"The creation of a united and independent Polish State, with free access to the sea, constitutes one of the conditions of a solid and just peace and of the rule of right in Europe."—*Interallied Council of Versailles, June 3, 1918.*

EUROPE'S FUTURE PEACE will depend largely on the **correct solution** of the problem of **Poland**, which is the "key to the European vault," in the phrase of Napoleon, as quoted by Dr. A. Syski, of the National Polish Department of America, in his pamphlet entitled "The United States of Poland." Before the world-war Poles were chiefly known here and in some other countries as poor tho thriving immigrants. Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis," was known better by the title of this novel of his and others than by his own name. Paderewski was familiar to Americans as the supreme pianist of two generations, quite regardless of his nationality, and Chopin, whose compositions Paderewski interprets so understandingly had his name pronounced as if it were that of a Frenchman, which many intelligent people believed him to have been because of his period of abode in France. It was only after the outbreak of the world-war that the Polish problem became real to other nations and that the idea of the independence and reunion of the partitioned Polish territory was generally made manifest.



Official map of the Polish Information Bureau.

POLAND IN RECHARTED EUROPE.

Boundary demands of the new Polish Republic, which has been recognized by the United States, are based on the proportion of Polish population as indicated through the key to this map set in the upper right-hand corner.

POLAND IN THESE DAYS—**Poland** is now "**an immense ruin,** a colossal cemetery," according to Dr. Syski, from whom we quote further as follows:

"Precious works of art, valuable books, documents, and manuscripts, all the priceless proofs of the ancient thousand years of old Polish culture have been confiscated—as the operation is diplomatically called when it is performed by an overwhelming collective force. Several large cities have been spared, preserved for the comfort of the German or Russian guests in Poland. But on the tremendous battle-front extending from the Baltic Sea to the southern slopes of the Karpathian Mountains, all of Russian Poland, almost the whole of Austrian and even a portion of Prussian Poland have been totally ruined. **Three hundred towns, 2,000 churches, 20,000 villages** have been **wiped away.** An area equal in size to the States of Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, and Maine put together has been laid waste. What could remain of a country where in many districts those huge armies of millions of men were moving forward and backward for over three years? Over three years of continuous fighting, of incessant danger, of uninterrupted anguish and pain imposed upon an innocent nation! Millions of homeless peasants, of unemployed workmen, of humble Polish and Jewish shopkeepers have been driven into open wastes. Millions of bereaved parents, of breadless, helpless widows and orphans, have been wandering about in the desolate land, hiding in woods or in hollows, happy when they found an abandoned trench, and in that trench, next to the body of a fallen fighter, some decaying remnants of soldiers' food. Forced from their homes to escape the ruthless fury of the invaders, **thousands** of these unfortunates **died of starvation,** leaving their bodies upon the roadside to mark the line of march of a stricken people. Mr. Frederick Wolcott, who at this time visited Poland, says that both sides of the road he motored along were completely lined for the whole 230 miles with mud-covered and rain-stricken clothing. The bones have been cleared by the crows. The Prussians came along, gathering the larger bones, for these were useful as phosphate and fertilizer. The little-finger and toe bones were left with the rags of clothing. The little wicker baby-baskets were there by hundreds upon hundreds. Mr. Wolcott started to count them for the first mile or two, giving it up in despair—for there were so many of them. He saw **no buildings** in that whole stretch of **230 miles.** Everything has been destroyed; nothing but the bare black and charred chimneys were standing. No live stock, no farm-implements, no sign of a living being in all that vast area."

Notwithstanding this terrible devastation, the greatness of Poland's domain and the number of its people remain enormous, and we read:

"The Polish Kingdom of Boleslaus the Great (992-1025) stretched from the Baltic Sea to the Karpathians. It included part of Saxony, the whole of Silesia, Pomerania, Prussia, Moravia, Slovakia, and stretched almost to Berlin. In 1772, when came the first dismemberment, Poland covered 300,000 square miles, almost 100,000 miles more than Germany of to-day. As it then was, it would rank with Italy as the fifth European nation. Before the outbreak of this war there was a compact mass of **30,000,000 people** in Europe **speaking the Polish language,** and whatever ruler might claim dominion over them, they were one. No mutilation of the national body, no cruelties or oppressions could dissever the Poles in their spirit. They remain **to-day one nation in language and in aspirations,** despite a century and a half of political slavery; and through all those years the love of liberty has burned within them as an inextinguishable flame."

A BACKWARD GLANCE AT POLAND—Powerful and independent as early as the tenth century, we learn from "The Spirit of Polish History," by Antoni Choloniewski (Polish Book Importing Company, Inc., New York), Poland under the dynasty of the Jagellons developed into a state exceeding in area the other European states. It lay in the tenth century between the Vistula, the Oder, and the Warthe rivers. From that time Poland spread from the Karpathian Mountains to the Dwina River and from the Black Sea to the Baltic. Through more than a thousand years, under the successive reign of forty kings, Poland grew in power, which it placed on many occasions at the service of other European countries, because—

"Poland, situated on what was then the border of Eastern Europe—separating two different worlds—was the rampart that for hundreds of years safeguarded Europe and Christianity from the invasions of the Turks and the Mongols. The long struggle against these barbarians, who menaced Europe, was begun in 1241 by King Henry the Pious at the battle of Lignica. Jan Sobieski, in 1683, struck the decisive blow to Turkish power under the walls of Vienna. Europe could never have developed as it did had not the barbarian invaders who had overrun Eastern Europe for five hundred years been checked by the victorious resistance of the Poles. In the Middle Ages the Lithuanians, the last pagan people of Europe, were converted to Christianity by the Poles, who introduced the Bible and western civilization into their country. The Polish people at that time had reached a high state of intellectual development. In 1364 the first Polish University had already been founded at Krakow. It was the eminent forerunner of the Universities of Wilna, Warsaw, Lwow, and Zamosc. The immortal Copernicus went forth from this ancient school. The sixteenth century, that was the golden age of Polish culture, gave birth to illustrious poets (among whom Sarbiewski was crowned by the Pope), to eminent savants, and to profound political writers. There was an efflorescence of great works from the new ideas of religious toleration, of the fraternity of peoples, and respect for individual rights. A new institution was established at Warsaw, toward the middle of the eighteenth century, called the 'Commission of Education.' This was the **first ministry of public education** in Europe. The reforms that this Commission introduced were based on principles far in advance of many of the ideas prevalent at that time. A complicated political organization was created in Poland during that long period of progress. It was based upon lofty and daring historical conceptions and had peculiar characteristics. This organization more than all else has left a stamp of individuality on the past of Poland.

"It is hardly a century since the Polish people, once so brilliant and powerful, were conquered in an unequal struggle. Conquered, yes, but not subdued. Each generation in its turn, since the fall of the state, drawing the sword of its ancestors—the sword of the Kosciuszkos and the Poniatowskis—has striven to break the detested bonds. In the life-and-death struggle for liberty through these one hundred and twenty years an uninterrupted series of revolutions have drenched Poland in blood. In its soul this people has always remained free. It has never accepted the outrages committed against it, nor has it relinquished the rights that were torn from it.

"Before the Château of Rapperswil, in Switzerland, that shelters the Polish National Museum—the exiled Museum—there stands a memorial pillar bearing the dates of each of the Polish insurrections, which proclaims to the world that the Polish soul can never be crusht and will protest forever against this yoke. Since the Confederation of Bar, since the first legions of Dombrowski mustered under the eagles of Napoleon, this protest has been the watchword, the call transmitted from generation to generation up to the present day, when the world-war has again brought forth the Legions of Poland."

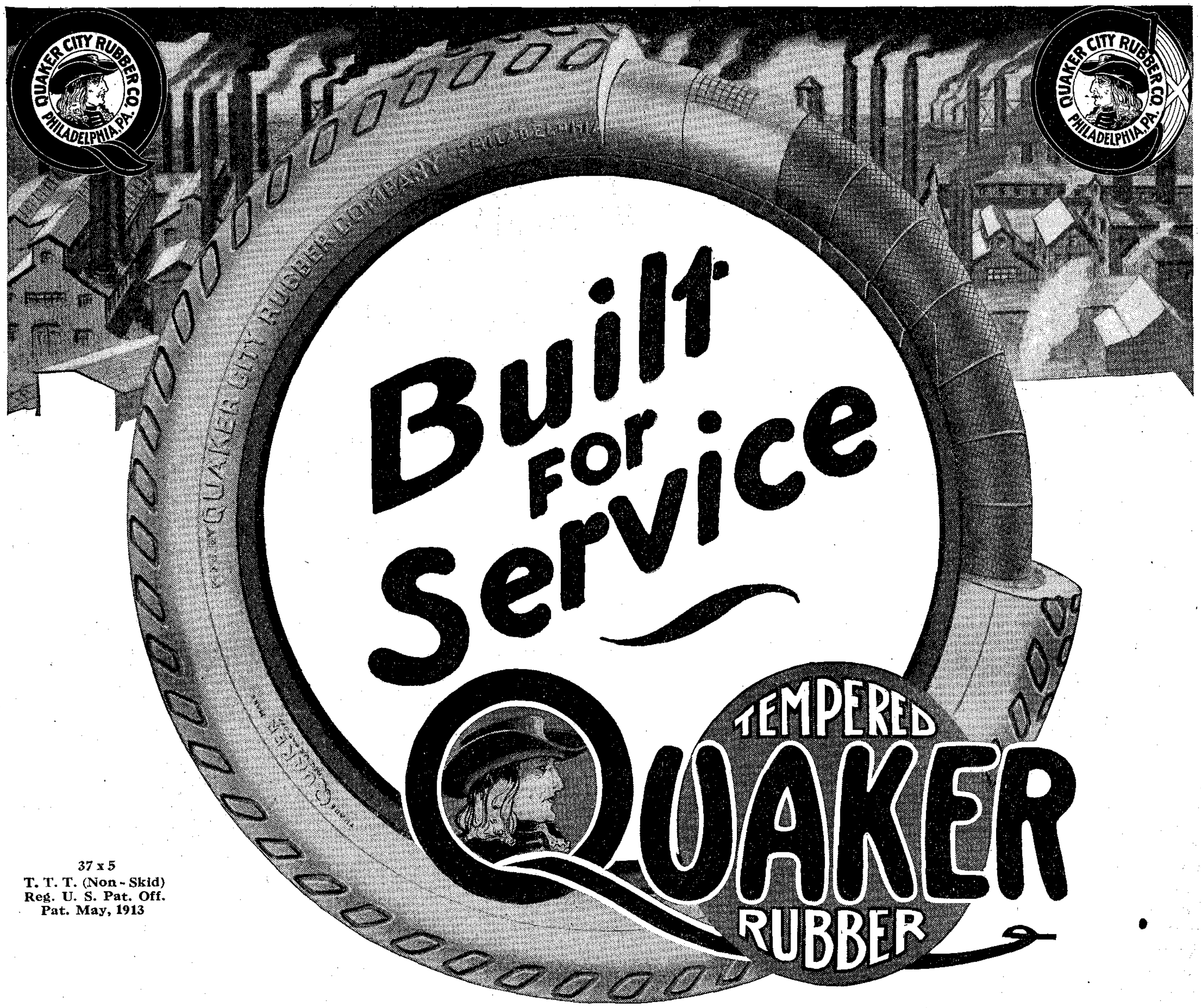
Political and civic liberties were developed with remarkable rapidity by the Poles from the fifteenth century onward, according to Mr. Choloniewski's brochure, which is translated into English by Mme. Jane Arctowska. (By the "Czerwinsk privilege" in 1422 the nobility secured the inviolability of property. It should be stated here that in Poland practically all persons who had achieved distinction in whatever field of culture were nobles. Peasants were the exception.) From that time the king could not confiscate private property without legal procedure, and we are further informed that—

"In 1430 came the memorable law of the inviolability of the individual: '*neminem captivabimus, nisi jure victum.*' This law guaranteed that nobody could be arrested without a legal warrant, except he be taken in the very act. This Polish *habeas-corpus* act preceded by several centuries the judicial conceptions of the European continent. The 'privilege of 1588' conferred the inviolability of the home. This act stipulated that a citizen's house could not be subjected to a perquisition even tho an outlaw were harbored in it. Without special authorization a citizen of the republic had the right to found societies and express his opinions either in words or writing. Under no circumstances could he be molested for having exprest an opinion on a political question.

"The principles to-day called constitutional: **inviolability of the individual, respect for private property and the home, liberty of association and religious toleration**—principles for which, in the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries, such torrents of blood were shed in more than one country—were **realized without violence in Poland** in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and continued to be as long as the republic existed, while in Europe injustice and iniquity ruled and the people were exposed to the despotic will of their masters. Parallel with the individual rights, **political rights** developed. The starting-point of the latter was the 'Statute' of King Casimir Jagellon (statute of Nieszawa, 1454), according to which the king agreed never to declare war without the consent of the nobles united in provincial Diets (*diétines*). From that time on the nobles obtained access to legislative power. The principle that the **people must be consulted** on the obligations that they were expected to fulfil grew more and more apparent, became the corner-stone of the Polish state organization and the germ of the future parliamentary system. Toward the end of the fifteenth century the periodic meetings of the nobles and Crown Counselors were gradually transformed into **'General Diets'** that, henceforth, became an important and enduring factor in public life. The Diet was definitely organized in 1493.

"In 1505 the Diet of Radom secured a legal basis for the organization, and a new article was added to the fundamental statute: 'No decision shall be taken without the consent of the Council and the rural Deputies.' This statute strengthened and developed the principle that **all power must come from the people** and that the people must obey the laws made by themselves through their representatives. The General Diet constituted the legislative power of Poland and represented the entire nation. Like the English Parliament, it was composed of two chambers: the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. The king was also a member, because of his legal status that conferred upon him the rank of 'Estate.' Such a fusion of royal power and national representation existed only in England until recent times. To enact a law, the three factors or 'Executive Estates' (King, Senate, and Nobility) were indispensable. Yet, from the point of view of public law, neither the Senate nor the Chamber of Deputies alone represented exclusively one of the estates, because both churchmen and laymen sat in the Senate, while the Chamber of Deputies was made up (up to a certain time, at least) of members of the nobility and middle class. The nobility was represented by deputies elected at electoral assemblies of '*Diétines*,' while the urban deputies, or '*nonces*,' were elected by the middle classes.

"**The Diet decided upon the political life of the state,** elaborated and proclaimed the laws, and fixt the taxes, had jurisdiction, both penal and civil, over exceptionally important affairs, had control of the King and Government, had supervision of the administration and finances, had the direction of foreign policies, the right to make treaties and alliances, and it was the Diet that decided on peace and war. The Polish kings could not declare war for personal or dynastic reasons. This supreme right belonged only to the people, and the people reserved the right to decide whether war or peace responded to their interests. Few European parliaments have enjoyed such extraordinary privileges. The meetings of the Diets were always public. When the deliberations were finished the deputies were obliged to render accounts of the proceedings to their constituents at special assemblies called 'statement *diétines*.' Under such conditions political life developed with extraordinary intensity. The townspeople (middle class), however, soon left active politics, using their franchise only to declare their nominal rights, while the landowners (nobility) took an ever-increasing part in the political life of the country. This political culture, that continued to develop without interruption for a considerable lapse of time, left its stamp on the Polish nobility. They were completely absorbed by the conduct of public affairs that formed, as in the ancient Hellenic republics, a favorite and honorable occupation, and, as in ancient Greece, had the power to impassion the minds of men. Everywhere, at the ordinary diets held every two years, at the special assemblies, at the innumerable provincial *diétines*, the elective tribunals, etc., the nobles were occupied, either with local questions or affairs concerning the state. This political development reached its maximum at the end of the sixteenth century and remained as it was through the two following centuries, while almost the whole of continental Europe was under the yoke of despotism. Since all the nobility, composed of very numerous and very different elements, took part in the intensive political life, and since the throne had long ceased to be hereditary, Poland finally took on the characteristics of an aristocratic organization—aristocratic from the condition of her subjects actively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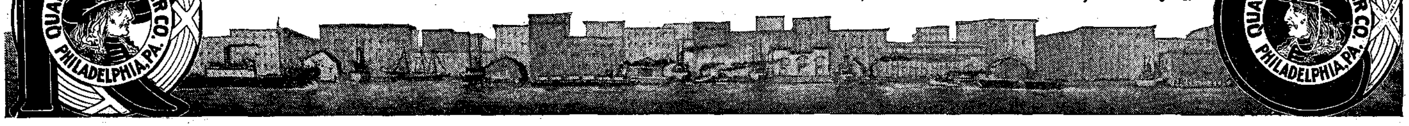


interested in politics—but democratic and republican in practise."

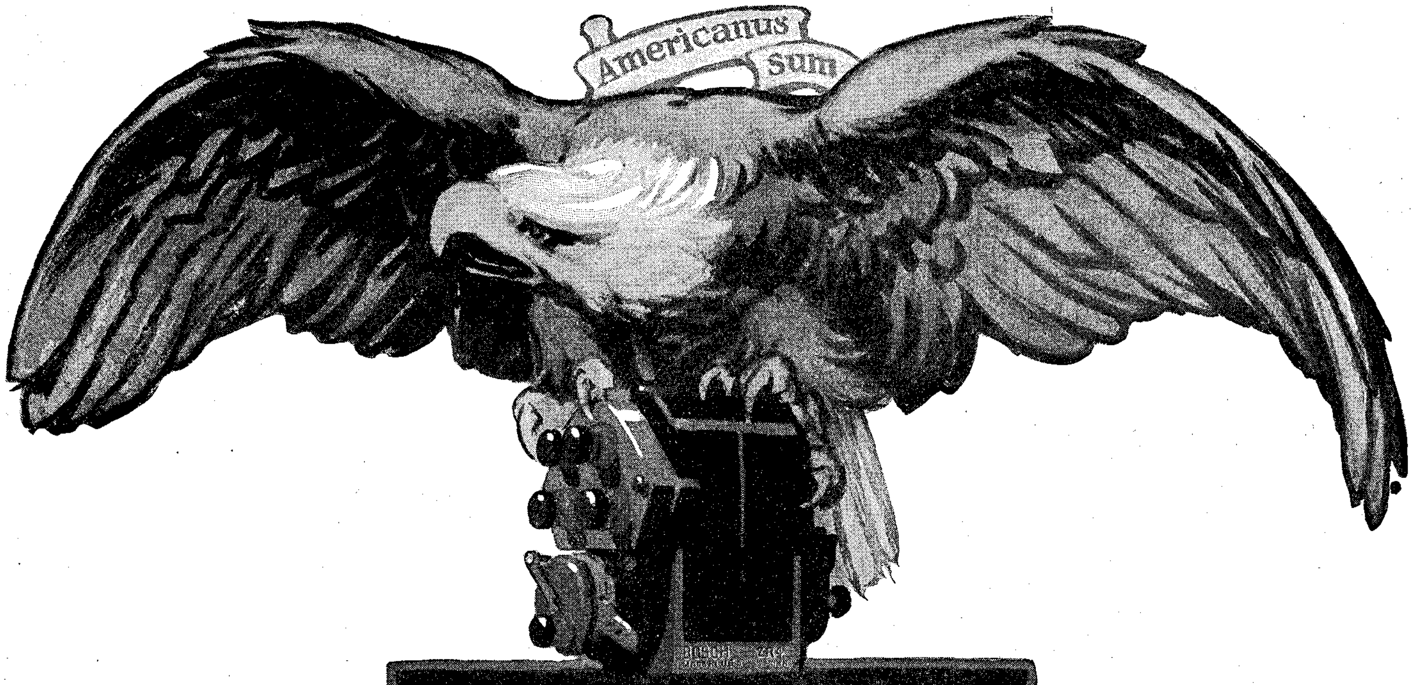
From the end of the Middle Ages to the fall of the Republic, we read, Poland recognized the principle that "free men could not submit to authority that did not come from themselves." **The king** was not imposed on Poland by the "blind chance of birth," but was **freely chosen by an assembly** in which every citizen, of full right, could participate. Mr. Choloniewski proceeds:

> "Besides the senators and deputies, all the nobility of Poland, from the greatest magnate to the least important country squire, had the right to go to the 'Diets of Convocation' and there vote in person for the king. These elections were based on the principle of **universal suffrage.** It is true that the nobility alone took part in the elections, but, being numerous, they really represented the will of the people. The eligibility of the king, being the capital principle of civic liberty, was watched over by this class with jealous care for centuries. But, threatened by the neighboring autocratic powers, the Poles were finally forced to adopt hereditary monarchy. And yet, of their own free will, the Polish people, during the long period of elective kings, after the death of the last representative of the Jagellon dynasty chose three elected kings from the Wasa family and two from the Wettins. This fact simply proves that the people could and would conciliate their own political interests with those of the state. The **relationship** existing **between the people and their king** showed clearly the character of the public institutions in Poland. The Polish gentleman justly appreciated the dignity of the king as a man and a citizen. 'He respected the king,' says the historian Kalinka, 'as a moral authority, as a chief of the federation of nobles to which he himself belonged. But he had no fear of the king, for he never anticipated that his sovereign would harm him in any way. It pleased him to be in the good graces of his king, but he could easily do without it, if necessary. What he was he did not owe to the king but to himself.' In Poland there was not the shadow of that byzantism and servility in intercourse with the monarch that characterized similar relations in Europe at the same time or even later. The Pole was proud in the knowledge that he was not only an 'elector' of kings, but that he had the right to the throne himself, and, in fact, the road to the throne was open to any member of the great community of electors, if through his talents and merits he should be deemed worthy. Several kings were thus chosen in Poland and two of them, Sobieski and Batory, are counted among her most excellent sovereigns. Relationship with the king was in reality fixt by the constitution of the republic. This constitution, to guard against the tyranny of one will, placed **all power in the Diet** and gave to each citizen the right to participate indirectly in the Government, and to the people the responsibility of public affairs."

The nobility of Poland, Mr. Choloniewski reminds us, was not formed of a "very small proportion of the population," but was made up of a very considerable part of it, larger than "in any other of the European countries." **Three groups** constituted in a way a complete social organization, characterized as follows:

> "At the top were the great **lordly families,** the magnates, powerful proprietors, whose vast estates were larger than many of the small principalities of western Europe. The **rich landowners** followed, a kind of English gentry, that was divided into two categories: one was composed of noblemen of old families called the 'Crimsons' (Karmazyni) or 'Purple Bearers,' the other of families with smaller fortunes and of more recent nobility. Toward the bottom of the ladder were the '**small nobility,**' poor and very thickly settled, called 'provincials' or 'grays' (Szaraczki). They owned, at most, a few acres of land and, not owning serfs, they were obliged to cultivate the land themselves. Economically these nobles differed little from the peasants and were even inferior to some of them—the peasants on the royal domains, for example, who were not subject to forced labor. At a still lower round of the ladder there were a multitude of gentlemen without any property whatever, who were simply called '*Komornicy.*' These '*Komornicy*' worked in different capacities for the great landlords, attached themselves to the rich magnates or sometimes slipt into the cities, there to follow a trade or enter commerce.
>
> "The majority of the **Polish nobility** was made up of these working nobles, either with or without land. The creation of this nobility was due to different causes. Sometimes it happened that the entire dependent population of a village was ennobled, but more often they were the descendants of old and rich families who had become impoverished by the successive divisions of the land, through the right of descendants. There were also in this class nobles who had been ruined by war or other calamities. As early as the sixteenth century there were to be found in different parts of the republic, in Masovia, in Lithuania, in Pomerania, and in Podlasie, etc., a numerous class officially called *pauperes nobiles*, the poor nobility, who little by little became assimilated with the peasants, and who in the end lost even their civil rights; villages and even entire districts were occupied by these *pauperes nobiles*. Even while tilling their bit of soil these poor devils of noblemen never left off the sword that was the sign of their high birth and proudly repeated to themselves the proverb, that so well characterized them, 'with bare feet but with sword at side.' The fact that the Polish nobility was not a uniform class, but divided into many different groups, clearly differentiated it from Western nobility. Also, the fact that this nobility formed such an immense part of the population was, as well, a phenomenon without analogy. So it was really not without some reasons that the nobles, conscious of their privileged position and of their number, considered themselves, not only a noble 'class,' but also a 'people' of nobles.
>
> "All these different ranks of nobility—where the difference in fortune created such gulfs—were in reality equals. This 'equality of all nobles,' so proudly acknowledged, was one of the most remarkable traits of public life in Poland. From Radziwill, who could make Lithuania tremble, down to the poorest wretch of the 'gray nobility,' all felt themselves to be equal, all being nobles. The most powerful lord, who considered himself the equal of the king, would not think of addressing the most humble nobleman without calling him 'brother.' The people have aptly exprest this in a favorite proverb, 'the nobleman within his gates is the equal of the *voivode*.' In fact, before the law, save for a few insignificant exceptions, no difference existed between the several ranks of nobility. Their legal status toward the state was identical. The way into public affairs, honors, and to the most exalted positions, not even excepting royalty, were open to every noble. The Poniatowski family is a striking example of this. The grandfather was a modest country squire; the son an eminent senator of the republic; the grandson a king of Poland. Any attempt to obtain titles of baron, count, or prince was absolutely prohibited by the nobility who thus safeguarded their equality. Each generation was reminded of this interdiction by many new laws and edicts enacted by the Diet that were inspired by the principle that there could be **no greater honor** than to be **a citizen of the republic.** The Polish King had no right to bestow titles on the nobility of the country, but could only grant them to foreigners. The law of 1673 considered 'defamed for life' any Pole who would accept a title from a foreign monarch and thus infringe the principle of equality.
>
> "The **spirit** of this 'people of nobles' was **republican and democratic** in every sense of the word. Proud of their liberties that were not equaled on the Continent, altho sometimes allowing themselves to be carried away, this people was not exclusive, and, except in the seventeenth century, when, for a short while, the Jesuits were in power, they made no objections to the encroachments of new elements coming from other ranks of the population. It is a well-known fact that whole villages were ennobled as the reward for military worth. Even the thirty thousand Tatars settled in Lithuania were given the liberties of nobility and admitted to military service while allowed to keep their Mohammedan religion. After the victory of 'Wielkie Luki,' the Hetman Zamoyski bestowed his coat of arms upon the greater part of his soldiers. This example was followed by many other noblemen.
>
> "At the time of Sigismund August it was obligatory to ennoble a certain number of the middle class. The professors of the University of Krakow and the municipal officials of the principal cities, who were of plebeian origin, automatically obtained hereditary coats of arms. It was characteristic of the eighteenth century, that even the **ennobling of Jews,** baptized Frankists, **was allowed.** This element was scorned and despised at that time to the greatest degree. It has been clearly shown that public life was not carried on by a handful of despotic nobles in possession of great liberties and exercising a decisive influence on the affairs of state, but by a great part of the people, a mass numbering millions. Two hundred thousand nobles presented themselves at the electoral urn. The significance of this figure is brought out by the fact that just before 1848 in post-revolutionary France the percentage of citizens who were authorized to elect their representatives was smaller than it had been three centuries before in Poland."

To come right down to the moment and realize the significance of **Poland in the future map of Europe,** let us recur to Dr. A. Syski's "United States of Poland," in which he quotes that famous authority on European questions, Dr. E. J. Dillon,



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as saying that "unless a new Poland, strong and independent, is created, the Allies will lose the war, even tho at the Peace Congress they shall have appeared to win it." In Dr. Dillon's opinion there would perhaps have been no war if independent Poland had remained a Baltic Power possest of a fleet in the Gulf of Danzig and of a country traversed by a network of strategic railways. One of the indispensable safeguards of a future peace is the establishment of strong frontier guards in north and south to bar the Teutons' road to Constantinople and the Black Sea. As Dr. Syski points out, the power of Germany comes not from the west, but from the east, from Prussia, from the country built nearly entirely on the Slavonic side—and every progress of the Germans in the East means a new menace to Europe. Therefore—

> "The first thing for Europe to do, if she wants to render Germany harmless, is to stop the progress of Germanism in the East. But by what means may it be stopt? It certainly can not be stopt by the establishment of numerous small states such as the Ukraine, White Ruthenia, Lithuania, and Lettonia, which naturally can not exist without falling under the influence of its strong neighbor, Germany, and which Germany encourages to spring out of the ruins of Russia. The **only barrier against strong Germany** would be either strong Russia or strong Poland. But the events show that Russia is no match for Germany. In the country of Polish civilization, which extends to the north and to the south of Germany, the Russian civilization which is a progressive force in Siberia, the Caucasus, and Central Asia has no constructive power at all. The only possible constructive power to fight against German aggression in the Polish country to the north and to the south of Germany is a Polish civilization. This was proved by the successful struggle of German Poles in Germany, and therefore, if this country is to be saved from German conquest, a strong Polish state and Polish civilization must be given full freedom to develop over there. The **interest of Germany demands a weak Poland** surrounded by provinces either directly belonging to Germany or recognizing Teutonic supremacy. The **interests of peace** require a large, powerful, and economically independent Poland. A peace which would leave in Germany's hands any economic whip over Poland would be a German peace. Poland should be restored in a manner which would satisfy the needs and wishes of the Polish nation. According to the statement of that great Pole, I. J. Paderewski, **a new Poland** should be a continuation of that which she has been; otherwise she can not find again the ideal which she has in her soul. Her ideal has in itself all the elements of vitality and progress, and is so deeply rooted in the nature of the Polish people that it forms the psychological necessity of their existence. Polish life can not be normal if she lacks the essential elements which have given her breath. The partitions of Poland have not divided the nation. They have created a flagrant contradiction between an artificial state, established by force, and the national conscience. If one should plan to cut out a certain part of the former Poland to make a new one, if instead of erasing the artificial confines one should only modify their direction, it would be creating irredentisms which would fatally lead to a new crisis. If we are to have a lasting and durable peace, we must reunite in the new Poland all the Polish lands. It is evident that it would be difficult to construct a Polish state out of territories where there are no Poles; but would it be possible to build a Poland out of lands which have never formed a part of her history, if by some chance, let us suppose, due to a forced immigration, the number of Poles would reach 65 per cent. of the inhabitants?"

It is of importance at this juncture to recall what is meant by the "divisions of Poland." In 1772, owing to enfeebled internal conditions in Poland, Russia, Prussia, and Austria each annexed a piece of the unfortunate country, as it is called by Roscoe Lewis Ashley in his "Modern European Civilization" (Macmillan, New York). Prussia gained West Prussia in 1772, which joined the old mark of Brandenburg to East Prussia. This annexation was exceedingly valuable, we are told, in uniting Prussian territory. In the first partition, Austria gained Galicia, while Russia secured a strip on her western front, including part of White Russia and part of Livonia. Austria did not share in the second partition of Poland, which happened in 1793. In 1795 Poland was further divided, after which year it "no longer existed as a separate country." Later Russia gained most of the Polish territory that in 1793 and 1795 had been acquired by Prussia and Austria.

TWO ESSENTIALS OF INDEPENDENT POLAND — 1. Access to the Sea — The ancient port of Poland is Danzig, the natural outlet of the rich Polish basin of the Vistula, according to Dr. Syski, which has been diverted from its true functions "by the German commercial system." We read:

> "Danzig, ethnographically Polish, went voluntarily to Poland in 1455, glad to escape from the corrupt rule of the Teutonic knights. The city of Danzig was at that time formally ceded to the Kingdom of Poland at the Peace of Thron, and remained faithful to Polish destinies until forcibly divorced by Prussian annexation in the year 1793. It is mockery to talk of Polish independence unless this ancient seaport of Poland is restored to her."

2. The other essential, if Poland is to be a nation, is that she have a **national industry.** This she can not have unless the mines of Silesia are restored to her, and the argument is that—

> "These mines, like her port, were stolen from her by Frederick the Great, but the country of Silesia is still Polish in population. If neither of these two things is granted to Poland, it is the hollowest and most transparent of mockeries to dangle before the tortured eyes of Poland any hope of independence. A Poland without Danzig or without Silesia is doomed, whatever her political system may be, to be the economic, and therefore the political, vassal of Prussia. Once the necessity of Poland reunited and independent is admitted, these two conditions in reestablishing the Polish state are essential."

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

THE BOLSHEVIK REIGN OF TERROR IN ACTION

While she was midway between the lines of the Bolsheviki and the Kerensky forces, relates Maria Botchkareva, former commander of the famous Russian Women's Battalion of Death, a Bolshevik patrol passed on their way to cut off a patrol from the opposing force. There was a coal-pile near, and this "Russian Joan of Arc transplanted into a Reign of Terror" threw herself down on the coal. She tells the story of what followed in the concluding chapter of her just-published autobiography (Stokes):

Hugging the chunks of coal, I breathlessly awaited the outcome of the maneuver. In a short while the Bolsheviki returned with their prey. They had captured the patrol! There were twenty captives, fifteen officers and five cadets, I learned. They were led to a place only a score or so feet away from the coal pile that hid me.

The hundred Bolshevik soldiers surrounded the officers, cursed them, beat them with the butts of their rifles, tore off their epaulets, and handled them like dogs. The five youthful cadets must have suddenly discovered an opportunity to slip away, for they dashed off a few minutes afterward. But they failed to escape. They were caught within several hundred feet and brought back.

The Bolshevik soldiers then decided to gouge out the eyes of the five youths in punishment for their attempt to run away. Each of the marked victims was held by a couple of men in such a position as to allow the bloody torturers to do their frightful work. In all my experiences of horror this was the most horrible crime I ever witnessed. One of the officers could not contain himself and shrieked:

"Murderers! Beasts! Kill me!"

He was struck with a bayonet, but only wounded. All the fifteen officers begged to be killed right there. But their request would not be granted.

"You have to be taken before the Staff first," was the answer. Soon they were led away.

The five martyrs were left to expire in agony where they were.

My heart was petrified. My blood was congealed. I thought I was going insane, that in a second I would not be able to control myself and would jump out, inviting death or perhaps similar torture.

I finally collected strength to turn about and crawl away, in the opposite direction, toward the woods. At a distance of several hundred feet from the forest it seemed to me safe to rise and run for it. But I was noticed from the mine.

"A spy!" went up in a chorus from several throats, and a number of soldiers were after me, shooting as they ran.

Nearer and nearer the pursuers came. I raced faster than I ever did before in my life. Within another hundred feet or so were the woods. There I might still hope to hide. I prayed for strength to get there. Bullets whistled by me, but firing on the run, the men could not take aim.

The woods, the woods, to them my whole being was swept forward. Louder and louder grew the shouts behind me:

"A she-spy! A she-spy!"

The woods were within my reach.

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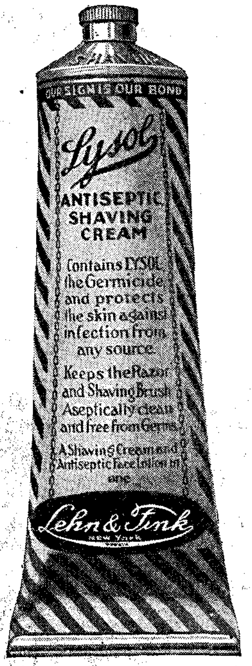
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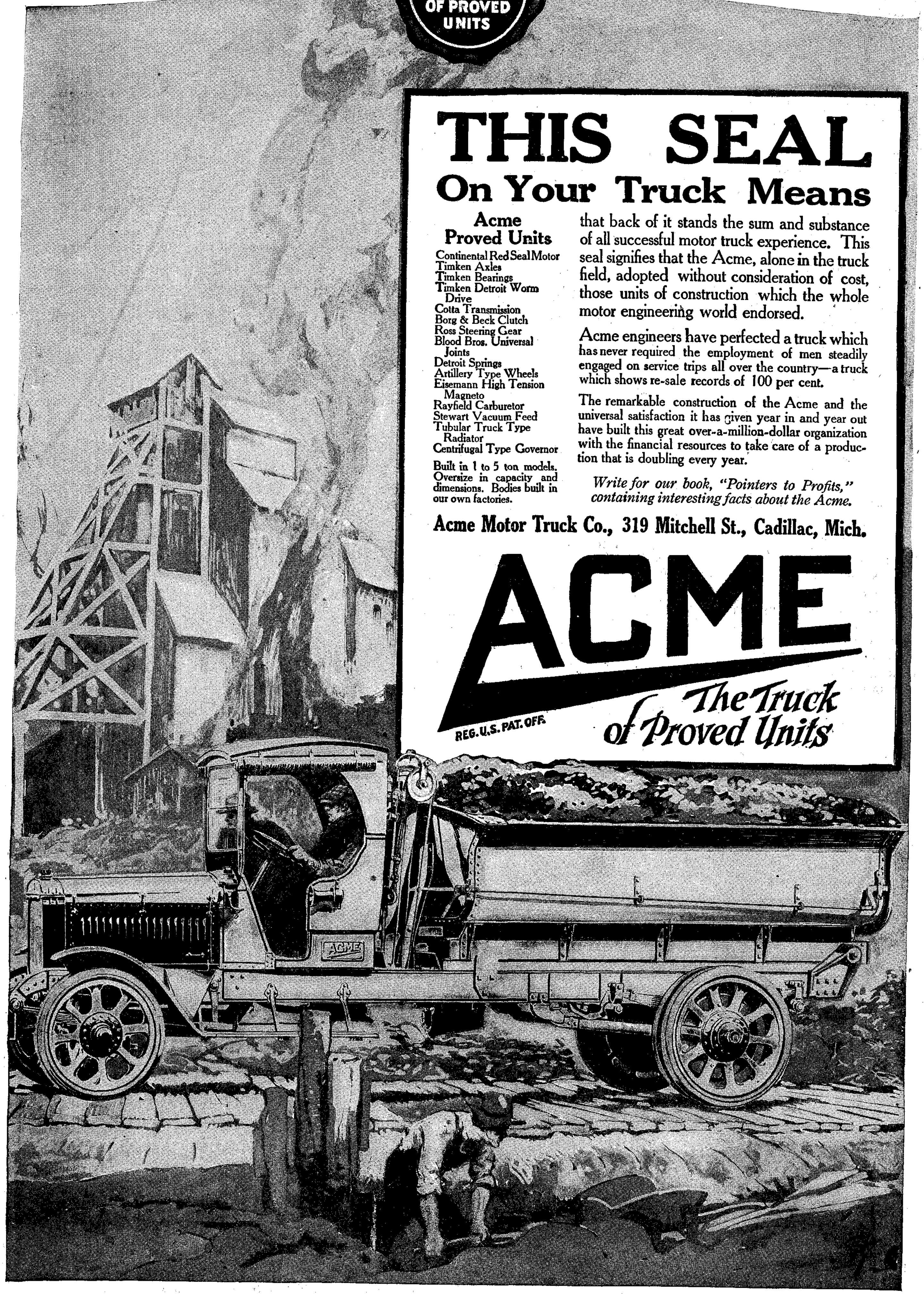

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Another bound and I was in them. Onward I dashed like a wild deer. Was it because there were only several soldiers left at the post and they could not desert it to engage in a hunt, or because the men decided that I could not escape from the forest anyhow, that my pursuers did not follow me into the woods? I know that only they were satisfied with sending a stream of bullets into the forest and left me alone.

But Botchkareva—or Yashka, as she was called by her comrades of the men's regiment during her two years' service, in which she was decorated for saving fifty lives from No Man's Land—decided to give herself up to the Bolshevik forces of the neighborhood. All outlets were guarded, and it was better, she reasoned, to give herself up voluntarily than to be captured. Also, she had provided herself with a good excuse for being in the vicinity, where her real object was to bring news of Korniloff's army back to Petrograd: she was nominally going to a "bath" for treatment of the latest and severest of her five wounds. Several members of the Bolshevik investigating committee before which she was brought wished to shoot her at once, but the chairman said, since they were an investigating committee, they ought to investigate the case before ordering the execution. Yashka continues:

The words of the chairman of the investigation committee gave me courage. One could see that he was an educated, humane chap. Subsequently I learned that he was a university student. His name was Ivan Ivanovitch Petrukhin.

While he was still discoursing, a man dashed in like a whirlwind, puffing, perspiring, but rubbing his hands in satisfaction.

"Ah, I just finished a good job! Fifteen of them, all officers! The boys got them like that," and he bowed and made a sign across the legs. "The first volley peppered their legs and threw them in a heap on the ground. Then they were bayoneted and slashed to pieces. Ho, ho, ho! There were five others captured with them—cadets. They tried to escape and the food fellows gouged their eyes out."

I was petrified. The newcomer was of middle height, heavily built, and drest in an officer's uniform but without the epaulets. He looked savage, and his hideous laughter sent shudders up my spine. The bloodthirsty brute! Even Petrukhin's face grew pale at his entrance. He was no less a person than the assistant to the Commander-in-Chief of the Bolshevik Army. His name was Pugatchov.

He did not notice me at first, so absorbed was he in the story of the slaughter of the fifteen officers.

"And here we have a celebrity," Petrukhin said, pointing at me.

The assistant commander made a step forward in military fashion, stared at me for an instant, and then cried out in a terrifying voice:

"Botchkareva!"

He was beside himself with joy.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he laughed diabolically. "Under the old régime I would have got an award of the first class for capturing such a spy! I will run out and tell the soldiers and sailors the good news. They will know how to take care of her. Ho, ho, ho!"

I arose thunderstricken. I wanted to say something, but was speechless. Petrukhin was deeply horrified too. He ran after Pugatchov, seized him by the arm, and shouted:

"What is the matter; have you gone insane? Madame Botchkareva came here herself. Nobody captured her. She is going to Kislovodsk for a cure. She is a sick woman. She claims that she lost her way. Anyhow, she never fought against us. She returned home after we took over the power."

"Ah, you don't know her!" exclaimed Pugatchov. "She is a Kornilovka, the right hand of Korniloff."

"Well, we are not releasing her, are we?" parried Petrukhin. "I am going to call the committee together and have an investigation of her story made."

"An investigation!" scoffed Pugatchov. "And if you don't find any evidence against her, will you let her go? You don't know her. She is a dangerous character! How could we afford to save her? I wouldn't even waste bullets on her. I would call the men and they would make a fine *kasha* of her!"

He made a motion toward the door. Petrukhin held on to him.

"But consider, she is a sick woman!" he pleaded. "What is the investigation committee for it not to investigate before punishing? Let the committee look into the matter and take whatever action it considers best."

At this point the commandant of the station arrived. He supported Petrukhin. "You can't act like that in such a case," he said; "this is clearly a matter for the investigation committee. If she is found guilty, we will execute her."

Petrukhin went to summon the members of the investigation committee, who were all, twelve in number, common soldiers. As soon as he broached the news to each juror, he later told me, the men became threatening, talking of the good fortune that brought me into their hands. But Petrukhin argued with each of them in my favor, as he was convinced of the genuineness of my alibi. In such a manner he won some of them over to my side.

Meanwhile Pugatchov paced the room like a caged lion, thirsting for my blood.

"Ah, if I had only known it before, I would have had you shot in company with those fifteen officers!" he addrest me.

"I would not have the heart to shoot at my own brothers, soldiers or officers," I remarked.

"Eh, you are singing already," he turned on me. "We know your kind."

"All in all," I declared, "you are not better than the officers of the old régime."

"Silence," he commanded, angrily.

Petrukhin came in with the committee at that instant.

"I beg you not to yell," he turned to Pugatchov, feeling more confident with the committeemen at his back. "She is in our hands now, and we will do justice. It is for us to decide if she is guilty. Leave her alone." . . . . . .

Petrukhin was afraid to defend me too much, lest he be suspected of giving aid to a spy. He preferred to work indirectly for me, by influencing the committeemen individually. It was decided that the case be submitted to the Commander-in-Chief, Sablin, for review and sentence, I believe, on the motion of Petrukhin. This was just a trick to stave off immediate execution, but the expectation among the men was that my death was certain. Nevertheless I was profoundly grateful to Petrukhin for his humane attitude. He was a man of rare qualities, and among Bolsheviki he was almost unique.

I was ordered to a railway carriage used as a jail for captured officers and other prisoners. It was a death-chamber. No body escaped alive from there. When I was led inside there went up a cry:

"Botchkareva! How did you get here? Coming from Korniloff?"

"No," I answered, "I was on my way to Kislovodsk."

There were about forty men in the car, the larger part officers. Among the latter were two generals. They were terribly shocked at my appearance among them. When my convoys left, the prisoners talked more freely. To some of them I even told the truth, that I had actually been to Korniloff. None of them gave me any hope. All were resigned to death.

One of the generals was an old man. He beckoned to me and I sat down beside him.

"I have a daughter like you," he said sadly, putting his arm around my shoulders. "I have heard of your brave deeds and came to love you as much as my own girl. But I never expected to meet you here in this death-trap. Isn't it dreadful? Here we are, all of us, the best men of the country, being executed, tormented, crusht by the savage mob. If it were only for the good of Russia! But Russia is perishing at this very moment. Perhaps God will save you yet. Then you will avenge us." . . . . . .

I broke down, convulsed with sobs, and leaned against the General's shoulder. The old warrior could not restrain himself either and wept with me. . . . . . .

The other officers suddenly sang out in a chorus. They sang from despair, in an effort to keep from collapsing.

I cried long and bitterly. I prayed for my mother.

"Who would sustain her?" I appealed to Heaven. "She will be forced to go begging in her old age if I am put to death." Life became very precious to me, the same life that I had exposed to a hundred perils. I did not want to die an infamous death, to lie on the field unburied, food for carrion-crows.

"Why haven't you allowed me to die from an enemy's bullet?" I asked of God. "How have I deserved being butchered by the hands of my own people?"

The door swung open. About forty soldiers filed in. Their leader had a list of names in his hand.

"Botchkareva!" he calls out first.

Somehow my heart leapt with joy. I thought I would be released. But the officers immediately disillusioned me with the statement that it was a call for execution. I stept forward and answered:

"I am here!"

"*Razdievaysia!*" (Undress.) The order stupefied me. I remained motionless.

Some soldiers came up, pushed me forward, and repeated the order several times. I awoke at last and began to undress.

The old General's name was read off the list next. Then a number of other officers were called out. Each of them was ordered to cast off his uniform and remain in his undergarments.

The Bolsheviki needed all the uniforms they could get and this was such an inexpensive way of obtaining them!

Tears streamed down my cheeks. The old General was near me.

"Don't cry!" he urged me. "We will die together."

Not all the prisoners were in our group. Those remaining bade me farewell. The parting among the men was alone sufficient to pierce one's heart.

"Well, we will follow you in an hour or

two," those who were left behind said bravely.

After I took my boots off, I removed the icon from my neck and fell before it on my knees.

"Why should I die such a death?" I cried. "For three years I have suffered for my country. Is this shameful end to be my reward? Have mercy, Holy Mother! If not for the sake of humble Maria, then for the sake of my destitute old mother and my aged father! Have mercy!"

Here I collapsed completely and became hysterical.

After a few moments an officer approached me, put his hand on my shoulder, and said:

"You are a Russian officer. We are dying for a righteous cause. Be strong and die as it behooves an officer to die!"

I made a superhuman effort to control myself. The tears stopt. I arose and announced to the guards:

"I am ready."

We were led out from the car, all of us in our undergarments. A few hundred feet away was the field of slaughter. There were hundreds upon hundreds of human bodies heaped there. As we approached the place, the figure of Pugatchov, marching about with a triumphant face, came into sight. He was in charge of the firing-squad, composed of about one hundred men, some of whom were sailors, others soldiers, and others drest as Red Guards.

We were surrounded and taken toward a slight elevation of ground, and placed in a line with our backs toward the hill. There were corpses behind us, in front of us, to our left, to our right, at our very feet. There were at least a thousand of them. The scene was a horror of horrors. The poisonous odors were choking us. The executioners did not seem to mind it so much. They were used to them.

I was placed at the extreme right of the line. Next to me was the old General. There were twenty of us altogether.

"We are waiting for the committee," Pugatchov explained the delay in the proceedings.

"What a pleasure!" he rubbed his hands, laughing. "We have a woman to-day."

"Ah, yes," he added, turning to us all, "you can write letters home and ask that your bodies be sent there for burial, if you wish. Or you can ask for other favors."

The suspense of waiting was as cruel as anything else about the place. Every officer's face wore an expression of implacable hatred for that brute of a man, Pugatchov. Never have I seen a more bloodthirsty pervert. I did not think that such a man was to be found in Russia.

The waiting wore me out soon and I fell again on my knees, praying to the little icon, and crying to Heaven:

"God, when have I sinned to earn such a death? Why should I die like a dog, without burial, without a priest, with no funeral? And who will take care of my mother? She will expire when she learns of my end."

The Bolshevik soldiers broke out laughing. My pleading touched their sense of humor. They joked and made merry.

"Don't cry, my child," the General bent over me, patting me. "They are savages. Their hearts are of stone. They would not even let us receive the last sacrament. Let us die like heroes, nevertheless."

His words gave me strength. I got up, straightened myself out, and said:

"All right: I will die as a hero."

Then, for about ten minutes I gazed at the faces of our executioners, scrutinizing their features. It was hard to distinguish in them signs of humanity. They were Russian soldiers turned inhuman. The lines in their faces were those of brutal apes.

"My God! What hast thou done to thy children?" I prayed.

In a long file the numerous events of my life passed before me. My childhood, those years of hard labor in the little grocery-store of Nastasia Leontievna; the affair with Tazov; my marriage to Botchkarev; Yasha; the three years of war; they all passed through my imagination, some incidents strangely gripping my interest for a moment or two, others flitting by hastily. Somehow that episode of my early life when I quarreled with the little boy placed in my charge, and the undeserved spanking I got from his mother, stood out very prominently in my mind. It was my first act of self-assertion. I rebelled and escaped. . . . Then there was that jump into the Ob. It almost seemed that it was not I who sought relief in its cold, deep waters from the ugly Afanasi. But I wished that I had been drowned then rather than die such a death. . . . . .

The investigation committee finally appeared in the distance. Petrukhin was leading them. There were twelve members present, the two absentees apparently having joined the other ten.

"You see how kind we are," some of the soldiers said. "We are having the committee present at your execution."

None of us answered.

"We were all to see Sablin, the Commander-in-Chief," Petrukhin announced as soon as he approached near enough to Pugatchov. "He said that Botchkareva would have to be shot, but not necessarily now and with this group."

A ray of hope was lit in my soul.

"Nothing of the sort!" Pugatchov bawled angrily.

"What is the matter here? Why this postponement? The list is already made up."

The soldiers supported Pugatchov.

"Shoot her! Finish her now! What's the use of bothering with her again!" cried the men.

But just as Pugatchov sensed that Petrukhin had obtained the delay hoping to save me, so the latter realized that words would not be sufficient to carry his argument. He had provided himself with a note from Sablin.

"Here is an order from the Commander-in-Chief," Petrukhin declared, pulling a paper out. "It says that Botchkareva shall be taken to my compartment in the railway-carriage and kept there under guard."

Pugatchov jumped up as if bitten. But the committee here rallied to the support of Petrukhin, arguing that orders were orders, and that I would be executed later.

Not the least interested spectator of the heated discussion was myself. The officers followed the argument breathlessly, too. The soldiers grumbled. The forces of life and death struggled within me. Now the first would triumph, now the second, depending on the turn of the quarrel.

"Nothing doing!" shouted Pugatchov, thrusting aside the order of the Commander-in-Chief. "It's too late for orders like that! We will shoot her! Enough words!"

At this moment I became aware of one of the two newly arrived committeemen staring at me intently. He took a couple of steps toward me, bent his head on the side, and nailed his eyes on me. There was something about that look that electrified me. As the man, who was a common soldier, craned his neck forward and stept out of the group, a strange silence gript everybody, so affected were all by the painful expression on his face.

"A-r-e y-o-u Y-a-s-h-k-a?" he sang out slowly.

"How do you know me?" I asked quickly, almost overpowered by a premonition of salvation.

"Don't you remember how you saved my life in that March offensive, when I was wounded in the leg and you dragged me out of the mud under fire? My name is Peter. I would have perished there, in the water, and many others like me, if not for you. Why do they want to shoot you now?"

"Because I am an officer," I replied.

"What conversations are you holding here?" Pugatchov thundered. "She will have to be shot, and no arguments!"

"And I won't allow her to be shot!" my God-appointed savior answered back firmly, and walked up to me, seized my arm, pulled me out of my place, occupying it himself.

"You will shoot me first!" he exclaimed. "She saved my life. She saved many of our lives. The entire Fifth Corps knows Yashka. She is a common peasant like myself and understands no politics. If you shoot her, you will have to shoot me first!"

This tirade had a remarkably wholesome effect on me. It also struck home in the hearts of many in the crowd.

Petrukhin went up, took a place beside Peter and me, and declared:

"You will shoot me, too, before you execute an innocent, sick woman!"

The soldiers were now divided. Some shouted: "Let's shoot her and make an end of this squabble! What's the use of arguments?"

Others were more human. "She is not of the *bourgeoisie*, but a common peasant like ourselves," they argued. "And she does not understand politics. Perhaps she really was going to seek a cure. She was not captured, but came to us herself, we must not forget."

For some time the place turned into a meeting-ground. It was a weird situation for a debate. There were the hundreds of bodies scattered around us. There were the twenty of us in our undergarments awaiting death. Of the twenty only I had a chance for life. The remaining nineteen stoically kept themselves on their feet. No hope heaved their breasts. No miracle could save them. And amid all this a hundred Russian soldiers, a quarter of an hour before all savages, now half of them with a spark of humanity in their veins, were deliberating!

The committee finally found their wits and took charge of the situation. Turning to Pugatchov, they declared:

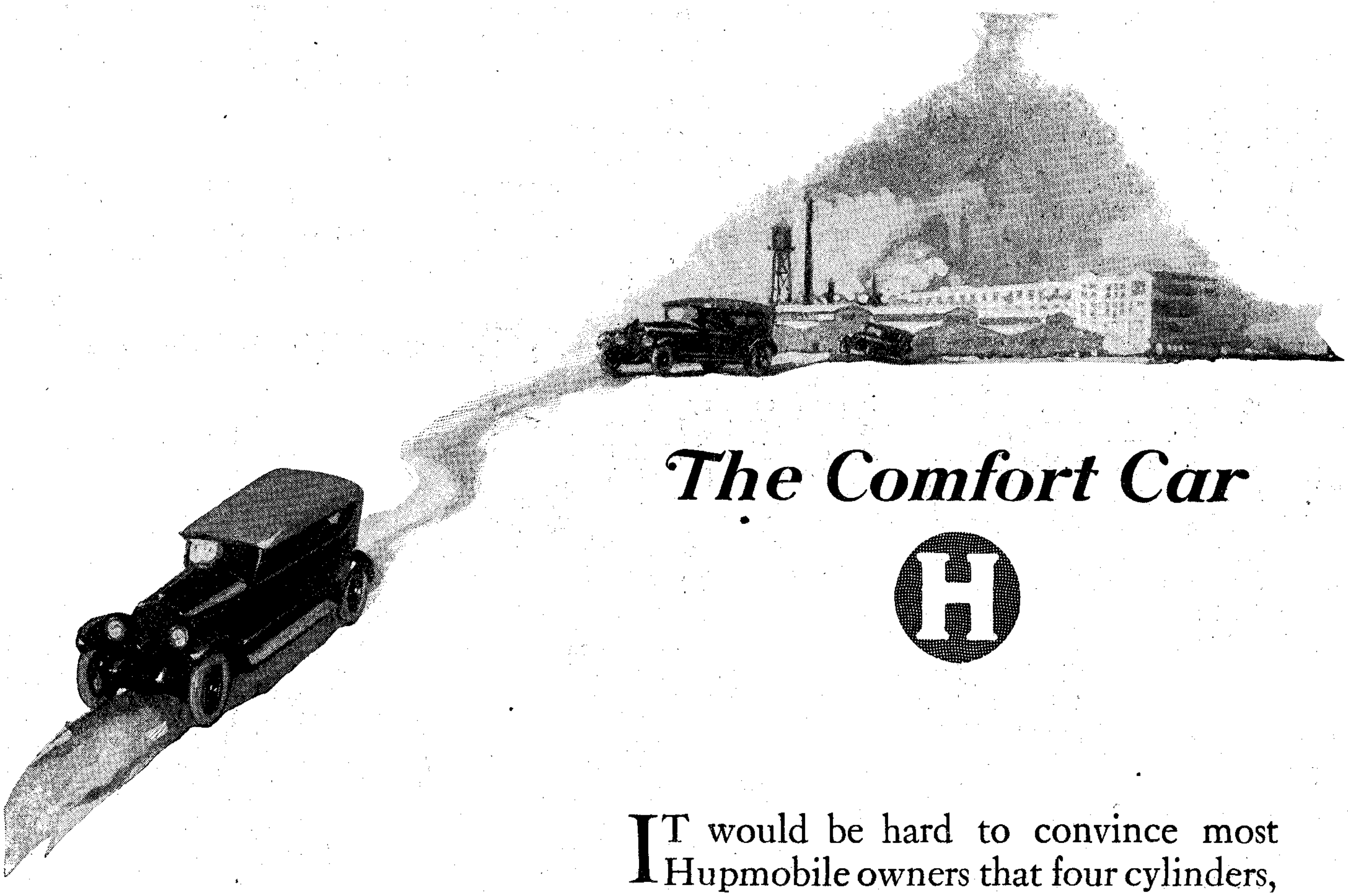
"Now, we have an order here from the Commander-in-Chief, and it shall be obeyed. We will take her away."

They closed about me and I was marched out of the line and off the field. Pugatchov was in a white rage, raving like a madman, grinding his teeth. As we walked away, his inhuman voice roared:

"Fire at the knees!"

A volley rang out. Immediately cries and groans filled the air. Turning my head about, I saw the savages rush the heap of victims with their bayonets, digging them deep into the bodies of my companions of a few minutes previous, and crushing the last signs of life out of them with their heels.

It was frightful, indescribably frightful.



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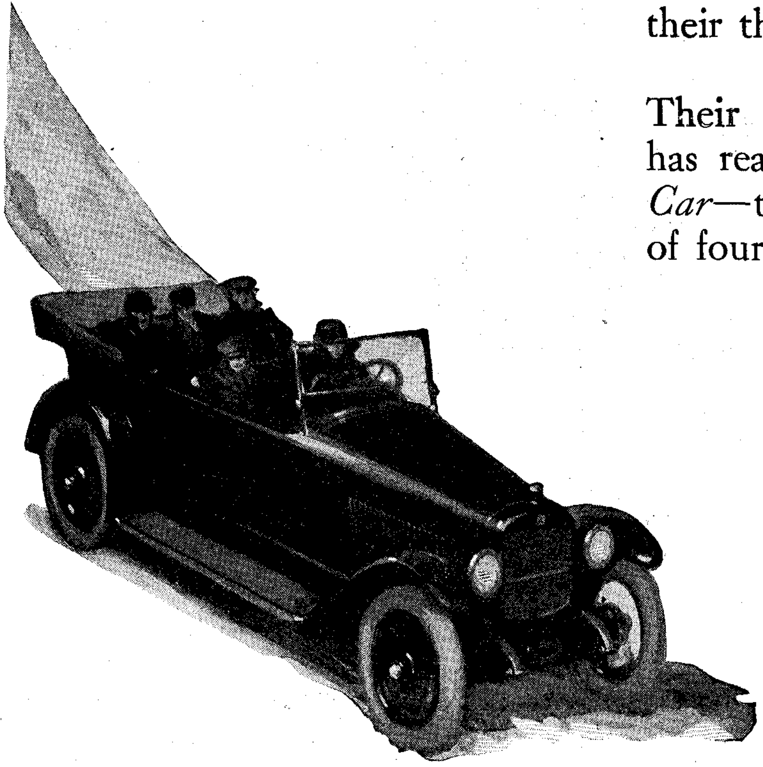


Hupmobile

The moans were penetrating, blood-curdling. I staggered, fell to the ground my full length, and swooned.

For four hours I remained unconscious. When I came to, I was in a compartment of a railway-coach. Petrukhin sat near me, holding my hands, and weeping.

As I thought of the circumstances that led to my fainting, the figure of Pugatchov swam up before my eyes, and I took an oath there and then to kill him at the first opportunity if I escaped from the Bolshevik trap.

A WREATH FOR CARRIE NATION, PIONEER IN THE PROHIBITION MOVEMENT

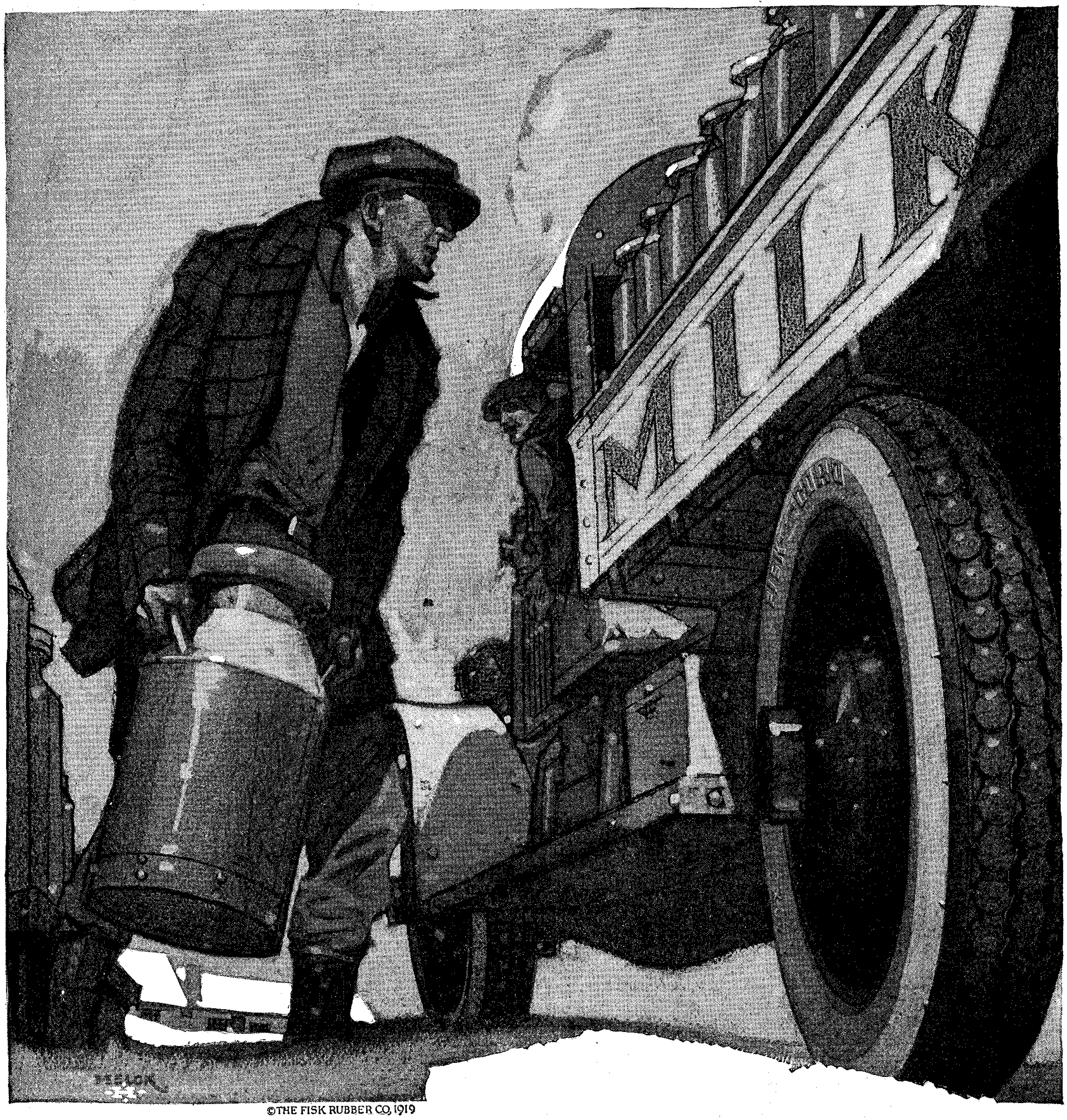
"GREAT reforms are not easily won, nor are they ever won without resort to methods of a nature to arouse and disturb the self-satisfied and contented," comments *The Christian Science Monitor* (Boston), introducing a brief appreciation of the part played by the late Carrie Nation in the prohibition movement that has just swept the country. Reform pioneers are likely, as she did, to make themselves both ridiculous and disliked. Time may convert them into popular heroes, but while they are actively engaged in the work that is destined to make them blessed hereafter, they are considered demagogs or fanatics, or, at least, public nuisances. *The Monitor* presents as typical the case of the lady with the hatchet:

> Carrie Nation caused a great deal of annoyance in Kansas, a State that meant very well, indeed, but that was content for a long while with merely meaning well. Having become a prohibition State in 1880, many of its people thought it had gone far enough. Throughout the larger part of it the State prohibition law was enforced, and dryness was characteristic of all Kansas areas in which the anti-liquor element was ever watchful and alert; but the liquor interests, through collusion with local authorities, were shipping intoxicants into the State regularly from Nebraska, Iowa, and Missouri, and in some parts of Kansas, particularly in the west and southwest, distillers and brewers, despite the preponderance of antiliquor sentiment, did not even take the trouble to mask or conceal the traffic by resorting to the "speak-easy" or the "blind-pig."
>
> Carrie Nation was a daughter of Kentucky, a State once noted for its distilleries. She had married, in her girlhood, a man who had become addicted to drink, and this had destroyed their happiness. The loss of her husband filled her with intense aversion to the saloon, and she determined to devote her life to the work of arousing public antagonism against the barrooms. Removing to Kansas, she married David Nation, who sympathized with her prohibition tendencies. At first she went about her work in an argumentative fashion. She would enter barrooms and address the proprietor, if he were present, but, at any rate, the bartender and the patrons.
>
> But she soon realized that little real progress was being made, and that, while obtaining a great deal of notoriety in the press, she was making very little headway in the matter of arousing the better element of the public to a recognition of the real meaning of her work. So she decided to make a departure. Armed with a hatchet, she entered the elaborately appointed barroom of the Carry Hotel in Wichita, on December 27, 1900, and proceeded to "smash" her first saloon. Before she could be stopt she had irreparably injured some of the highly polished and costly furniture. Going to another saloon she repeated her performance. In the following months she "smashed" saloons by the score, not only hacking the furniture but breaking the mirrors and glassware.
>
> Thousands of people of the contented type in Kansas were, as a result of Carrie Nation's crusade, surprized to learn that there were so many saloons illegally wide open in the State. Her activities exposed other conditions of which the complacent were ignorant. She produced evidence for the antiliquor movement that was invaluable in legislative investigations. The people of Kansas as a whole began to demand that the day of farcical prohibition should be brought to an end. New and stringent laws were adopted and, better still, enforced. Carrie Nation, in fact, forced upon Kansas the decision to live up to its pretensions, as Neal Dow had, thirty years earlier, forced a like decision upon the people of Maine.
>
> Carrie Nation saw the barrooms of Kansas not nominally but actually closed, and then she entered Nebraska and other States, even going as far east as New York on her lecturing tour. She was not generally popular at any time. To the end of her career her methods were severely criticized. She was oftener abused than praised by the press. But those who spoke most slightingly or deprecatingly of her while she was wielding her hatchet were compelled to admit, when she laid it down, that through sheer pluck, as well as moral courage and persistence, she had accomplished her self-imposed task.

WASHINGTON'S PORTRAIT UNVEILED IN BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE

ALTHO it was barely mentioned in news dispatches of the day, an event took place in the famous old British Foreign Office, No. 10 Downing Street, on the occasion of President Wilson's recent visit to England, that may well be as significant as the international politics that were burdening the cables at the time. After the luncheon given by the British Prime Minister to the American President, a full-length portrait of Gen. George Washington, first President of the United States, was unveiled, to hang beside a portrait of Burke, one of the English statesmen who sided with the Colonists in the Revolution. The picture was presented to the British Government by Lord and Lady Albemarle, to commemorate the entry of the United States into the war. Says the London *Times:*

> The unveiling was quite an informal affair. There was no speech-making, but Lord Albemarle informed President Wilson in conversation that he considered it most appropriate that the picture should hang on the walls of the historic building where 142 years ago the Treaty of Independence was probably signed. He added that the portrait was a copy of one of three painted in 1779, by Peale, of Philadelphia. The original was hung in the Council Chamber of Philadelphia, but was burned many years ago. Another was hung in the Senate Chamber, at Washington, while the third (of which this was a copy) was sent in 1780 by the packet *Mercury* as a gift to the Stadholder of Holland. It was sent in charge of the Hon. Henry Laurens, ex-President of Congress, but the *Mercury* was captured at sea by Lord Albemarle's kinsman, Capt. George Keppel, R. N., a son of General George, Lord Albemarle, while in command of the *Vestal.*
>
> Captain Keppel was sent to England to convey Mr. Laurens with his party and belongings to Falmouth. The luggage included the portrait of Washington, and this had been preserved by the Keppel family. Lord Albemarle added that General William, Lord Albemarle, the grandfather of Captain Keppel, while titular Governor of Virginia, in 1753, had association with George Washington, who, as a young man of twenty-one, was sent by him on a journey many hundreds of miles through the backwoods to carry dispatches to Sanpierre, the French Commander, expostulating against the building by the French of forts on British territory.
>
> Lord Albemarle handed to President Wilson a document containing a brief history of the original of the portrait which he had just unveiled, and the record ended with the following quotation from Kipling:
>
> Also we will make promise, so long as the Blood endures,
> I shall know that your good is mine, ye shall feel that my strength is yours.
> In the day of Armageddon, in the last great fight of all,
> Our House shall stand together, and its pillars shall not fall.
>
> The Prime Minister said it was appropriate that the portrait should hang in the same apartment with that of Burke (who was entirely opposed to the war), and that of Fox, two of Washington's great English contemporaries.
>
> President Wilson, in speaking of the picture, told of another portrait of Washington, which was hung at Mount Vernon. It was reputed to be a very good likeness, but the painter had failed, as he himself admitted, to catch his subject in the mood which he desired. There was a lack of fire and animation, and the painter was quite unable to obtain the exact expression which he required until a chance occurrence gave him what he wanted. A pair of horses was brought to General Washington for inspection, and he was invited to buy them, but when the price was named it was so astounding that he blazed up into a fury of indignation, and the painter, who was present, saw the very expression of "fire" for which he had vainly sought.
>
> Mr. Wilson was curious to know why the General in the portrait was wearing a blue ribbon across his breast, and Lord Albemarle said that it was a badge of rank which was adopted because the Commander-in-Chief had not always been saluted by the sentries as he should have been. Mr. Wilson said there was a very recent example of this kind of thing in France. An American General noticed that no sort of deference was paid to his rank, and asked a sentry why this omission was made. The man replied coolly, "Oh, we don't take any special notice because we know you fellows," at which the President laughed heartily.
>
> Mr. Lloyd George said that the presentation of a copy of a picture seized at sea was interesting at a time when the question of the right to seize private property at sea in war-time was under discussion.



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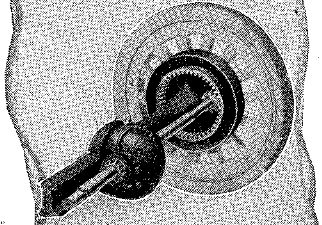

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WHAT A PULLMAN PORTER THINKS OF HIS PASSENGERS

WHAT the public thinks of the railroad porters is so freely exprest, so eloquent, and, generally, so sonorous, that any one who has traveled needs no further information upon the subject. What the porter thinks of the public is not so well known, and is worth knowing—a kind of a tonic to the self-complacent. A Pullman porter who has been on the Twentieth Century Limited for over sixteen years gets a pretty fair grasp of things, both from the Chicago and the New York end. This is the more so as each city has emphatic ideas about the other city, the "Windy City" especially lifting up its voice in *fortissimo* tones when delivering judgment. The article from which we quote appears in *The American Magazine.*

The beginning reads like some of the Post-office reports about letters without stamps or without addresses; of course, we never did anything of that sort. Still, let's listen to the porter:

> Do you realize that the most common fault of passengers is their carelessness? Why, no one knows how incredibly and foolishly careless people are on a Pullman. If they conducted their business as they conduct themselves on a Pullman-car I don't know whatever would become of them. Women strip their fingers of valuable diamond rings, or their necks of necklaces, and leave these jewels on the washstand, only to discover their loss hours later. Men leave their stickpins and cuff-buttons around, with never a thought that there may be a thief on board. Women leave their pocketbooks in the dining-car or lying in plain sight on their seats in the car. Men put their wallets and watches underneath their pillows at night for safety—and then forget to remove them the next morning! So when the sheets and pillow-cases are taken from the berth, the valuables go with them unless we porters find them.
>
> Then there is the problem of complaints. I think a Pullman porter is blamed for everything under the sun except this war in Europe. If the car is cold, people shout, "Porter, go get steam," just as if it were within my power to do so. If the car is hot, they shout, "Porter, make this car cool," just as if every bit of possible ventilation were not being used. I like to be warm and cool just as you do, and you can be sure I'm trying my best to fix things for you; but I don't have the heating or the cooling of the car under my control, so what can I do? I inform the conductor of the train, and there my power ends.
>
> If a man has an upper berth—why, that is the porter's fault, too. And the funny part of it all is that every porter I ever knew prefers an upper berth, for two reasons: one is that you get more air, and the other is that an upper berth has a better spring, a better mattress, and is better all around for sleeping than a lower. The only difficulty is the climbing into it; but once you are in you are better off than in a lower. In picking your berth, by the way, get one in the middle of the car: they ride easier than the others.

The writer is convinced that the public would get better service if it were remembered that porters are human beings. As he puts it:

> The traveling public as a whole is not deliberately cranky or selfish. I think it is just thoughtlessness. For instance, in a smoking-car a man does not stop to think that the rug he is standing on is an expensive one, and so he throws lighted matches, cigarets, and chewing-gum on it. Men put their feet on chairs or against the woodwork, simply because they are thoughtless and careless.
>
> As for tips, don't think that when you give a porter a big one at the end of the journey he changes his opinion about you, for he doesn't. If you haven't been decent to him, no matter how large your tip, you will not get as good treatment from him as another man will who has been courteous and appreciative. I remember a porter telling me that once, when he was carrying a tray of drinks down the length of the car, a man jumped up and opened the door for him, smiling kindly at him at the same time. A few hours later the train smashed into a wreck, and who do you think was the first man the porter went after? It was the man who had opened the door for him.
>
> Eastern people are more liberal than Westerners. On the average, New-Yorkers give larger and more tips than Chicagoans. Why that is I do not know, because I know that Chicagoans are very liberal as a rule. One Chicago man clothes me. He travels back and forth like a regular commuter, and about every month or so he looks at me critically, and says, "George, you come down to the house to-night, and I'll give you this suit I'm wearing." I also wear his ties, collars, and hats. The only thing I can't wear is his shoes, a fact I mourn about every time I put down six dollars for a pair of leather boots.

Speaking of tips, the writer tells a story of a wealthy woman who came aboard with three small children. "The moment I saw her I knew she would have milk-bottles to keep on ice. So I got a pail of ice ready. Then I made special arrangements for her to have her meals thirty minutes ahead of the others. When I told her what I had done without being asked, she burst into tears and said: 'Porter, I've been worrying myself sick over this journey, but as you're so smart and nice, I'm not going to worry a minute longer.'"

That piece of thoughtfulness left the porter at the end of the trip looking at twenty-five dollars which came from somewhere.

An amusing yarn is told of a rich man who traveled between Boston and New York weekly and smoked a certain cigar which cost twenty-five cents. When the war came, the porter showed him another which was only twenty cents, almost as good, and those were saving times. The man looked at it, took it, and told the porter to keep the nickel. It took five years to separate that fellow from a nickel! The porter continues:

> While I'm on the subject of tips, it may be of interest to know that they picked up fine at the beginning of the war in Europe because a lot of people were making money fast. But since we got into it ourselves they have dropt way down to the bottom. Men who used to give a half-dollar now give a quarter, explaining that we all have to save nowadays.
>
> One might think that a rich man was the best tipper, but he isn't. It is the newly rich or the middle class that gives us the tips. The rich man is always surrounded by servants and attention, and so he does not consider what we do for him as being out of the ordinary at all. He is just used to it, whereas the middle-class man or the newly rich is not used to it, and so is grateful for our services.

The writer has his opinions, too, about the public men he carried. He sees them from a new standpoint:

> In my work I meet, of course, some of the most prominent and best-known men of the day. I have carried Roosevelt, Taft, Hughes, Harriman, and many others, but the man I think I like the best is Mr. J. Ogden Armour. I like him just because he is quiet and reserved and yet very kindly. He never has much to say; but when he wants anything he asks for it in a courteous tone that makes you want to please him. You can see how long I have been in the service by the fact that I carried J. Ogden as a youth, and have known and liked him these many years.
>
> No one could help liking Mr. Roosevelt, of course. He was a great one for picking up information; and at election time he would always say to me, "Well, George, do I win or lose this year?" And I picked him every time. If I could pick horses as well as that, I'd have retired with a fortune long ago.
>
> All the porters liked Roosevelt because he was so democratic. Some people thought it a pose on his part, but my friend on the Merchants' Limited was telling me the other day about when Roosevelt was only police commissioner in New York, some twenty years ago.
>
> In those days they had buffet-cars, and it sometimes took an hour and a half to get your lunch. But Roosevelt didn't complain. He'd say, "Feed the others, Gene, they're hungrier than I am. When they're through you can take care of me." It was little things like that that made Roosevelt so popular.
>
> On the whole, most big men are easy to handle. They stay in their compartments most of the time, reading or talking, and they don't bother a porter very much.
>
> Many people seem to think that women are more unreasonable than men and harder to handle. That is not so. If I took a hundred men and a hundred women I'd have more trouble with the men than with the women. You see, a great majority of the women who travel nowadays are business women. They are used to traveling, and for some reason or other they do not complain of things as much as the men.
>
> I have seen women do some mighty fine things on trains, also. There is nothing that can destroy the peace of a quiet Pullman-car more than a crying baby. So the minute I see a child, I get out the stock of rattles, toys, and other things I carry just for that purpose. One day, a woman got aboard with a child that cried from the minute the train started. The men in the car were furious and so were many of the women and, try as hard as we could, we could not keep that child still. The mother was young and nervous, and the child just yelled and yelled.
>
> Finally, to my great surprize, up swept a wonderfully drest woman of about forty,

whom you would never suspect of knowing much about children, and in a sweet voice she said to the mother:

"You are just exhausted, I know. Give me the child and try to get some rest. I am sure I can quiet your baby."

And may I lose my run from New York to Chicago if she didn't just take that kid and croon and croon and croon over it until at last the child fell asleep in her arms. Every one in the train who had been watching her gave her a vote of thanks.

Farewells are often pathetic, but the writer proves they can be bathetic on occasion:

One day I was watching an old lady say good-by to her daughter. We see many pathetic farewells, you know; but this one was so sad it almost brought tears to my eyes. When the train started I said to the old lady, "You must be going a long distance, madam. It does feel like a wrench, doesn't it?" The old lady nodded her head and sobbed out, "Yes, it is. I'm going to Knoxville to stay two weeks."

Knoxville was thirty miles up the road.

I think one of the first questions that is always asked a Pullman porter is, "Have you ever been in wrecks?" I have been in several; but the most interesting was the one in which three trains got jammed up together just outside of Cleveland a few years ago.

That was a most peculiar wreck in many ways: two trains had collided on an outside track, and the force of the collision jammed one train on to the track on which the Twentieth Century Limited was speeding. About twenty seconds later, much too soon for any signals to be set against us, along we came and plowed through this wreck, killing a lot of people, but not killing any one on our own train.

This was about two o'clock in the morning and I was dozing in my chair, when all of a sudden I turned a complete somersault and landed on my head. The first thing I always think of in a wreck is to get out and see what's happened, and so I got out, together with all the others on the train. That is, I thought all the others were out until an hour later, when I went back and saw a rather stout man, still in his pajamas, sitting on the edge of his berth, smoking a cigar! He looked up at me sleepily, and in a peeved tone, said:

"Say, George, what the dickens has been going on here, anyway? We've been in a wreck, haven't we?"

And this, mind you, an hour after it had happened!

Men certainly are powerful sleepers. I was in another wreck once where my train smashed up another train, but did not receive much injury itself, and a man in a berth slept through the entire thing and never knew we had been in a wreck until seven o'clock the next morning.

In conclusion, the porter gives an opinion which is worth while remembering by the public:

It has always seemed to me that the man who gets the best service in a Pullman-car is the one who retains his dignity, yet is courteous, helpful, and friendly. Such a man always comes into the car quietly, waits his turn to be taken care of, makes known his wants in a quiet, reserved voice, and is almost always appreciative of whatever is done for him. It is a joy to take care of him, and I tell you frankly that I would rather care for such a man and get a much smaller tip than to wait on any other kind of man from whom I might expect a large tip.

A PERSONAL GLIMPSE OF GEORGE V. OF ENGLAND

So far as one can make out, kings at the outset were persons who were able to make strong impressions upon their subjects; such impressions, in the main, being physical. Then, as usual, all sorts of things, good, bad, and indifferent, attached themselves to the king-idea till at last, in 1914, a king was a weird conglomeration of crowns, scepters, "chop-off-his-head," "keep-off-the-grass," kotows, mustaches, and cross-eyed mentality. Now the survival of the fittest brings forward another idea. A king must be, primarily, a man. The man-king idea is emphasized by a writer in *The Church Family Newspaper* (London, England), in an article from which we quote:

"Good old George!" This may not at first blush appear to be a very respectful way of hailing one's sovereign, but it is the shout that rang out in Hyde Park when his Majesty reviewed the Legion that marches under the Silver Badge. Among Englishmen the adjective "old" when applied to a man indicates not age, but affection. That he is loved. It was in this sense that it was applied to the King in Hyde Park, and none knew better than our sovereign how to take it. It told him, indeed, the depth and homely affection in which he is held. And it is betraying no royal confidence to say that it went straight to his heart.

To parody a famous line, "All the world loves a worker." And how King George has worked for the nation these past four years and three months! During that period he has been a stranger to holidays. It is doubtful if he has had more than ten consecutive days in his beloved Norfolk home, if as much.

The barest recital of a fraction of what he has accomplished, accompanied often by her Majesty, makes one marvel at the endurance and high sense of duty which could accomplish this and much more. His Majesty has carried out well over 200 inspections, reviewing in doing so over 2,000,000 troops; no division has left these shores for any of our seven fronts—for we were fighting on seven fronts at one time—without either being inspected by the King, or, if circumstances rendered that impossible, hearing a farewell message from him; he has visited with his sympathetic smile and kindly word the wounded in more than 300 hospitals; he has gone through 150 munition-factories, charming all, men, women, and girls, with his *bonhomie*, and has presented with his own hand more than 12,000 decorations won on the field of battle. Four separate visits have been paid to the Grand Fleet—the last of which was on the eve of the surrender of the German Navy. On shore naval bases and depots have been visited thirteen times.

There has not been an air-raid on a London district but his Majesty, accompanied by the Queen, has not driven to the devastated district to express his sympathy with the sufferers.

The King is probably one of the busiest men in the Empire, his work being in many unthought-of and unheard-of labors. For this Mr. Lloyd George vouched when he said: "There is one man who is working as hard as the hardest worked man in this country, and he is the sovereign of the realm." The writer then proceeds to tell how he does it:

To get through the enormous amount of work which comes to his Majesty's table, a private secretary and two assistant secretaries are necessary. For there are many state matters which the King and the King alone can pass. Half-past nine in the morning sees his Majesty at work, and he would be a rash man who names the hour when all was done. For there is one thing which the ruler of this vast Empire insists on—no work that can otherwise be dealt with must be left over to the next day. He is what the Americans call "a clean-desk man."

Traveling brings no relief from state cares. Wherever his Majesty may be two King's messengers daily arrive and depart loaded with dispatches. If the King be making his headquarters in a railway-train, no sooner is a halt made for the night—his Majesty often sleeps in the train—than the staff of skilled telegraph and telephone operators who always accompany the royal special set up their respective instruments and make the necessary connections. An American millionaire could not beat this for attention to business. But conceive, if you can, the excessive strain of it all; notably after a heavy day of, I had almost written "sightseeing," receiving the addresses, giving suitable replies, and inspecting munition-factories or some other of the hundred and one adjuncts of modern war. And here let me say that no monarch who has occupied the throne has mixed so intimately with, or has been seen so much by, the working classes than has King George. The ways of the Navy make for democracy.

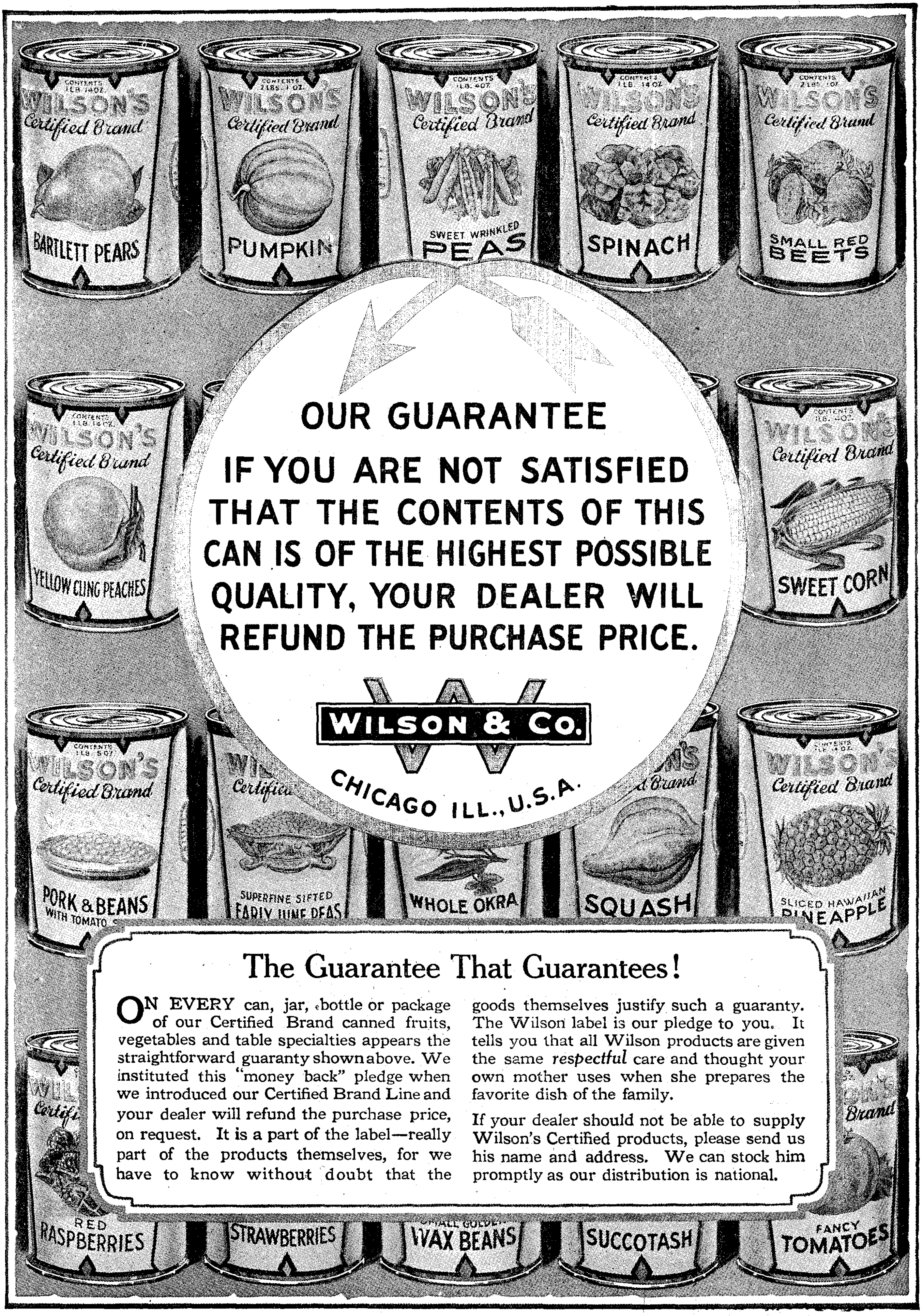
The writer then proceeds to tell of the domestic side of his life, showing how every regulation issued by the Food or Coal Controller was obeyed to the very letter in his household, fireplaces being reduced in size, lighting cut down, and heavy reductions made in all laundry accounts. No stored-up food was ever found at Buckingham or Windsor such as Potsdam revealed. Flower-beds grew vegetables for the nation; in short, he and his family did their best to share the people's cares and sacrifices. Curiously enough, the King has been dubbed "Farmer George," a name sometimes applied to George III., a man of a very different stamp and breed.

We here collected our old tins, waste-paper, nuts, etc., so did the King's folks over there. The fact that George V. and his family were so closely in touch with the workers, all during the war, is a moving factor in the affection and loyalty now shown to him. The article concludes by calling attention to the foundation of it all:

Of his Majesty's fidelity to the Church readers of *The Church Family Newspaper* do not require to be assured. The Empire boasts no more regular attendants than the King and Queen and the members of the royal family.

It is not possible in the space at disposal

The Wilson Label Protects Your Table


WILSON'S Certified Brand
BARTLETT PEARS
PUMPKIN
SWEET WRINKLED PEAS
SPINACH
SMALL RED BEETS
YELLOW CLING PEACHES
SWEET CORN
PORK & BEANS WITH TOMATO
SUPERFINE SIFTED EARLY JUNE PEAS
WHOLE OKRA
SQUASH
SLICED HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE
RED RASPBERRIES
STRAWBERRIES
WAX BEANS
SUCCOTASH
FANCY TOMATOES

OUR GUARANTEE

IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED THAT THE CONTENTS OF THIS CAN IS OF THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE QUALITY, YOUR DEALER WILL REFUND THE PURCHASE PRICE.

WILSON & CO.
CHICAGO ILL., U.S.A.

The Guarantee That Guarantees!

ON EVERY can, jar, bottle or package of our Certified Brand canned fruits, vegetables and table specialties appears the straightforward guaranty shown above. We instituted this "money back" pledge when we introduced our Certified Brand Line and your dealer will refund the purchase price, on request. It is a part of the label—really part of the products themselves, for we have to know without doubt that the goods themselves justify such a guaranty. The Wilson label is our pledge to you. It tells you that all Wilson products are given the same *respectful* care and thought your own mother uses when she prepares the favorite dish of the family.

If your dealer should not be able to supply Wilson's Certified products, please send us his name and address. We can stock him promptly as our distribution is national.

The Wilson Label Protects Your Table

Offer Them

Their Choice

Remember that children nowadays can choose from three Puffed Grains. All of them are bubble grains, flimsy, flaky, flavory—steam-exploded.

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat—shaped like wheat, but eight times normal size. Puffed Rice is whole rice puffed in like way.

Corn Puffs is pellets of hominy puffed to rain-drop size—sweet, airy, toasted globules.

Some like one best, some another. Perhaps Puffed Wheat tastes best in milk. Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs seem more like food confections.

But each is an exquisite dainty—each a scientific food. You will serve them all when you come to realize their hygienic value.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c Except in Far West

Not Mere Delights

All Puffed Grains are made in this way—by Prof. Anderson's great process:

They are sealed in guns, then revolved for an hour in 550 degrees of heat.

When the inner moisture is changed to steam, the guns are shot. Over 100 million explosions—one for each food cell—occur in every kernel.

Thus every food cell is blasted so digestion can instantly act. And thus every atom of the whole grain feeds.

Such foods should hold a high place daily in your children's diet.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(2095)

to give more than the scantiest outline of the life of the King and the manner of man he is. His interests and his activities are too many for adequate justice in a short article. But it may surely be said of him that he has come through the fiery test of war with a reputation enhanced a hundredfold. Well may the thousands who now gather daily outside Buckingham Palace shout with a great shout when they see his Majesty on the balcony, "The King, God Save Him."

AN AMERICAN NURSE AND HER "BLESSÉS"—A MUTUAL APPRECIATION SOCIETY

HAPPIER with her wounded men in the French hospitals than anywhere else, an American nurse writes a little book in which she wishes "to show the *blessés* as I knew them, telling only what I saw and dwelling on the horrible side as little as possible." If she helped them, they also helped her. As we read: "They tell me how much my smiles help them, and do not understand that it is they who keep me '*toujours gaie, toujours souriante.*'" Miss Elizabeth Walker Black calls her book "Hospital Heroes" (Scribners), and it is devoted chiefly to her work with the men of the Third French Army in the hospital at Cugny, in the Aisne Valley. This American girl frankly admires the French soldiers as she found them in the hospital. The highest proof of the French civilization, she says, "is found in the characters of these *blessés*, farmers, taxi-drivers, plain workingmen, simple country boys, who are never too hurt or too faint to murmur their thanks for every small attention." They would forego comforts when they thought their nurse was tired. They would try unselfishly to help their wounded comrades. "Hot-water bags, little pillows for filling up uncomfortable places in the bed, and special luxuries of which there is but a scant supply are quickly offered" to the latest newcomer brought in moaning with pain. Men anxious to sleep would let the phonograph play noisily by the bedsides for the pleasure of others. The wounded *poilu* may grumble when his wounds hurt or a letter fails to arrive, yet except in moments of depression or pain "he is contented enough." There is a difference between the Frenchman and the Anglo-Saxon. According to Miss Black, "English and American wounded are restless, and their spirits require activity, but the Frenchman can lie in bed month after month discussing politics, reading, and writing letters."

When an American ambulance-boy happened to be brought into the ward at Cugny there was great excitement. With the Frenchman's love of romance, "they looked forward with much interest to what to them was my opportunity." Miss Black did find pleasure in being able to talk English again, and the American *blessé* was a lively, interesting fellow, yet his presence was somehow embarrassing. As his nurse puts it, "he had never been in a hospital before and seemed more human than the French, whom I treated like children and thought of as a neuter class of simply *blessés*." Apparently it was equally embarrassing to the American boy, for when told that the only way he could get a bath was for his young fellow countryman to administer it to him in his bed as she did to the other wounded, "he did not look very enthusiastic over the idea and was not in the ward when I arrived next day." So Miss Black was somewhat relieved when the boy was sent to a Paris hospital, but her *blessés* teased her:

> "Ah, mademoiselle, he no longer loves you. You have been too cold and cruel. He has gone away forever."

Most of the *blessés* had nicknames, which the American nurse generally found easier than the real French names. There was "*Le Boxeur*," whose wounded leg kept him from wandering away to avoid the nurse's afternoon round with the thermometer. This man had both hands bandaged. One was so badly mangled that the doctors were in doubt about saving it. The nurse had to take his pulse in his forehead, and the irrepressible Frenchman showed his sense of humor by trying "to delay me by chewing to confuse the count." Helpless, he was always joking, and his nurse hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry when he pretended "to box with his big bandaged hands." In the next bed was "*Camouflage*," with his bandage-covered face, always showing the cherished photograph of his pretty fianceé in her Alsatian costume. He would anxiously ask: "Do you think she will care for me, when I return, a pure *mutilé* with a changed face?" The afternoon thermometer visits were generally responsible for jokes and tricks, we read:

> "*Mademoiselle*, you are a thief," called "*Rigolo*" when I had progressed several beds beyond him. "I accuse you of stealing four sous!"
>
> This was a never-failing source of merriment. When I am not noticing, some one will put a joke in my pocket. As the doctors' visits come right afterward, there is much stifled amusement when I put my hand in my pocket to find my pad and pencil to take orders, and pull out a champagne cork or a pipe. Every one claims it as his own, and I am called a thief by many ferocious men with mustaches bristling in feigned wrath.
>
> "Where is '*Le Moqueur*'?" I asked, looking about for a handsome boy of nineteen, who had come in with a shoulder wound which did not depress him in the least. He was almost too gay, teasing everybody all the time, and usually getting into trouble.
>
> "There he is! See, beside the stove! He is trying to make the thermometer go up."
>
> I rescued it just in time, threatening to give him one for a whole hour as punishment. They were so expensive and easily broken. I was often the guilty one when I started off on a cold morning with hands so numb the thermometer

SOLUBLE
Barrington Hall
Coffee
BAKER IMPORTING CO. NEW YORK, MINNEAPOLIS
Bak
Barrington Hall
The Steel-Cut
Coffee

THE COFFEE PERSHING'S BOYS USED!

Send Today for a Trial Jar!

THE new Soluble Barrington Hall Coffee is now back from the front line trenches. Until your grocer can supply you, send us his name and 45c, and we will mail you a standard glass.

Soluble Barrington Hall is Baker-ized Barrington Hall Coffee in a new and more concentrated form. The standard size glass jar contains the extract of one pound of this famous coffee.

Soluble Barrington Hall is percolated at the factory and reduced to a concentrated powder. All you have to do is to add hot water and serve. It dissolves instantly.

Goodbye, Old Coffee Pot!

When you use Soluble Barrington Hall you need not bother with a coffee pot or percolator. It is coffee in the most economical form. There is no waste. There are no messy coffee grounds to throw away, and there is not that woody taste which is unavoidable in coffee as ordinarily prepared.

After years of experiment we had just perfected this new way of making coffee when America entered the war and we gladly gave our entire output to the Government for the front line trenches.

Send Today for a Trial Jar!

While we are now endeavoring to supply the grocery trade as fast as possible, you can have this new Soluble Barrington Hall Coffee right away if you will fill out the coupon below and send it at once with 45c (the standard retail price) in stamps or coin.

Baker Importing Company

244 North Second Street
Minneapolis

124 Hudson Street
New York

CUT HERE

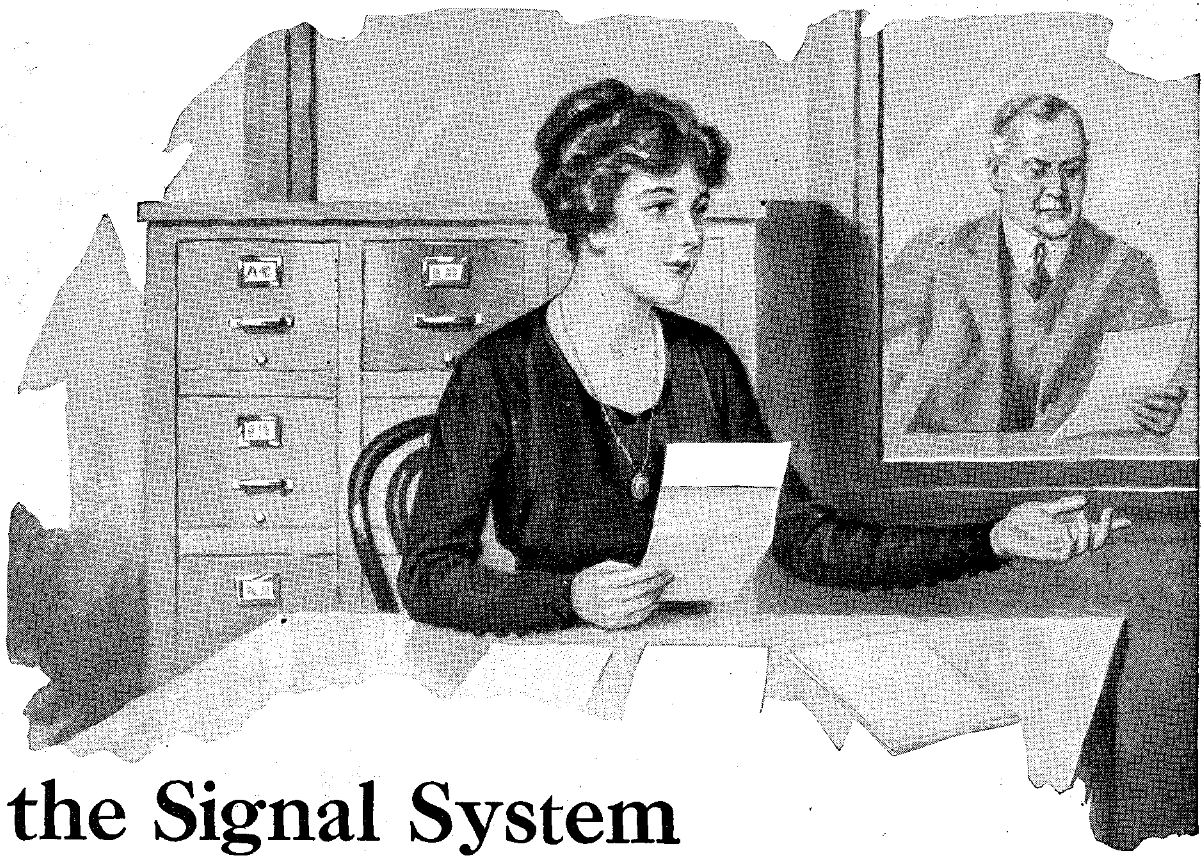
Enclosed find 45c for which please send a full-sized jar of Soluble Barrington Hall (the crystallized extract of a pound of Baker-ized Barrington Hall Coffee) to:

Name....................

Address....................

Grocer's Name....................

His Address....................



With the Signal System it almost sorts itself

The simple device of giving instant color identification to printed forms saves time and prevents errors in delivery, filing, shipping and every other branch of your business. Color identification is so important that with war restrictions removed, Hammermill Bond is again being manufactured in twelve colors and white.

Where there is a different colored paper for different printed forms, executives and clerks alike find it easier to put their hands on exactly the form wanted. A goldenrod sheet, for instance, is the daily report of sales; a green one an order from a branch office. Their colors flash the need for immediate attention.

The tasks of your filing department are immensely simplified by the use of distinctive colors. Important papers do not disappear from search and sight, in some compartment where they have no business. Color identification is one of the first subjects taken up, in the courses of instruction in filing.

Where there are branch offices, distinctive colors for letterheads, envelopes and

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

The Signal System
How You Can Use It In Your Business
HAMMERMILL
BOND
Hammermill Paper Co.
Erie Pennsylvania

The full line of Hammermill Bond—twelve colors and white—is again offered to the business world.

forms make it possible to route every communication automatically through all departments, from mail desk to filing clerk, with no excuse for mistake or delay.

Write to us for our Hammermill Portfolio, "The Signal System." It shows the complete line of Hammermill Bond, twelve colors and white, also the three finishes—bond, ripple and linen. The specimen forms which it contains offer valuable suggestions for the use of color in your printing.

If you are a printer, you probably know Hammermill Bond, stock it, and have proved to your own satisfaction that when you recommend it for a customer's use in all his printing, you do him a service which he appreciates. If you are not already using "The Signal System," to help you in demonstrating the value of the Hammermill line of colors, send for it.

To the entire printing industry "The Signal System" offers an opportunity for new business which may have seemed a little difficult to get, but which is readily obtained when the immense practical value of Hammermill color variety is shown.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY
Erie, Pa.

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL
BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL
SHAMPOO FOR THE HAIR
THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO U.S.A.
NET CONTENTS 4 FL. OZ.
R. L. Watkins
GET THE GENUINE
LOOK FOR THIS SIGNATURE
R. L. Watkins
ON EVERY ORIGINAL BOTTLE

How Famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful

PROPER shampooing is what makes your hair beautiful. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people, and discriminating women use

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL
FOR
SHAMPOOING

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, O.

NORMA TALMADGE
"You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL."

ALICE BRADY
"I consider WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL an ideal shampoo and can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in a wonderful condition."

MAY ALLISON
"Of all the shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL is by far the superior."

BLANCHE SWEET
"I am pleased to indorse WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL for shampooing."

would slip through as I was shaking it down. But "*Monsieur le Thermomètre*" had the worst score of all. Every time I gave him one, I said a mental good-by, for he invariably found a new way of breaking them. However, he was so eager to help me with my work that I could not be angry. He never tired of rolling cotton for the dressing-carriage, or sharpening pencils, tho his leg was shot in several places. Each time he went to the "radio," a new piece of shell was discovered, necessitating another operation.

"Too much stomach," said "*Soixante*," who was trying to learn English from a book I had given him. He had been run over by a motor-truck, and worried more about himself than any of those wounded in battle. His temperature was a matter of grave importance to him. He had a pulse of sixty for several days, and when I found it upset him for the whole day to have more or less than "*soixante*," I would mark it to please him whether it was fifty-eight or sixty-two, as he was not serious enough to matter, and yet it influenced his whole attitude toward life if he could see a straight line running across his chart. He had a violent relapse, when in my absence, some one marked sixty-four, and almost cried with joy when I returned and somewhat guiltily wrote "*soixante*."

"What is the great 'Sampson' crying about?" I whispered as I approached the largest man in the room, who had been there a long time with an abdominal wound which mended slowly. He was often hysterical and I had caught him several times tearing open his dressings, to scratch the wound.

"He has received no word from his parents for over a month," the man in the next bed explained.

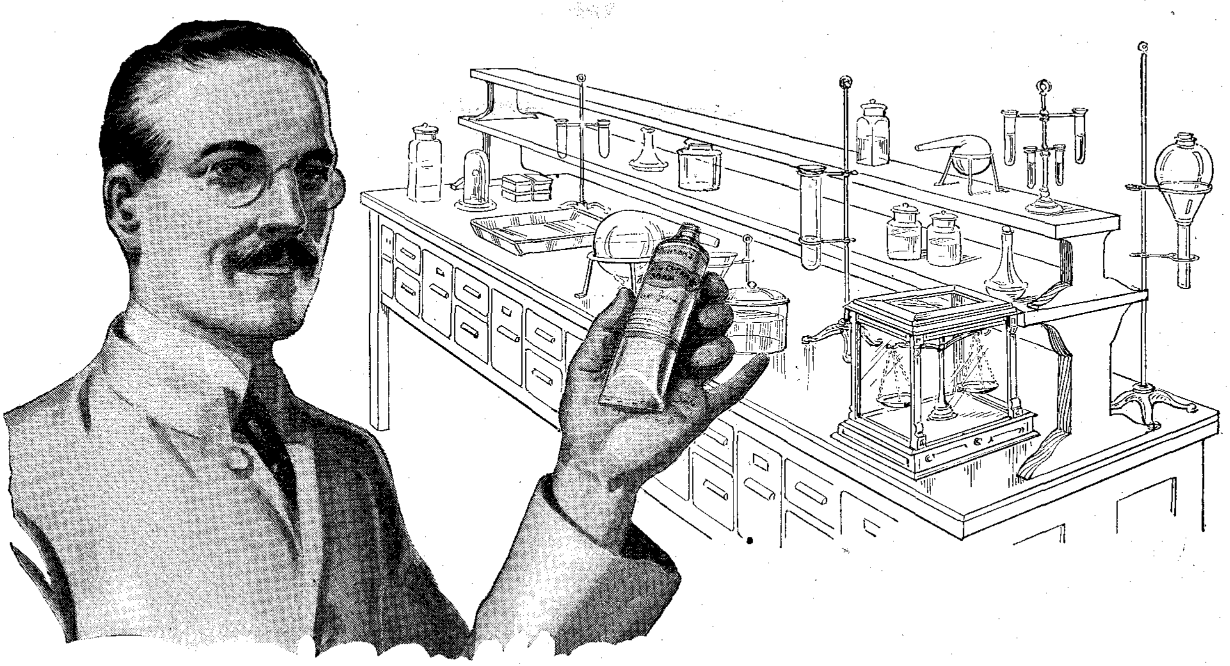
I told him neither had I, and I was so much farther away from my home, but one must be brave. He paid no attention until, remembering he had eaten no lunch, I made him some hot chocolate, his favorite delicacy. Even this he refused until I calmly fed him with a spoon. This made the others laugh, and soon he rallied and took the cup himself. . . . . . .

"*Monsieur le Crocodile*" is always crying about imaginary hurts. One day, it is because they have hurt him so much at his dressing that he must cry, "*Oh, là, là*, how my leg hurts!" for hours afterward until one hopes they will not dress his leg again for some time. Again, he will be in tears because: "Look, *mademoiselle*, there are two whole days since my dressing has been changed. *Oh, là, là*, what a miserable life! I am not being well cared for. They forget me."

However, he is easily pacified with a pair of brand-new bed-socks "sent all the way from America for '*M. le Crocodile*,' because his crying was heard far away." But, poor man, his home is in German hands.

"You have been smoking too much," I announce as I come to "*Le Bébé*."

"Please do not scold, '*petite maman*,'" the youngster begs, "but bring me a hot-water bag, for I am so cold." Hot-water bags were very scarce. I had only five rubber ones for my forty-eight beds, and a few stone ones which the *blessés* called "*soixante-quinze*," because they were shaped like the shells for their famous cannon. The others seemed to understand that "*Le Bébé*" was a spoiled child, and therefore privileged to receive more attention. I tried not to be partial, but he was so young and was suffering so much from two shattered legs which the doctor was trying to save by various experiments



Science Puts Comfort and Safety in the Daily Shave

Physicians know that a skin tender with daily shaving needs a safeguard against infections. And many a physician, for this very reason, recommends Johnson's Shaving Cream Soap.

JOHNSON'S SHAVING CREAM SOAP

is based on a careful study of the skin, plus years of chemical research. It is far more than an *ordinary* shaving soap. It is a scientific preparation worthy of the high ideals and world-wide reputation of the Johnson & Johnson laboratories.

Combining many sterilizing and soothing properties with abundant lathering ability, Johnson's Shaving Cream Soap softens the beard quickly and stays thoroughly moist. It gives you a *clean*, smooth shave—and one that is *safe*. The lather's the thing. Get Johnson's from *your druggist*. He serves you well and deserves your patronage.

Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick New Jersey, U.S.A.

Makers of Surgical Dressings, Gauze, Absorbent Cotton, Bandages, Toilet and Baby Powder, Medicated Soaps, Plasters, Zonas Adhesive Plaster, Synol Soap, Lister's Fumigator, Dental Floss, and other Red Cross products for use in hospital and home.

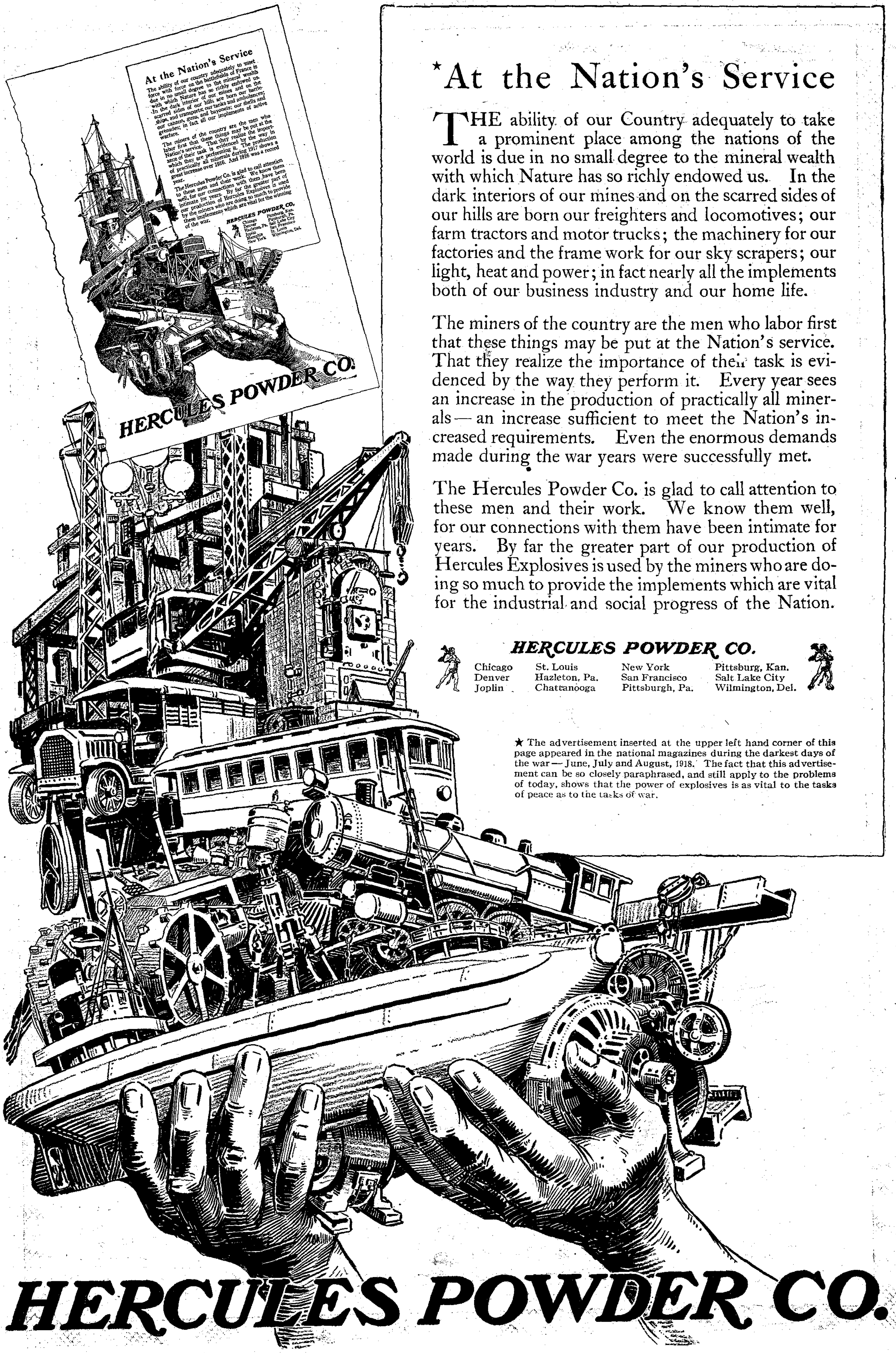
Johnson's Toilet and Baby Powder

Ask any skin specialist if there is a *better, safer* powder to use after shaving or bathing. Fine for *all* the family—and at all times. The *standard* baby powder.

Four ounces net
Johnson's
Toilet & Baby
Powder
Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick
Johnson's
Shaving Cream Soap
N'S
AM SOAP
Synol Soap

Synol Soap

A perfect sterilizing and cleansing agent. Relieves facial troubles and promotes a healthy condition of the skin. Fine for shampooing. Keep Synol in your home. Liquid or cake form.



At the Nation's Service

The ability of our country adequately to meet force with force on the battlefields of France is due in no small degree to the mineral wealth with which Nature has so richly endowed us. In the dark interior of our mines and on the scarred sides of our hills are born our battleships, and transports; our tanks and ambulances; our cannon, guns, and bayonets; our shells and grenades; in fact all our implements of active warfare.

The miners of the country are the men who labor first that these things may be put at the Nation's service. That they realize the importance of their task is evidenced by the way in which they are performing it. The production of practically all minerals during 1917 shows a great increase over 1916. And 1916 was a record year.

The Hercules Powder Co. is glad to call attention to these men and their work. We know them well, for our connections with them have been intimate for years. By far the greater part of our production of Hercules Explosives is used by the miners who are doing so much to provide these implements which are vital for the winning of the war.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Chicago
Denver
Hazleton, Pa.
Joplin
Memphis
New York
Pittsburg, Kan.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Salt Lake City
San Francisco
St. Louis
Wilmington, Del.

*At the Nation's Service

THE ability of our Country adequately to take a prominent place among the nations of the world is due in no small degree to the mineral wealth with which Nature has so richly endowed us. In the dark interiors of our mines and on the scarred sides of our hills are born our freighters and locomotives; our farm tractors and motor trucks; the machinery for our factories and the frame work for our sky scrapers; our light, heat and power; in fact nearly all the implements both of our business industry and our home life.

The miners of the country are the men who labor first that these things may be put at the Nation's service. That they realize the importance of their task is evidenced by the way they perform it. Every year sees an increase in the production of practically all minerals — an increase sufficient to meet the Nation's increased requirements. Even the enormous demands made during the war years were successfully met.

The Hercules Powder Co. is glad to call attention to these men and their work. We know them well, for our connections with them have been intimate for years. By far the greater part of our production of Hercules Explosives is used by the miners who are doing so much to provide the implements which are vital for the industrial and social progress of the Nation.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

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Joplin
St. Louis
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Chattanooga
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Pittsburg, Kan.
Salt Lake City
Wilmington, Del.

★ The advertisement inserted at the upper left hand corner of this page appeared in the national magazines during the darkest days of the war — June, July and August, 1918. The fact that this advertisement can be so closely paraphrased, and still apply to the problems of today, shows that the power of explosives is as vital to the tasks of peace as to the tasks of war.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

of Carrel treatment and plaster casts and steel plates screwed to the remaining bone. Finally, fearing sepsis, he had returned to the Carrel system of irrigating the wound, but "*Le Bébé*" was so sensitive that the injections every two hours made him cry out with pain.

"*Toto*" pretended to be asleep, hoping I would pass by and not disturb him. He got his name the first day when I asked him for "the pulse," and evidently used the French slang for "cootie." After searching for several minutes while I waited much mystified, he had said: "I can not find the '*toto*,' *mademoiselle*." The others insisted he had one, so the name clung to him. Fearing to make another mistake, I asked "the hand" next time. Whereupon he shook my hand solemnly, saying: "Comrades, in spite of everything."

"*Mademoiselle*, will you be so good as to ask '*Monsieur le Major*' when he comes if I may have a cachet of aspirin? My head aches." This formal request came from "*L'Amoureux*," so called because he had wakened from his operation ardently making love. It was so unusual for ether to affect any one in so amusing a manner that he entertained the whole ward, to his great embarrassment later, for he was a most formal, retiring young man who spent most of his time quietly puzzling over an old edition of the New York *Times*. Every one begged for the laughing ether, but no one else had such a humorous after-effect. Too often they came back from an operation in tears.

"Don't forget the '*ventouses*' this evening, please," said "*Grandpère*." He always wants cupping, whether the doctor has ordered the treatment or not. He is such an old man I humor him when I have time, but he is so thin that not many of the little glasses will stay. We make quite a game of it, even the orderlies clump around the bed with their heavy *sabots* which they always forget to "leave at the door on entering the ward." Just as I think I have put on a good one that will stay, and the *blessés* cry, "*Ça y est!*" off it rolls, clattering along the wooden floor under the next bed. Nothing daunted, "*Grandpère*" shouts, "*Encore!*" He is never satisfied to have a few good ones, but must always have "just one more!" even if they clatter around him like hailstones. I am so excited when one does take that the *blessés* cheer and the orderlies clank back to their work, muttering: "That helps, that does good." We call the purple marks that are left medals for valor in the hospital. Once I forgot to take them off when the ten minutes were up, in the confusion of having several things happen at one time, and poor "*Grandpère*" remained bent forward uncomfortable for nearly an hour without a word of complaint. I thought he would be cured after this experience, but next day he began asking for them as usual.

Miss Black went to France without any hospital training except a little experience in a baby clinic. She had intended to work in a supply-room, but was soon called to help the doctors in the busy hospital at Cugny. The first time that she helped at a dressing, she says, a little boy of seventeen, known as "*Le Petit Parisien*," because he was so typical of his birthplace, saved her "from uttering a cry of horror and running away." The boy had always been so cheerful that—

> The shock came unexpectedly when I first took off his bandage and revealed a right hand frightfully mangled from which the fingers hung down fastened by a mere thread. He held it up without a quiver for the doctor to dress, and when he saw my expression, tho there were tears in his eyes, he smiled at me reassuringly.

We should not omit "*Monsieur le Coiffeur*," who could not forget his original profession, and always informed Miss Black in a distrest tone when her veil had slipt to one side or had some of the black from the stovepipe on it. Miss Black's *blessés* made so much fun of her comfortable rubber-sole shoes that she "only dared wear them on the coldest days, when they were more lenient in their discipline." While so many of the men cracked jokes and talked cheerfully, some told sad stories. One "*Fusilier*" said he did not mind losing his leg, and he explained to the nurse "with a quiet desperateness":

> "There is no one to care, *mademoiselle*. One time I had a wife so devoted that the first year of this miserable war she drest in man's clothes and came to see me at the camp, just before I went into the trenches. But that is over. The war was too long. She grew tired of being always alone. The waiting bored her. She is now with a Spaniard who makes munitions and money, while I fight and lose my leg and get little pay. It is the war, *mademoiselle*, and one must not expect justice. There is nothing but death to look forward to."

Many of Miss Black's *blessés* said in farewell, "I shall give myself the pleasure of seeing you in America soon." She knows they have not forgotten her, because by their letters of appreciation she still has news of them and "can follow each one from hospital to hospital, at his home, or in the trenches, from a quiet rest *cantonnement* to the second line of the *Boches* through all their danger and hardships, work, and pleasure."

In one chapter of "Hospital Heroes" Miss Black quotes some of these letters. Here is one:

> MADEMOISELLE:
>
> I dare not think you will remember me, but receive anyway the thanks of a little *poilu* who had the honor of being taken care of by a little miss. A thousand times thanks! How have I had such happiness, I who never had luck in my life. I have been in two hospitals since leaving the Auto Chir No. 7, but I missed the soft hand that used to do my dressing. Often I see in thought Ward V, always joyous that ward. Do you sing still in the evening? How can I forget the good care you gave? One does not forget so soon good people. I dare not ask, tho I would like the pleasure of receiving a letter from you now and then telling me what is happening in that ward. I would like to sharpen your pencils again or roll the cotton for the dressing-cart.
>
> Do you remember the day you trimmed all our mustaches? How proud we had been, all the younger ones to have acquired these sweeping graces of manhood, and how "*Monsieur le Tigre*" roared when his disappeared under your relentless

Pipe Smokers Are So Human!

Tid-Bits tells this story about two old Scotsmen sitting by the roadside, talking and puffing away happily at their pipes.

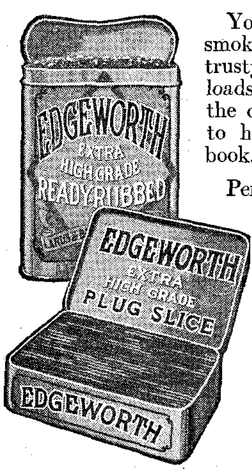
"There's no muckle pleasure in smokin', Sandy," said Donald.

"Hoo dae ye mak' that oot?" questioned Sandy.

"Weel," said Donald, "ye see, if ye're smokin' yer ain bacca ye're thinkin' o' the awfu' expense, an' if ye're smokin' some ither body's, yer pipe's ramm't sae tight it winna draw."

Pipe smokers generally are so human!

With pipes in their mouths, smoking out the small worries of the day and blowing them to a great distance; with their nerves at ease and other good fellows companionably near, filling the air with fragrance and color, men drop all pretensions, men can refer to their own weaknesses and foibles with as many chuckles for themselves as for the rest of the fellows.



Your very human pipe-smoker needs but his trusty pipe and a few loads of the right tobacco, the one absolutely suited to his taste and pocket-book.

Perhaps you already smoke a tobacco that puts you on such good terms with yourself and life. If not, we would be glad to have you try Edgeworth.

Edgeworth is neither a costly nor a cheap tobacco. It seems to suit both those who have to consider price first and those in high positions who buy what they want no matter what the cost.

It may not be the tobacco you are looking for, though it appears to fit right into the wants of so many smokers.

We desire to raise your expectations, not too high, but only high enough to have you send for a sample, fill your pipe, light up, and decide just what *you* think of Edgeworth Tobacco.

If you are willing to pass judgment upon it, we'll furnish the tobacco. Merely send us on a postcard your name and address, also those of the dealer usually supplying your smoking wants, and we'll mail you generous samples of Edgeworth Tobacco in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then cut by exceedingly sharp knives into thin moist slices. Rub a slice between the hands and it makes an average pipe-load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed comes prepared to pour straight into your pipe. It packs nicely and burns freely, evenly, to the very bottom of the bowl, getting better and better.

Edgeworth is sold in sizes convenient for all purchasers. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in pocket-size packages sells for 15c; larger sizes, 30c and 70c; tin humidor, $1.30; in glass jars, $1.40. Edgeworth Plug Slice costs 15c, 30c, 70c and $1.30.

For the free samples upon which we seek your judgment, address Larus & Brother Co., 5 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

PUR

THE one big light of a single *purpose* has always guided this Industry from its very beginning.

That *purpose* always has been to produce, each season, the *ruling sensible automobile value* of the time.

Consider how clearly that *purpose* lays down the line of Overland endeavor.

That which is *sensible* must exclude cheapness on the one hand and extravagance on the other.

Sensible *automobile* value, while excluding both cheapness and extravagance, must include the essentials, — performance, dependability, durability, comfort and good looks.

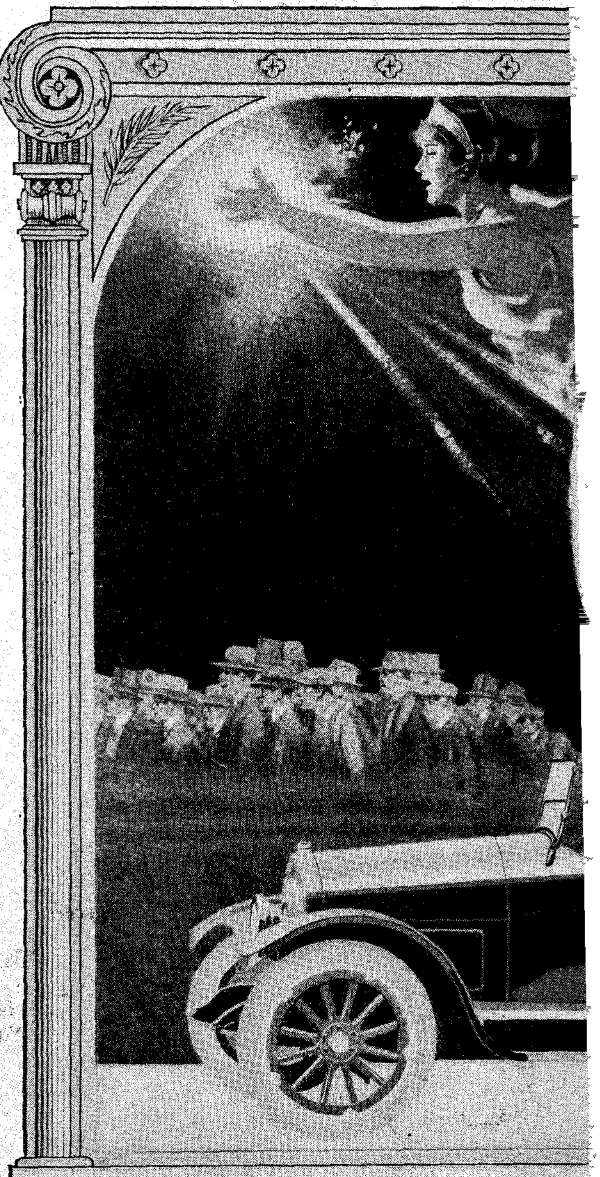
And *ruling* sensible automobile value must include these essentials in good round measure and for less money than they can be had in any other car.

* * *

Year after year for many years, public selection has proclaimed each successive Overland model the ruling sensible automobile value of its day.

So, the name Overland has come to mean exactly this clear and definite thing to the buying public.

And the more people know about automobiles the more they seek sensible value—as is shown in the big increase each year in the sale of Overland cars.



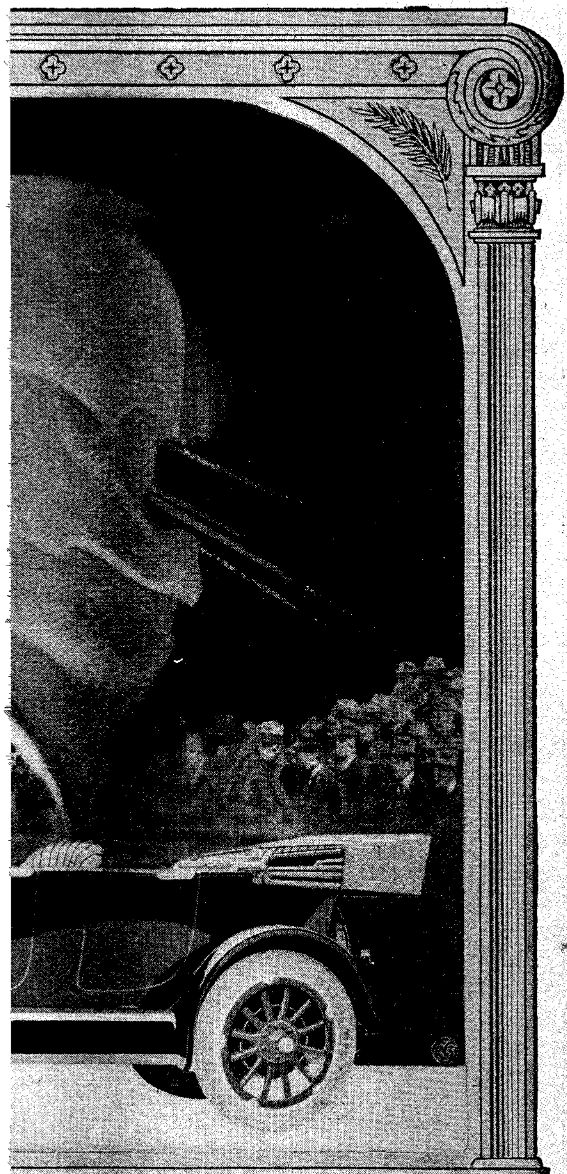
THE RULING SENSIB

The Mode

Ove

Willys-Overlan

OSE



UTOMOBILE VALUE

So the name Overland with its definite meaning has acquired enormous value.

This great and growing value of the Overland name makes brighter and brighter the guiding light of Overland *purpose*.

To make this definite meaning of the Overland name more and more apparent has become our greatest obligation.

No mere guarantee could ever be so binding.

* * *

This season the Model 90 Overland Thrift Car, true to Overland purpose, fulfills this obligation.

Already over one hundred thousand purchasers have pronounced this car, in their judgment, the ruling sensible automobile value of the day.

Throughout the war period when automobiles were called upon for excessive service, when repair men were few and overburdened, this Overland stood up and delivered with utmost dependability.

We offer it as the embodiment of Overland purpose—on its name and record, the *ruling sensible automobile value* today.

Overland dealers are receiving shipments in increasing quantities, but for some time to come the demand will probably exceed the supply.

If you intend purchasing a car this season, see the Overland dealer now.

hrift Car

., Toledo, Ohio

LISTERINE
LISTERINE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
LISTERINE

LISTERINE
THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Its timely use by spray or gargle relieves sore throat and is a precautionary measure against infection.

Manufactured only by
Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

23 TT

shears! You had the courage, *mademoiselle.* It was just after the "*soupe,*" and you said you could stand it no longer, that we must all be trimmed like the Americans. Since revisiting my home in Bordeaux, which is full of Americans, I appreciate your point of view.

Now completely healed, I have rejoined my regiment. It is five o'clock in the morning and I am in a hole with water to my ankles. We have reached the second line of the *Boches.* I worked with confidence because I thought I was fighting as much for you as for myself, and see, because of this thought, I am safe and sound. When will this abominable war be ended? You, too, are near the front, like the soldiers, doing your duty. It must be very tiring to be with your wounded so long without a rest. I give you all my compliments on your beautiful act of devotion. Permit me to offer you these little flowers received in a letter from my parents for good luck.

Here is another, which was written in lavender ink on pale-blue paper with a deeper blue border:

MY DEAR LITTLE NURSE:

Our journey in the hospital-train was good, and I am growing accustomed to having only one leg and a half. I am in the mountains to get the good air. This hospital is good, but how I regret the Auto Chir No. 7, where you were so kind. I am bored here. I think often of the troubles I made you endure. I was a restive patient, never satisfied, always scolding. How I shouted "Enough! Enough! Gently!" every time you gave the Carrel treatment. To-day I ask forgiveness for all that. Will you be indulgent enough to pardon me? I can not make grand phrases. I can only say a big thank you very simple and sincere. My parents write that they wish me to thank you for the good care I received during my stay in your ward. I am homesick for that ward. I hope to see you in the United States after the war. I have found your fête-day in my calendar of the saints. It is my prayer that the war will end on that day, November 19.

I have been decorated with the "*médaille militaire*" and the "*croix de guerre*" and am very happy. But I wish you were here. No one comes through the ward at two o'clock saying "Milk or chocolate?" and counting the number of orders for each on her fingers. I remember your difficulty in pronouncing French words and phrases which made us laugh. A lot of little cares and attentions have been discounted which I never lacked with you.

Will you give my address, please, to the "*vaguemestre*" so he can send my letters here? I will never forget you, for you took good care of me when I suffered most. I am always afraid you may be wounded, too, by a bomb from the aeroplanes. You are so near the lines. And the cold weather. You must be frozen. You were always so cold and could hardly hold the thermometer to shake it down.

With all the best wishes of a grateful little soldier who admires your devotion.

This is from a *blessé* who calls Miss Black his "Dear and Good Little Marraine":

I permit myself to send you this picture of the château where we are being cared for. I hurry to write you these few words. For several days *blessés* have arrived from Auto Chir No. 7 who speak often of Mademoiselle Marraine. You were a model *infirmière* and all the patients loved you. Here I begin to make friends who ask me for a song, but I think often of the evenings in Ward V. I enjoyed singing to you in my little bed No. 6. I was better off there than here in a château. I have lost Rivière. My foot is better, but I still use crutches. I am eighteen kilometers from François, and when I am better I shall walk over to say Hello.

Here is an appreciative word from another whose nurse has become his *marraine:*

We will be in the trenches eight days and then released for eight days or for three or four months. How long the hours will seem! Do you know what gives me courage? My little *marraine.* I went to the war in the first days of 1914, when there were no good *marraines* to console and amuse us with their kind letters of encouragement and hope. No one dreamed then that they would come to lighten the dreary solitude of the trenches. And now, who of us is not happy in corresponding with one of you? You help the task of the soldier more than you realize. But there are few who when wounded have a *marraine* for a nurse. I wish all the *blessés* could be cared for by a little *mademoiselle marraine,* but, alas, what a futile wish! To most nurses we are but broken bodies. They do not trouble themselves about that terrible malady, the *cafard.* I think you made it your duty to look happy even if you were not. I hope my letter will find you in good health. My health is perfect. *Messieurs les Boches* must look out for themselves!

This is from "a dear old man with four children whom he has not seen for fourteen months," written after his transfer to another hospital to his "Dear Little *Infirmière* of Other Times":

It is going better with me, altho I have a little feebleness in my left leg, and no more of your frictions "in the direction of the heart." The beds are not as good as those in Auto Chir No. 7. I am in a little draft from the window and no one thinks of putting a bed sock on my head. I have received some more pictures from my wife of the children, but no one cares to see them. You would be pleased to see that the boy has grown taller than his older sisters now. I am well taken care of, but you see this does not prevent me from thinking often of your hospital.

I hear with pleasure that you have a ward of your own now. How happy you must be, alone and independent, no one to scold you any more.

I begin to get up, but must not leave the ward. My back is not all well yet. When I look at the end of the arm that is cut off, I wonder what my children will say. Then I remember what you told me about crippled bodies not being half so bad as crippled brains or hearts. I may go home soon, but will not forget you. I pray you to accept some cards of my native country and surroundings.

Permit me, *mademoiselle,* to thank you for the courage and goodness and tenderness you have shown toward me and my wounded friends. I thank you with all my heart for coming such a long way to take care of us. I shake your hand cordially and cry loudly, "*Vive l'Amérique!*"

And there are post-cards as well as letters in Miss Black's letter-box:

One from a farmer's unit in the interior

HEINZ
Vinegars

MALT, CIDER AND WHITE

It is perhaps not too much to say that the reputation of many of the famous 57 Varieties rests upon the delicate flavor and exquisite aroma of Heinz Vinegars.

The 57 Varieties demand the best, both as to quality and flavor. So Heinz Vinegars are Heinz made with no thought but to have them the best that can possibly be produced. And Heinz Vinegars are made in sufficient quantities to permit their sale bottled and sealed under the Heinz label to those housewives who also appreciate the importance of flavor in a salad, a sauce or a relish.

ONE OF THE

57

THE NAME HEINZ

on a label—whether it is Vinegar, Ketchup, Baked Beans, or any other of the foods and condiments in the 57 Varieties—means so many things it is pleasant to know. It means Heinz care in the selection of the choicest materials, the spotless cleanliness of Heinz kitchens, the Heinz skill in cookery. It means "good to eat," in every sense of the word.

**In bottles
filled and sealed in the Heinz
establishment**

Pints, quarts and half-gallons

HEINZ
ESTD 1869
PURE MALT
VINEGAR
FERMENTED
HEINZ
57
PURE FOOD PRODUCTS
H.J. HEINZ CO. PITTSBURGH U.S.A.
MAKERS
ONE QUART

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

where the crippled soldiers were taught to serve their country even if they had lost a hand or a leg. Another was a picture of a casino on the Riviera transformed into a convalescent home. Another sent "poor little cards of my own country," having returned on leave before going back to the trenches, and beginning the weary game all over again. They were all marked "Souvenir of a *blessé* who will never forget," and were sent with the usual polite expressions of "homages and sentiments the most respectful and devoted." One very elaborate card had flowers embroidered in colored silk and opened like an envelop enclosing a little card printed in English for my special benefit: "Greetings from France. To my dear Brother."

WHAT GERALDINE FARRAR WOULD DO IF "BROKE"

THE common folk have got a notion that if a great "star"—singer or actress—were suddenly bereft of the talent that made her shine, there would be a terrific temperamental explosion, turning the live air sick with hirsute and other fragments, commingling with jeremiads in seven flats minor. As usual, the commonalty are all wrong. Geraldine Farrar, the very starriest of stars, singer actress, and "movie" idol, points out in *The Woman's Home Companion* that a star in achieving stardom incidentally learns a few things that are necessary to the making of hay when the sun no longer shineth. Miss Farrar has a knack of saying things in a way that shows she is on the highway to being what she says she's going to be, if her voice fails and she's "broke."

To begin with, she tells us the opera-singer does not wholly depend for an existence upon "two tiny bands of ribbon in her throat," nor does she revel amid perfume and rose-leaves. Operatic success is only attained by "a long, rocky, up-hill road. This means mental, moral, and physical discipline." As a child she was possest of a very "uncertain temper, flashing and quick," but she had a wise mother who did not assist her in the good old New England way, "the slipper" accelerator.

While laying the foundation for her future success she says that her "uncertain temper" called forth from her mother the remark that, "If you get in a rage like that, you'll spoil your voice." She was incredulous; a few days later she had a glorious row with another girl, the uncertain temper had a lovely time exploding all over the lot while her voice in all its splendor, *fortissimo*, described that other girl's inward and outward characteristics. Manners and poise took flight; so did her voice. That settled Miss Farrar. No more heroics or bullying mother. Proceeding, she writes:

> Realization is the foundation of discipline. I first began to realize that I must render *quid pro quo* for everything I got, that I could not serve both art and self, that is, where the interests of art and self diverged. I realized that Nature not only liberally compensates, but that she exacts payment to the last farthing. If I would sing, I must pay the price. And, believe me, the price I have paid has been small compared with the reward I have got, absurdly small. What is the satisfaction of getting into a rage and throwing things on the floor as compared with the satisfaction of being able to sing?
>
> If I want to take an automobile ride, my doctor simply has to hold up a warning finger. No further argument is necessary. Tennis, social life, and all that sort of thing are attractive. But, put in the balance, what do they weigh against a great accomplishment? In fact, those things don't count with me any more. My greatest tribulation is when I want to go to a concert or witness the performance of some actress in whom I am interested, and the doctor says, "No!" When I am denied the pleasure of receiving my friends, which would involve talking too much, I have my books. A singer can't strain her voice that way, even if it might eventually bring about spectacles. In brief, an artist gets so used to denying herself the trifling things of life which are so dear to the heart of a woman that, after a while, it is no denial at all.
>
> I find that with women who are genuinely ambitious the passion for their work conquers everything. They not only give up luxuries—even after such things have become possible—but in the beginning they will pinch themselves to the last degree of destitution, a thing almost unheard of in men. And it isn't that the pleasures are in themselves harmful, but that they are the most unconscionable purloiners of time and energy.
>
> Nor can we divorce the physical from the moral discipline. Good digestion, sleep and rest we must have. If to-day I get twelve hours' rest, I can do with eight hours to-morrow. But if I don't get the twelve hours to-day, to-morrow will exact physical compensation or—my voice will pay the price.
>
> It goes without saying that the mental discipline of the singer is strenuous. She must learn music, which in itself is a profession. She must learn languages, not in a merely perfunctory way, as is necessary in commerce, but she must "get" the subtleties of a language if she would realistically interpret a rôle sung in that language. Doing this brings into play all her capacity for adaptability, which in itself is valuable in any walk in life. For each rôle you study means a new lesson in human nature. And here the action and reaction upon the physical are apparent.
>
> Persons say, "After a long period of rehearsing or studying, I suppose you want to go for a walk or to a party."
>
> No—I want to go to bed. If you've ever seen the singer practise or rehearse, you will appreciate this. Or go to the opera, try to sense the mental condition of a singer who is interpreting a great rôle, doing it in such a way that a critical audience will not notice any let-down in her work, and you will realize that it is not a mechanical effort. Or try to sing some great part, and you will realize the physical strength that is made to pay the price. There are those who think of us, in fact picture us, as being reared in the reeking atmosphere of perfumes, rose-colored candles, and maids picking up handkerchiefs. That is not true. The tribe of us are the hardest-worked people there are.
>
> My mother brought me up with the idea that singing is a temporary gift, that it passes with the passing of time. I have profited by her wisdom. While at the present moment I keep myself fit for the exercise, particularly of one gift, if to-morrow I should be left voiceless I should not be as a ship without a rudder. I love my work, but I have steeled myself against the inevitable. And when the time comes for the passing of the gift with which good fortune endowed me, it will not be approached with fear and mourning, but with philosophical resignation. For discipline not only prepares us for work, it also prepares us for the inevitable changes.
>
> The singer must provide an interest in life for herself, even if Providence is good enough to permit her to retain in good condition the two tiny bands of ribbon in her throat until an advanced age. In the heyday of her career she's idolized, and the ecstasy of that idolatry is marred only by the fear that some calamity may take from her the command of her vocal organs, or the fear that in the course of time they will fail. But she must see to it that she's not going to be a forlorn old woman, an "ex-greatness," living on memories of past triumphs. The memories of past triumphs are very sweet, but they're apt to be very mournful. And to be mournful means to retrograde.
>
> The singer must not only steel herself against the time when the brilliant flowers of popularity shall have faded, she must *cultivate* a practical usefulness in life. She must set her teeth firmly, and say, "I've lost my voice. I am only too thankful that I once enjoyed such a gift. I shall cherish the memory of it. But I'm not going to live on memory. I'm not dead. I'm going ahead."
>
> Probably what would keep a singer from getting the "big head," thinking that the rose-bordered path and popularity would run on forever and so fail to provide for her future, is the history of other singers who got puffed up and came to grief. All things are fleeting. Persons regard the public as fickle. It is not. The public will stick to the singer so long as the singer renders *quid pro quo*, and a great many persons are always ready to manifest their appreciation of a singer whose glory is a matter of memory only.
>
> We can't place a singer, or any other kind of an artist, on the plane of commerce. A merchant can not hold patrons when his goods begin to deteriorate. But the public owes the artist more than it does the merchant. A silk dress may wear out and be forgotten. But the memory of a great song, a wonderful night at the opera, is always an inspiration. It becomes a part of the character of a person.
>
> A boy may attend a term at school and get enormously valuable training from a teacher, something that may influence his whole life. He can't put that teacher, whose services for a term may have cost him a few dollars, on a commercial plane. It is so with the singer who inspires, refines, an audience. I can sit back in the attitude of the non-professional and reenjoy and be reinspired by the memory of a great operatic work done by great artists whom I have heard.
>
> Thus, a singer may have a certain hold on the affections of the public after she has ceased to be a singer. But she mustn't depend on that for a living. Her first concern is to fortify herself against the contingency of accident that may deprive her of her voice in her youth or middle age. And isn't this fact beneficent? What a bore life would be if things ran smoothly all the time, if there were no contrasts, we'd never have any sense of values.

Miss Farrar is convinced that any of

Toward a Better Tomorrow

THE rough hand of war shook all the ranks of men out of their old grooves of thought. It brought into close and wholesome contact those who invest their capital in industry and those who invest their labor in industry.

In every factory, every mill, every enterprise in the land, this shoulder-touch of closer sympathy and co-operation has been felt.

Now is the chosen hour, in every business, for management and men to join in putting *their own house* in order. Now is the time for both to apply the sane and fundamental principle of the square deal—with just profit to all concerned.

The interests of the investor of money and the investor of labor are identical. The realization of this fact assures the dawn of a Better Tomorrow.

* * *

BELIEVING that American industry is going courageously toward its greater destiny, we wish to state the basis for our own faith.

Four years ago in our house publication, "The Hydraulic Press," we went on record with all of our own people as follows:—"We are rapidly coming to the time when the phrase 'Capital and Labor' will be forgotten. All those connected with a business will be banded together for one purpose—the success of that business, because *each one* connected with it will be getting that part of the success to which he is entitled."

The working out of this principle in our case has not always been easy. We have made our mistakes. We know that we have a long way yet to go.

We can, however, report these practical benefits—a quality and economy of production we had not known before, a growing measure of profit, and, last but not least, a feeling of mutual content running far beyond our hopes.

This is the second of a series of articles in this publication. On March 15th will appear "Let us Put our House in Order."

HYDRAULIC PRESSED STEEL COMPANY
of Cleveland

HYDRAULIC
PRESSED STEEL COMPANY

our great stars if "put to it" would be successful in business. She argues that the artist has had a training that is the sort of preparation that makes for success in other lines of endeavor; moreover, the very fact that she has been a success will give that confidence that comes from seeing efforts produce results. "The work she has done is, in principle, the same as that which marks progress along any other line of endeavor. Any merchant, any banker, any great actress, any high-salaried woman," continues Miss Farrar, "will tell you that—"

Getting at the nub of things, if I had begun life as a saleswoman at seven dollars a week, I probably should not have succeeded any better than most other girls. But that's not the question. The question is, what I would do now if I suddenly found myself without any voice, and "broke" into the bargain. Suppose I should not be able to persuade the superintendent of a store that my success as an opera-singer qualified me to sell goods behind his counter without some preliminary training, and I should start in at seven or eight dollars a week. Right away, the discipline that I have described would come into play—patience, the capacity for work that I have developed, observation.

Observation from one side of the counter would be of value to me on the other side. To be concrete, there is nothing so attractive to me as neatness. I actually avoid a counter that shows disorder. Therefore I should be particular that no speck of dust should lurk anywhere in the goods that I had the handling of.

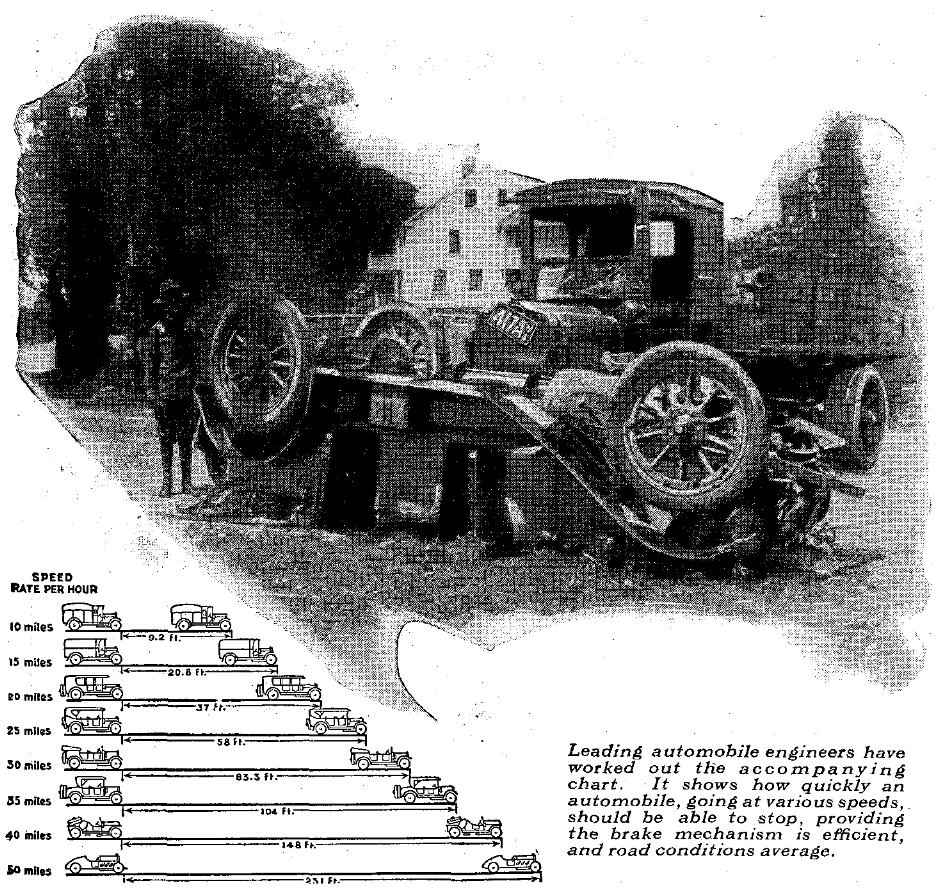
I have observed that the woman who is careless of her appearance is not methodical. I never go to such a one to show me a line of goods. Give me the spick-and-span woman every time, trim of figure. She is the one that knows her business. Neatness indicates gentility in a saleswoman, or in anybody else for that matter; gentility is a sign of good taste; and it's to just such a one that a woman who needs advice will go. Simplicity and excessive neatness would be my motto. For, really, that is what constitutes good style and is attractive in any woman, either behind the counter or in the drawing-room.

Furthermore, I have always been imprest with quiet manners, a gentle voice, in a saleswoman. I should cultivate that.

Suppose I was employed in the "fancy goods." I should make myself so conversant with every detail that I would be able to pick out right on the dot what any customer might suggest. In that way I would save her time and patience, and, believe me, she would remember it, and the next time she contemplated shopping in that line she'd make right for "our store." Just as I have got a following as an opera-singer, I should seek, through the policy of pleasing the public, to get a line of customers as a saleswoman.

All the time I should have my eye on the buyer's job. To be a good buyer one must be a good seller. I have developed an almost abnormal sense for sensing public taste. I could apply that in trade.

I should assume a good nature if I felt it or not. Even the frozen smile is better than no smile at all. I should try to win out through courtesy. I don't say I wouldn't be dismissed if an old frump came and got too "sassy." I know I would do that once, yes, even if I were getting only seven dollars a week, I'd tell that woman



Leading automobile engineers have worked out the accompanying chart. It shows how quickly an automobile, going at various speeds, should be able to stop, providing the brake mechanism is efficient, and road conditions average.

Smashed to splinters!

Yet the car was going only 15 miles an hour

MOST people think of a reckless driver as one who goes streaking along country roads or shooting through city streets faster than the law allows.

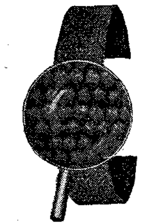
Yet official records show that 76% of all automobile accidents occur when the car is going 15 miles an hour or less.

Safety, for yourself and your car, is not a matter of how fast you are going, but how quickly you can stop.

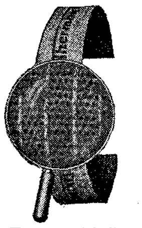
Don't take chances with your safety. The chart printed above shows how quickly your car should stop, at various speeds, if your brakes are in good condition, and working right.

How to avoid accidents

A simple inspection of your brakes at frequent intervals will make them a source of protection instead of danger. Perhaps only a tightening of the brake rods, or an adjustment of the equalizer, is all that is needed. Your garage man will know if the brake bands require relining.



Ordinary woven lining. Notice the loosely woven texture. Wears down quickly and unevenly, losing its gripping power as it wears.



Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining. Notice the compact texture. Wears down slowly. Gives uniform gripping surface, until wafer thin.

Why Thermoid brake lining is safest and wears longest

In each square inch of Thermoid brake lining there is *40% more material* than in ordinary brake lining. This additional body gives a closer texture which is made tight and compact by *hydraulic compression* under 2000 lbs. pressure. In addition to this, Thermoid is *Grapnalized*, an exclusive process in manufacture which enables it to resist moisture, oil and gasoline.

The close, compact texture of Thermoid so processed causes it to wear down more slowly than ordinary brake lining, and *evenly* so that it maintains its gripping power even when worn to wafer thinness.

The engineers and manufacturers of 51 of the leading passenger cars and trucks have standardized on Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining because it makes their cars safer.

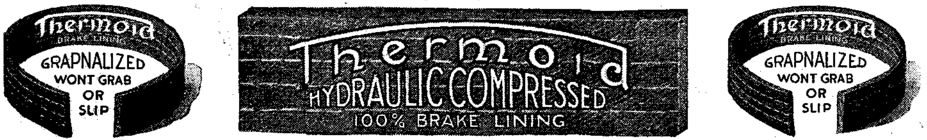
Have your brakes inspected today. Remember that every foot of Thermoid is backed by ***Our Guarantee: Thermoid will make good—or WE WILL.***

Thermoid Rubber Company

Factory and Main Offices: Trenton, New Jersey

New York Chicago San Francisco Detroit Los Angeles Philadelphia
Pittsburgh Boston London Paris Turin

Canadian Distributors: ***The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company, Limited, Montreal***
Branches in all principal Canadian cities



Makers of "Thermoid Crolide Compound Casings" and "Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints"

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TRUCKS

The Big Brother to the Railroads

Now Are Available for Home Distribution

TURNING from war's activities to pursuits of peace we find ourselves, for the first time in our twelve years' history as builders of motor trucks exclusively, with an output nearly equal to the demand for Kellys.

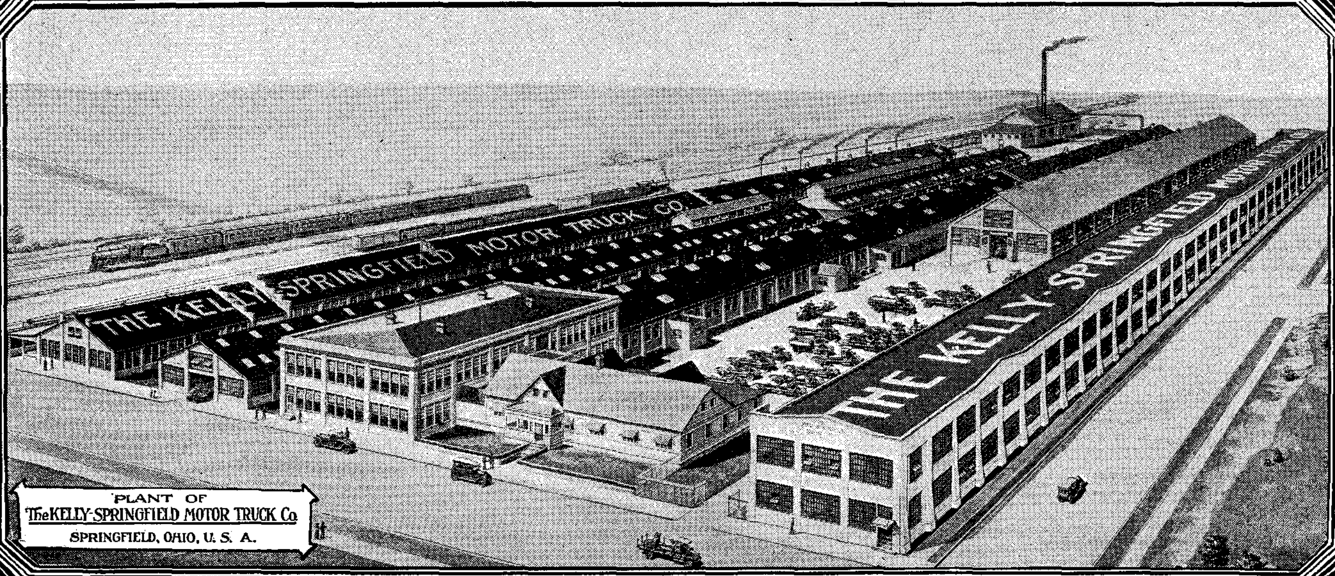
Orders received during the past five years, from the United States and Allied Governments, for STANDARD KELLY TRUCKS, have necessitated this increased output. We have added many buildings and much equipment to the plant and greatly increased our manufacturing facilities until we have attained a maximum production 600% greater than before the war.

Now that this increased production is available for home distribution we expect to be able to keep step with the continually increasing demand for Kellys. Our loyal dealer organization, which has been operating under a handicap for the past five years, is planning for increased distribution of Kellys throughout the territory. New dealers will be added in territory where we are not now represented.

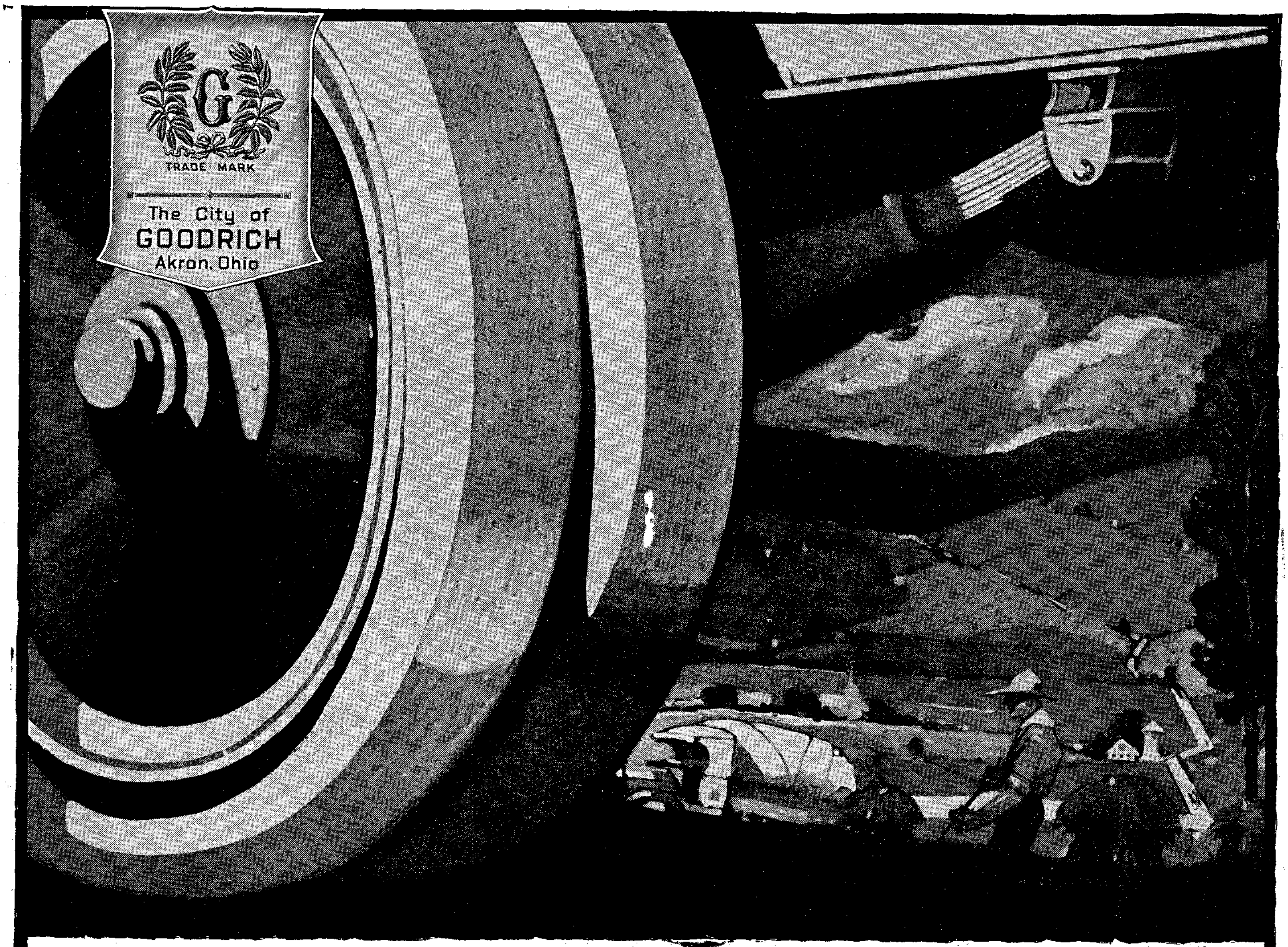
We shall continue to concentrate upon the problems of construction—to make the capabilities of Kelly trucks always surpass the exacting demands made upon them and continue to be

"THE BIG BROTHER TO THE RAILROADS"
Models 1½ Tons to 6 Tons

The KELLY-SPRINGFIELD MOTOR TRUCK CO.-SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.
Builders of High Grade Motor Trucks


THE KELLY SPRINGFIELD MOTOR TRUCK CO
THE KELLY SPRINGFIELD MOTOR

PLANT OF
The KELLY-SPRINGFIELD MOTOR TRUCK Co.
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U. S. A.



THE MAINSPRING OF TRANSPORTATION

TIME and distance have fallen before truck transportation. The long haul of the motor truck is an economic fact —and factor—the biggest factor in commerce and industry to-day.

Our nation's expansion speeds on the wheels of long haul trucking.

The mainspring that keeps those wheels running is the tires on the wheels—Goodrich De Luxe Truck Tires.

For it is the mileage economy of truck tires which turns short haul into long haul.

Lower in mileage cost, De Luxe Tires by economy and de luxe service lengthen the haul of any truck.

They last. The rubber compound in them, we believe, is the most durable found in truck tires.

The surface, specially toughened, withstands chipping, and wears off slowly and evenly.

Increase the usefulness of your truck, and keep it in commission by equipping it with De Luxe Truck Tires, applied in the skillful, speedy Goodrich way at the service station of a Goodrich Distributor.

You find them the nation over.

GOODRICH

DE LUXE TRUCK TIRES

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"

what I thought of her. The way some persons treat saleswomen is absolutely inexcusable.

As a saleswoman, I'd try to be inventive. I'd be a little different from other women in my method of managing customers. I would learn to know the regular customers by sight, call them by name. That is very flattering, and it requires only a little exercise of memory and tact. If I go to a big store and the porter opens the door and says, "How do you do, Miss Farrar?" I'm naturally flattered. It's the personal element, the feeling that in these vast beehives of commerce some one takes an interest in *you* personally. This may be trite; so are all common-sense methods. The singular thing is so few of us practise them.

Again, the saleswoman should seek to cultivate her customers, because she gets a certain stimulus from social contact with them, just as an opera-singer gets stimulation from her audience.

I could hold a good stenographer's job in this way. I should not only become an expert shorthand-writer and typist, but I should learn to take responsibility from the shoulders of my employer. My general training, which has developed a certain amount of judgment and decision in me, would enable me to do this. And, take my word for it, this is a valuable qualification.

From which it is clear that Miss Farrar, the star, might still show some traces of "uncertain temper" if she came across some "old frump that got sassy." As to filling positions generally considered "menial," she writes:

I wouldn't like the job of waitress, perhaps, but if I had to tackle it I'd strive to make a success of it. If I were going to be a waitress, I'd be a good one. My knowledge of the world teaches me what pleases in such a person. The hard work that I've done makes me unafraid, makes me patient. Studying characters in order to interpret them has given me a knowledge of life that would be useful to me in any occupation. I would know how to manage persons, even hungry persons.

From a mercenary point of view, I would elect to wait on men rather than women. They are not so finicky and they're much more liberal with their tips. Women, in the busy places, weary and cross from over-shopping, are too apt to be carpingly critical of every item. And, after having taxed your patience to the limit, they either quit the table with their heads in the air, as if they were offended, or favor you with a nickel. Waiting on men is not always agreeable to a self-respecting woman. They are apt to be a little too personal. Perhaps I should run the chance of throwing a plate of soup in a man's face and walking away with my offended dignity.

No. I wouldn't like that job. But if I had to take it, I'd make a success of it.

I should not care to be a domestic servant. But if I had to go out "to service" at all I should prefer to be a cook. The cook is the highest-paid of all the household and she occupies a position of influence in the establishment. She is absolute boss of her domain, one condition which would square with my somewhat Celtic nature.

Again, the position affords one an opportunity to invent, to concoct, dishes, which is always interesting. Also, the cook is the authority in the house—these times. But I could not stand over a hot fire—that seems to settle it, so far as cooking is concerned.

Let me state right here that the mental and moral and physical discipline practised by a singer of success would enable her to try to get the most out of any situation she might find herself in. Yet her success, the adulation that many receive, no one being impervious to environment, would tend to disqualify her.

It would be very difficult for me, for instance, to be a domestic servant. I couldn't submit to orders as they are sometimes given to servants. It would be difficult for me to be a lady's companion, no matter how refined, how considerate, my employer might be. Even her gentle patronage would be galling to me, for there is the quality of condescension in patronage at which the supersensitive person rebels.

I think I should be successful as a nurse, because I have tenderness and large, capable hands. But I wouldn't want to take care of any one individual. I'd want to be where I'd have to look out for all sorts of human creatures, have variety. I might give them the wrong medicine by mistake and they might die, but I think they'd pass on smiling.

Probably I could make a very good living as a milliner or a dressmaker. My experience has taught me the art of getting along with all sorts of persons. In such callings I could exercise artistic invention. The stage has given us much sound wisdom in the matter of adapting the dress to the person. We know how—even if we can not make a tubby woman look slender—at least to modify her tubbiness. There are illusory methods for remedying excessive tallness, for obliterating scrawniness. On the other hand, no one like the actress can bring out the good points in her complexion by means of dress. The actress also has had large experience as to prices.

The sending of men to the war has forced women into more or less unfeminine positions. One can not too highly commend the courage of those girls who have become conductorettes. I don't think I'd last long at that sort of a job. It is too dirty and muddy. One is apt to come in contact with cheap would-be admirers. But if I were compelled to do it, I'd make the best of it—and the large, capable hands might not come amiss either.

I don't see why I shouldn't make a good chauffeur if fate compelled. I shouldn't be afraid to try, and I am sure the nerve that has sustained me before huge audiences under trying conditions wouldn't fail me at the wheel of a car.

I have mentioned these humbler callings first, because I've been almost afraid to say what I'd really like to be; but I'm not afraid of being laughed at, and at last I'm going to take the public into my confidence: If I should lose my voice and find myself "broke," I would attempt writing, the first thing. I don't mean being an editor or a newspaper woman, for their work is too arduous. I'd like to be an author. Now you have it—an author—what a wonderful-sounding word that is! I'd love to travel on and on and on, and write my impressions of what I saw and felt. And I have thoughts that I'd like to crystallize into words and feel that somebody would read them and be electrified by them. Or I'd like to create characters and bring them together and make them live, love, and quarrel. And I'd like to—I was almost going to say I'd like to write a play—perhaps.

Yes, writing is a dream that I should

This Little Bottle Does Wonders

—as a flavoring. Desserts, puddings, ices, sauces, syrups, fudges, and icings may be deliciously and differently flavored with

Mapleine

(The Golden Flavor)

As a syrup maker it is without a peer. Two cups boiling water, four cups granulated sugar and one teaspoon Mapleine is all that is required to make a remarkably fine, economical syrup for hot cakes.

It is a pleasure to use Mapleine because its flavor does not cook out nor freeze out.

Its rich golden color appeals to the appetite and gives tone to the various dishes it flavors.

Your grocer can supply you.

CRESCENT MFG. CO.,
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Send 4c stamps and carton top for Mapleine cook book. 200 recipes.

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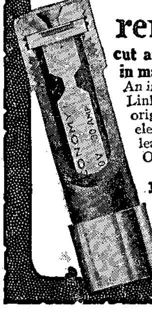

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An inexpensive little "Drop Out" Renewal Link restores a blown Economy Fuse to its original efficiency. Economy Fuses protect electrical circuits of the U. S. Navy and leading powder and munitions plants. Order from your electrical dealer.
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Sole manufacturers of "ARKLESS"—the Non-Renewable Fuse with the "100% Guaranteed Indicator."
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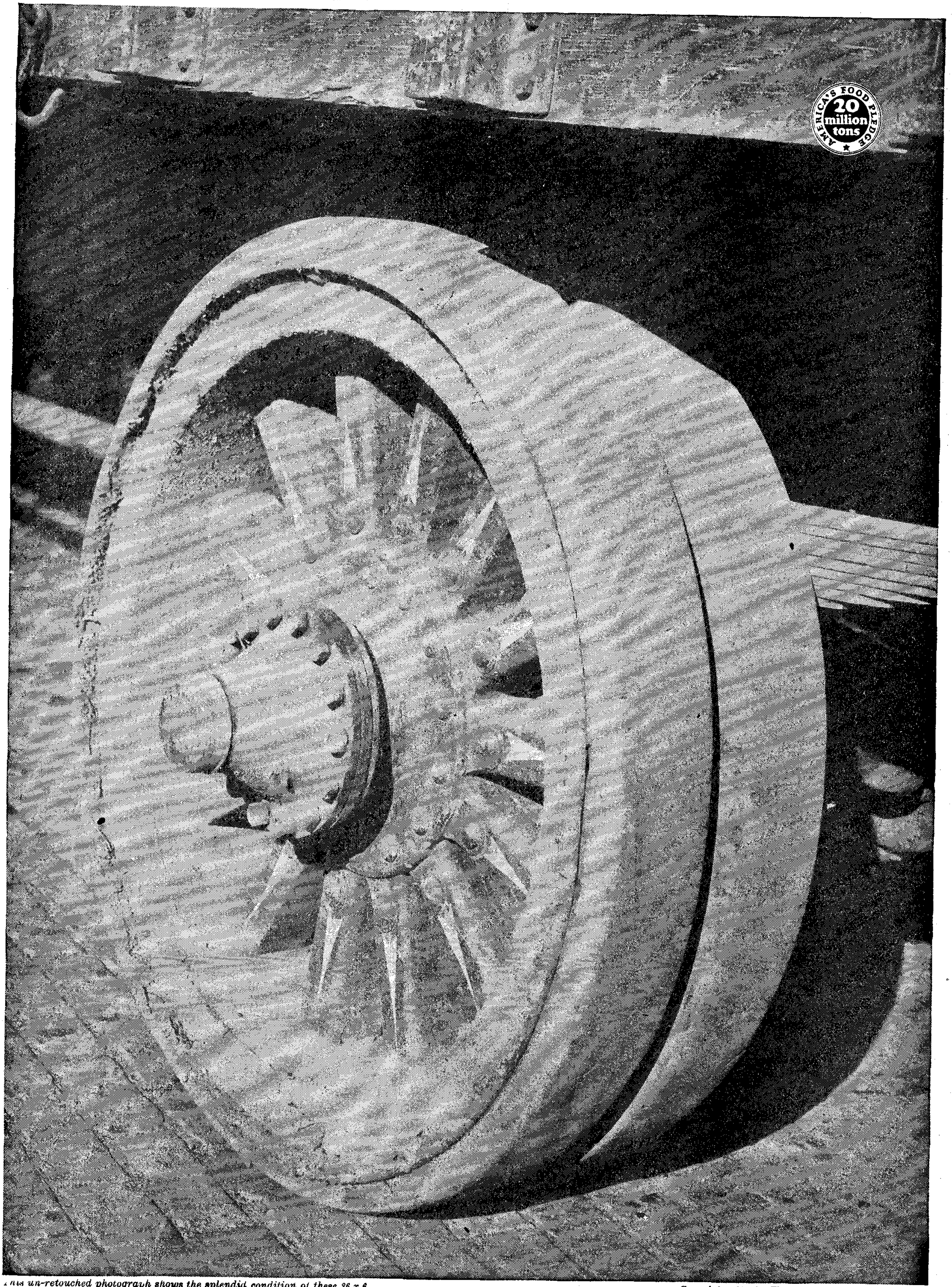

This un-retouched photograph shows the splendid condition of these 36 x 6 Goodyear Dual Solid Tires after traveling past the 18,000-mile mark on a 3½-ton truck owned by the Boss Manufacturing Company, Toledo, Ohio.

Copyright 1919, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Quality In Plain Sight

"THE appearance of our Goodyear Solid Tires shows their excellent condition after covering more than 18,000 miles in 23 months of service. They certainly are built to give long service."—Boss Manufacturing Company, makers of gloves and mittens, Toledo, Ohio.

THE un-retouched photograph opposite this page affords visual evidence of the ability of Goodyear Solid Tires to weather long, arduous service and still come up smiling.

Six of these huskies started to work as the original equipment on a 3½-ton truck which hauled its first load for the Boss Manufacturing Company of Toledo on November 29, 1916.

Operating over a minimum of 30 miles daily, this bulky transport has carried huge quantities of bales filled with army gloves. And these loads have approached narrowly the truck's 7,000 pound limit.

Plowing along underneath, the Goodyear Solid Tires have had to bear the brunt of these top-heavy burdens in addition to the weight of the truck itself.

After approximately 23 months of this service, all of these tires—like the two in the photograph—still have smooth, thick treads, promising more thousands of miles beyond the round 18,000 they have delivered thus far.

Observe that the rubber, in the doughty Goodyear Solid Tires shown, still exhibits real vitality. Also note that their treads have worn down smoothly and evenly, meaning that no rubber is being wasted.

Then mark the fact that despite the great cargoes carried and the enormous strains endured, these tires offer no signs of chipping or separation from the steel base.

The service given by Goodyear Solid Tires in this particular case furnishes a good example of the durability of these tires under proper conditions of equipment and care.

Users of Goodyear Solid Tires, men and firms who get mileages like this, cash in on the notable improvements which Goodyear has effected in solid-tire manufacture during years of constant test and inventive effort.

They also are in position to take advantage of Goodyear Truck Tire Service as rendered at the hundreds of carefully selected stations, found in all the leading centers where trucks are used.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SOLID TIRES

certainly try to realize. But I know I couldn't make twenty-five dollars a week at it. I should probably be a flat failure. And I should presently say to Mr. Tellegen, "Now, I will just keep house, and we will do the best we can."

A NAME THAT ISN'T A NAME THAT'S ON YOUR LIBERTY BOND

EVERYBODY, that is, everybody who is anybody, has been working for, or buying, or both, Liberty bonds. Even camouflaged enemy aliens have deemed it good for their health to be deeply interested in Liberty bonds. Very few, probably, are aware of the story that lies behind one of the names that appears on each bond. Of course, every one knows who William McAdoo is; but there is another name, Houston B. Teehee, Registrat of the Treasury. Who is he? He is an American Indian; his life has been one of struggle, crowned with success. A sketch of his life is published by *The American Magazine* from which we quote:

The name Teehee is not rightfully a name at all. It is a nickname. When Mr. Teehee's father fought for the Union in the Civil War, his companions had difficulty in pronouncing his Indian name "Di-hi-hi" (meaning Killer), so they compromised by calling him "Teehee." And this became the family name.

Hence we have Houston B. Teehee entering the world via the unpromising surroundings of a Cherokee Indian Reservation in Sequoyah County, Oklahoma, on October 31, 1874, with not much to commend him to fortune but himself. Not only was his very name picked up from the *patois* of a battle-field, but the American Government branded him, in common with all his brethren, unfit and incompetent to manage his own affairs, and set a guardian over him in the guise of a commissioner.

When the boy got old enough to think it over, he resented this treatment, and determined to show the Government where, in his case at least, it was wrong. He took all the schooling he could get at the government classes in the old Cherokee Nation during the eighteen years he spent on his father's farm. There was no English spoken on the reservation, and it was an extremely difficult study for him to master, but young Teehee stuck to his lessons and won his coveted knowledge. At eighteen he went to the Cherokee National Male Seminary, studied there two years, then plunged into the English-speaking world about him via Fort Worth University at Fort Worth, Texas.

"Learning the English language was the most difficult thing I had to do," said Mr. Teehee at his office in Washington the other day. "For, tho I was right here in the United States, it was as tho I were in the heart of France or some other foreign land, so far as the English language was concerned. The only way I could continue the study of my country's language after leaving the schoolroom in the evening was by reading. This I did."

Backed by the knowledge he had gained in the grade school, young Teehee clerked in a store on the reservation during his spare time until he had saved enough for his year at Fort Worth. After that he went back to the store, where he plugged along at a few dollars a week until 1906, when he got a job as cashier in a local bank and began to study law.

Mr. Teehee so far had lived the life of struggle, endurance, and indomitable courage which is so thoroughly characteristic of Young America. One thing galled him, that guardianship business, so, in 1910 he set to work to prove to the Secretary of the Interior that he was perfectly competent to look after his own affairs, without the interference of a Government guardian. The Secretary was convinced and he was free from the yoke he hated. Did he make good? Look at your Liberty bond.

In conclusion, the article says:

After holding minor local offices in his home village of Tahlequah, and serving as its first mayor when it was made a city of the first class in 1908, Teehee was sent to the Oklahoma legislature, served later as county attorney, went to the legislature again in 1912, and specialized in constitutional law. In 1914 he was appointed United States Probate Attorney under the Interior Department, which office he filled until he resigned to take the oath as Register of the Treasury, March 24, 1915.

And that is how the name of Houston B. Teehee, a Cherokee Indian, once a ward of the Government, happens to be affixt to the Liberty bonds of the world-war, in twenty million American homes.

SOCKS IS SOCKS—WHEN 4,000,000 PAIRS NEED DARNING

ALL sorts of queer things have turned up during the war; things have been literally turned upside down; many beribboned and bespangled Teutonic gentry with untold quarterings upon their escutcheons have fled in wild dismay before the fierce onslaught of irreverent rapscallions fresh from the leafage of the Bowery; "high-well-borns" have become practically acquainted with swift kicks administered by Western toes. But none of these things approach in weirdness the true story told in *The Red Cross Magazine* (Garden City, N. Y.), which narrates how a band of old French women mending socks did their bit toward making a renowned ruler into a retired relic. How did it come about? We quote:

Howard Bacon, American Red-Cross representative at Tours, had a tiny office; he had his problems fairly in hand, and was sighing for more, for, like every good American, he fretted for chances to do all sorts of vital things contributive to victory. The chance came in a sudden and staggering way.

One afternoon an officer of the United States Salvage Service stopt at Mr. Bacon's office for a war-topics chat—of refugees, munition-plants, and cabbages, and kings. Arising to go, he asked casually: "By the by, I've got some socks that need darning. Can you Red-Cross people help me out?" At this rather unusual request Mr. Bacon stared.

"Socks?" he asked, "your own socks? Why, yes, I know an old woman who could manage it, no doubt."

The salvage officer smiled.

"Army socks," he explained. "Don't know how many there are yet, but I'll advise you later. We'll pay at the rate of twenty centimes a pair. Are you on?"

"Delighted!" said Mr. Bacon. And that evening he sent for old Mère Robin, and told her that she could turn a pretty penny by darning socks for some American boys. There might be a whole week's work for her.

Next day, as Mr. Bacon sat in his tiny office, an army *camion* rolled up and two privates entered, carrying a stuffed gunny sack. They saluted. "Socks, sir!" said one. Cheerily Mr. Bacon told them to put the sack in the corner. They did so and departed, while the Red-Cross delegate rubbed his hands to note that the sack was carded "100 pairs"— a fine week's work for old Mère Robin!

That afternoon the privates reappeared. "Socks, sir!" they announced, saluting. This time there were two sackfuls. Mr. Bacon stored them in another corner of his tiny office and called in a second old woman to help Mère Robin. By sunset the two had made fifteen francs between them. Again Mr. Bacon rubbed his hands. "A fine, patriotic work!" he chuckled.

But next morning he was again saluted by the two privates. "Socks, sir!" they announced. Mr. Bacon looked outside and saw an army *camion* being unloaded at his door. He counted twenty-five sacks; then surveyed his office's modest dimensions, and whistled. "Bring 'em up!" he said rather wryly. Then he hurried off to secure five more old women to darn what now totaled 2,800 pairs of socks. By the day's end 245 pairs had been sorted, heeled, and toed. The Red-Cross delegate —whose office was by now comfortably cramped—found some relief in calculating that the job could not be finished in a fortnight.

But he was up against a Sisyphean task. The next day brought once more those respectfully saluting privates and their sententious "Socks, sir!" This time the sackfuls were corded in big bales, ten to the *camion*. Mr. Bacon beheld the spectacle of ten thousand army socks, and his brow became sweat-bathed. He put on his hat and hurried off for more old women.

In the public square he encountered a string of three army *camions* headed for his office. The driver of the foremost, recognizing Mr. Bacon, saluted him. "Socks, sir!" he said respectfully.

With a wild gesture in the direction of his now hopelessly swamped office, Mr. Bacon dashed off for Salvage Headquarters to stem this ruthless tide. Passing the freight-yard, he saw a sergeant and five men unloading some box cars. "My man," he commenced, "you're attached to Salvage Headquarters, I believe?" Then he perceived what the soldiers were unloading. He staggered slightly, catching at the other's arm. "Sergeant, what—what does that line of box cars contain?"

The sergeant saluted. "Socks, sir!" he answered respectfully.

"Sergeant, this is too much." Mr. Bacon spoke firmly. "My office is already oversocked." (He meant overstocked, of course, but the other word had obsessed him). "Moreover, sergeant, there is not an inexhaustible number of old women in France. I'm a patriotic American—nobody more so—but there are limits. This must be stopt." The sergeant scratched his head.

"That's just the trouble, sir," he returned, "you can't stop army orders, once they're given, any more'n you can make a

Empire Red Tubes Last as Long as the Average Car Itself

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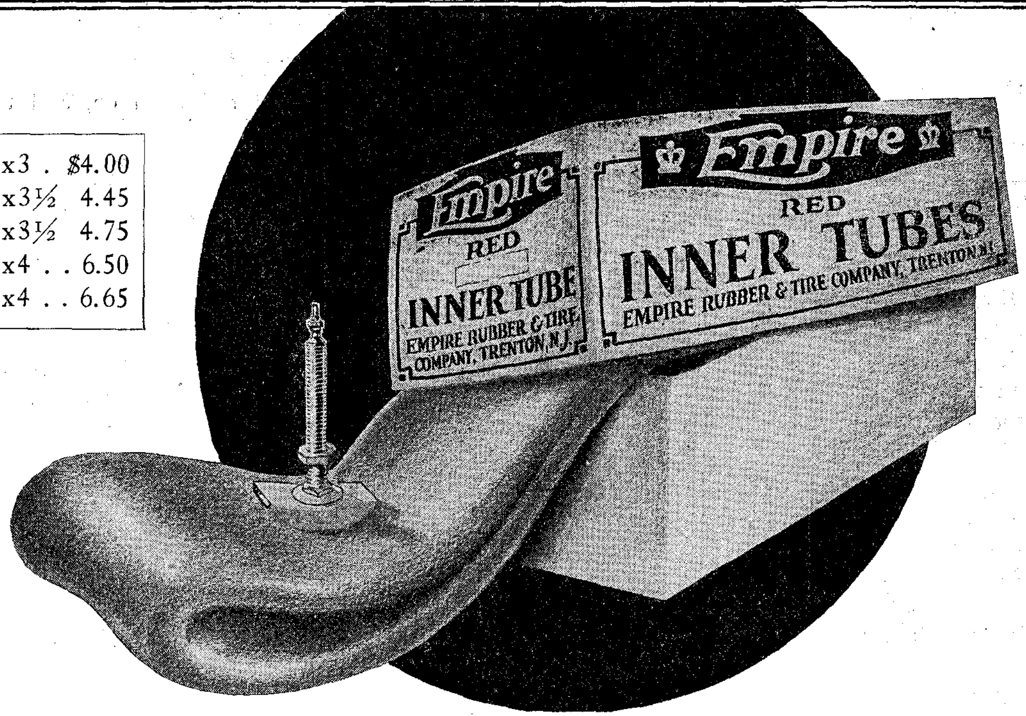
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How do you choose Tubes?

Tire users know that the friction of the road inevitably wears out any casing after it has gone a certain number of miles. Hence the expression "Tire Mileage."

Many users, therefore, fall into the habit of assuming that mileage is also the measure of the service of their inner tubes.

This is an expensive mistake.

To be sure, inner tubes have to be replaced every so often. But the mileage, except in cases of abuse, has little to do with their wearing out.

Those who care to take the trouble can easily prove this. The next time you put a new tube on your car, put another new tube of the same make in a box where it will get no wear whatever. You will find that both of these tubes will stay in good condition about the same length of time.

In other words, what usually wears out a tube is not the friction of the road or the expansion and contraction, but the deteriorating effects of time.

Practically all well-known tubes now on the market are made of good enough rubber and have sufficient tensile strength to stand all the strain they are likely to get.

What you want to look for in choosing a tube are those qualities which will make it resist, as long as possible, the deterioration that comes with time.

For twelve years the Empire Rubber & Tire Company of Trenton, New Jersey, have controlled an exclusive process for making Empire Red Tubes, by means of which longer life is imparted to the tubes than rubber itself ordinarily possesses.

Every now and then we hear of one of the first Empire Red Tubes, made ten or twelve years ago, still in use.

In all these years no change has been made in the Empire process, because no improvement has been necessary. In all these years Empire Red Tubes have been proving that they last as long as the average car itself.

If you want to cut your tube replacements to a minimum, start your next car with a complete equipment of Empire Red Tubes.

Empire
Red Tubes

The Empire Tire Dealer

mill-wheel turn backward. It just keeps on going and going, sir."

"Are there—are there more coming, sergeant?" Mr. Bacon spoke faintly. "Tell me the worst."

"I understood the captain to say, sir," replied the other, "that there's two million pairs."

The yarn that shows a Red-Cross man making a joke, and allowing it to be printed, reveals the grim seriousness of the situation, a situation that irresistibly suggests "Pigs is Pigs" to the Philistine mind. However, Mr. Bacon's sense of humor flew to the rescue; he trembled as he set mathematics to work and discovered that two million pairs of socks would girdle the whole green earth one and a half times, and not only that, but that more and more privates appeared, saluted, and murmured "Socks, sir," and then he found himself. He had been appointed Grandmother-in-Chief to the American Army.

True to his organization, the humorous side did not prevent him doing what was to be done. To conclude:

> How this Gargantuan problem would have been solved if it hadn't been for the Germans, only Heaven knows. As usual, they blundered. Just when the American Army needed its socks darned, the *Boche* started a big push, and thereupon French refugees began fleeing southward. When Mr. Bacon received a wire from Red-Cross headquarters: "Can you care for so-and-so many thousand *évacués?*" he glanced at his sock-smothered office, and murmured prayerfully, "Can I?"
>
> Down came the refugees. He found them living-quarters, secured an old monastery, rent free, from the local authorities, turned it into workrooms, and put the refugees to heeling and toeing the two million pairs of socks in which our boys were to march to Germany.
>
> Pick your way through the tortuous streets which girdle the fine, old fourteenth-century Cathedral of St. Gratien, and you will find yourself in the Rue de la Psallette, where, in three big upper rooms of a one-time monastery, you will come upon a crowd of old refugee women, who sit recounting the hardships of their late evacuation as they darn the socks of the American Army. "Every sock mended is a German ended"—that, or something like it, is the cheery motto which keeps their wrinkled old hands busy for eight hours a day.
>
> Nobody but refugees need apply for this salvage work. The young girls sit in an adjoining corridor, opening the gunny sacks and mating the contents. The Army pays four cents a pair, supplies the wool, and has lately extended the work to include soldiers' underclothes and service shirts. Starting with 5,800 socks mended during the first week, the refugees soon were turning out from sixty to eighty thousand pairs a month, while their weekly pay-roll reached $1,300. The Red-Cross delegate's records show that in three months he found employment for 688 people, while the success of the sock-darning bee is well illustrated in the fact that his food-donations for the same period were practically nil.
>
> So, when next you encounter, among knitting circles, that old canard about army socks being thrown away after one wearing, just kill it with the above facts.

The American Red Cross has hitched up America's knitting mothers to France's darning grandmothers. The Saga of the Socks is the international marching tune which helped to carry our boys to the Rhine.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

"TOPS for soldiers," it is reported on good authority, is not likely to become a popular slogan with the American occupying forces in Germany. They don't care for marbles or skipping-ropes, either, but the mention of these harmless amusements does not arouse so much temperature among them because no one has started a movement to send them a ship-load of marbles and skipping ropes, while the top proposition, it seems, is under way. Private Neibel, who expresses a general military reaction to tops, sends his protest to THE DIGEST, because, he explains, he liked the letter from the Marines, published some time since, "bringing out the truth about some food conditions over here." Not only the top trouble, but also the matter of a "charity" attitude on the part of some war-workers now needs attention. He writes:

> After many months of service in France, experiencing the hardships of mud and questionably good meals, I want to ask, Just what do the American war-workers think the American soldier really is? This may sound peculiar, but in all seriousness that question has been forced into the minds of many American soldiers in France by some of the outlandish proposals made by some war-work organization which seems to feel that they are out doing charity work for the boys in France. We resent, in the first place, the idea of charity—we are not the subjects of charity and do not wish to be classed as such. Any-one from worker to giver who looks on the work as charity, as many whom we have come in contact with do, would be doing a greater piece of charity if he or she would make themselves conspicuous by their absence—both in donations and in work.
>
> In the second place, we resent the form that much of this work has taken on. We thought not many weeks ago that the idea of bringing star baseball-players over here, who could have found a much better place on a team which was then starting a "batting rally" against the team of aristocracy and "blood and iron," was bad enough; but when we read the following article in *The Jersey Journal* it made us wonder just what the people in America really think of us:
>
> "100,000 TOPS
>
> "Are to be sent to France, not for the use of the thousands of French orphans who probably never knew the delight of spinning a top, but for—
>
> "THE AMERICAN ARMY
>
> "It never occurred to you that this is one of the many innocent diversions arranged for the men who have willingly sacrificed everything for us and who must undergo the tedious waiting of many months before returning home."
>
> Do the people who are responsible for this article think that the American soldier is of the age that girls play with rag dolls and boys with rocking-horses? Why not send over a few copies of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Grimm's Fairy Tales," several hundred sets of blocks, some shrill whistles, several thousand trains of cars, and some toy boats—which, by the way, would be more appropriate than tops, for we have numerous mud puddles we might sail them on, and tops can't be used in mud unless they are the ones commonly called "girls' tops," which spin around on the end of a string and don't touch the ground.
>
> In all seriousness, was there ever a worse insult to intelligent men than this suggestion of tops for the American soldier? Have we not conducted ourselves as men since we sacrificed all and came to France? Have we not by virtue of our accomplishments in the past year earned the privilege of being considered men and not school-boys? The last top that I had was taken from me at school by a kind teacher who suggested to me that "I was too old to play with tops."
>
> We of the A. E. F. are thankful and touched by the work of the various war-organizations, and many a tired, blue, or sick Yank has been given cheer and comforts he otherwise would not have had if it had not have been for these organizations, but when you give and when you plan for us, remember that we are American men who have played the part of men and have passed the age of tops, blocks, toy trains, and pinafores.
>
> All we ask is that we have something wholesome to eat, something to wear, some good, clean, man-sized entertainment, and a speedy return to the United States of America—and let me emphasize the latter with the cheers of two million American soldiers behind that emphasis.

Desire for a speedy return has become the dominant note, remarks the New York *Evening Sun*, in all recent letters from soldiers. While the big job was to be done, the boys said nothing about home-sickness, but now that the business of soldiering consists, generally, of police work and unimportant detail, they're anxious to get back. If mail came more regularly, say some of the writers, they wouldn't get so blue, but a good deal of the soldiers' mail still goes astray. A particularly flagrant case is that of Private D. R. Anderson, who has been in the base hospital at Tours for three months without receiving one letter of the dozens written to him. "His enclosed letter," writes his mother, "shows how this affects his mind and morale. We kept hoping things would be different, but the day we received his last letter, written December 21, we received three of the letters we wrote to him returned to us. Who can explain why those letters weren't sent to that boy instead of being returned to us?" A part of Donald Anderson's letter follows:

> I'm just homesick, that's all. Never in my life did thoughts of home look so good. Just one thing could so change everything—letters. But I am still awaiting my first one from the United States since I left for the hospital over three months ago. Every day I think surely one letter will arrive to-day, but each day I am disappointed. And I have reached the place now where I don't expect to receive another one while in France. I know all

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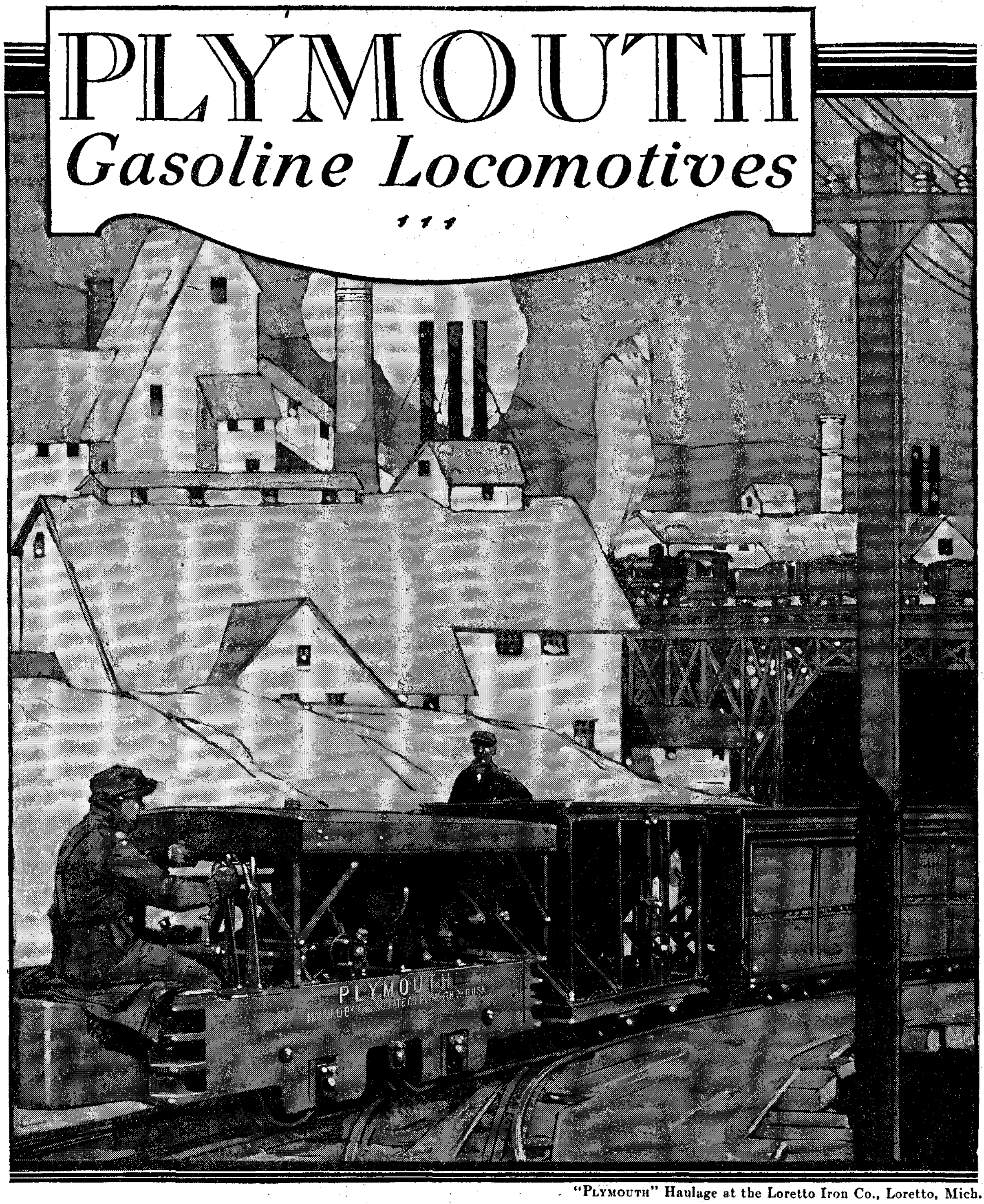

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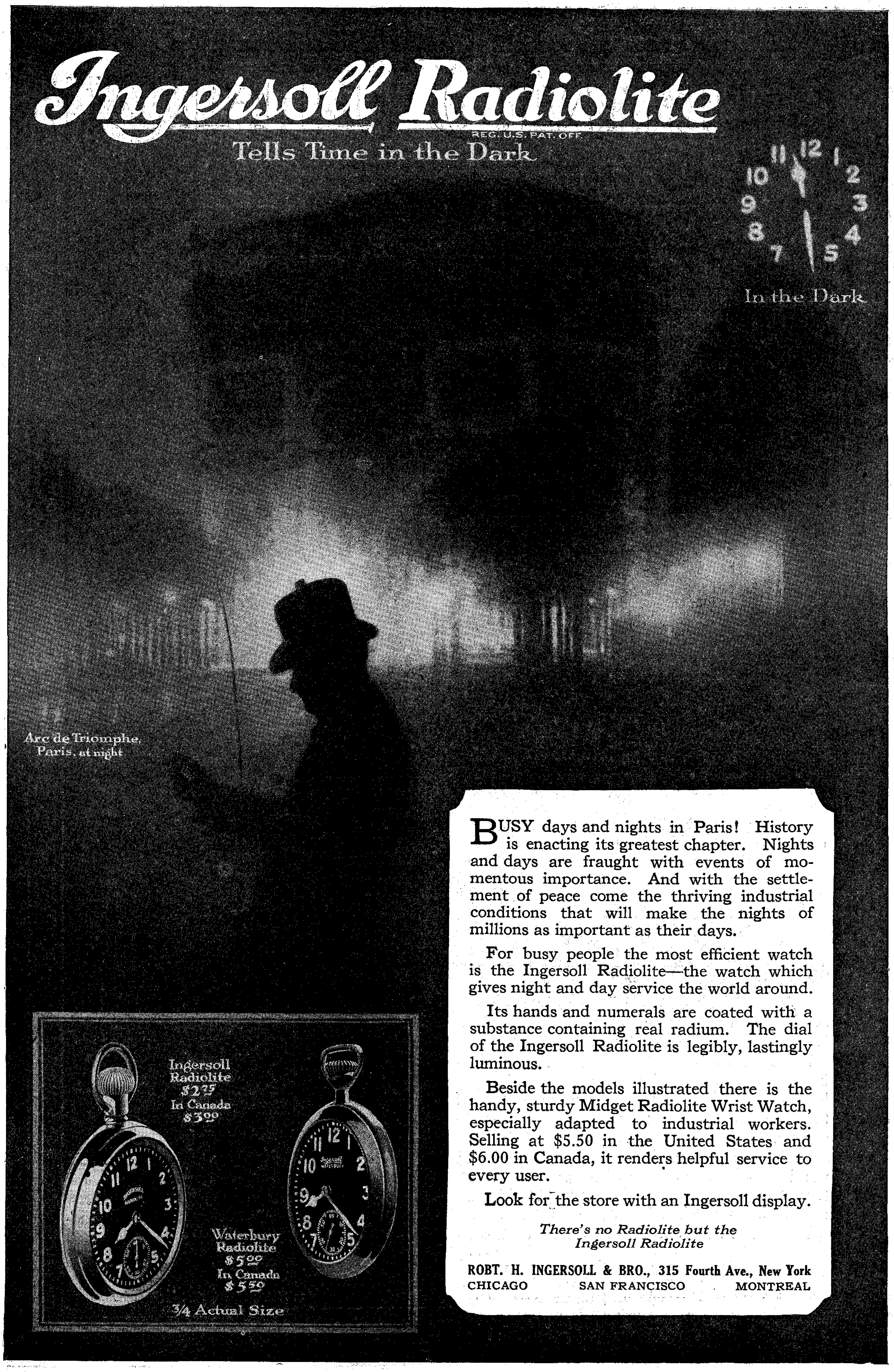
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CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

of you have been writing me regularly, and it's a shame you have done all that writing for nothing, but I am afraid such is the case.

It is only four days now until Christmas, and the best Christmas present I could receive would be some mail. But after so many disappointments I can hardly hope for such good luck. The Red Cross workers here are making big preparations for Christmas, but no matter what they do you can just bet this boy's thoughts are going to be far away. Each ward is to have a Christmas-tree which will be decorated by the patients of each ward, and every one is to receive a Christmas package. They sure deserve all the credit in the world for their work, and one in my position can appreciate it.

Last Sunday was a beautiful day. Another lad and I took a long walk in the afternoon, such as I have had few of for weeks. We started off after dinner along a winding road just outside of the hospital grounds, traveling practically in a circle and returning several hours later, tired out but feeling great.

There is not a question of a doubt but what this section of France is beautiful. Our walk took us along a fair-sized bluff, and looking out across the valley we could see the river Loire, and on the other side of it the white buildings of Tours made a picturesque background. Every little while we would pass some large estate enclosed in a high stone wall, and usually in front of the entrance to the château would be a high iron fence with large swinging, iron gates. In addition to the château would be a number of smaller buildings always covered with climbing vines which practically hid them. At one of these estates was found the large gate swinging open, and in we walked. I just wish, mother dear, you could have been with me for how it would have appealed to you. I can't possibly describe it. Right away we got a start upon seeing a lifelike bronze statue of a huge mastiff sitting on his haunches. There was a large courtyard, and scattered over the lawn were numerous little tables and chairs. Just off of this was a pretty little fountain, and running off from this were two rows of trees whose upper branches had been cut off so that the lower ones formed a perfect arch.

Lieut. Carl A. Foss (12th F. A.) is among those anxious to speak harshly to Lieut. Karl K. Hill for flattering remarks on the soldier's menu which were published in these columns under Lieutenant Hill's signature some time since. Lieutenant Hill has already been fluently answered by men from the front lines who denounced, as Lieutenant Foss now does, "those swivel-chair artists who lived in the back areas on oatmeal, bacon and eggs, steaks smothered in onions, and so on, "while the front lines were glad to get "slum," bully-beef, and hardtack. The concluding paragraphs of Lieutenant Foss's letter, however, haven't been anticipated by anybody. He writes:

My regiment, the Twelfth, is quartered in Rheinbrohl and Hönnigan, two adjacent towns on the east bank of the Rhine, about twenty-five kilometers north of Coblenz. The Marines, who are quartered with us, have charge of Rheinbrohl, but the Twelfth Field Artillery commands in Hönnigan.

In order to break up any desire on the part of the men to take a vacation in the guardhouse, our Colonel ordered that all the prisoners take a bath in the Rhine every morning at four-thirty. The rest of the day is spent in cleaning the streets of Hönnigan.

Now the Colonel issued another order, this time to the Burgomaster, that he, the Burgomaster, would be held responsible for the sale of wine and beer in the town and would be placed under arrest if any saloonkeeper sold a sufficient quantity of the "stuff" to any American soldier as to make him drunk. Sad to relate, one soldier did get drunk and gave dancing lessons to a German by the simple process of shooting around his feet. Both saloonkeeper and Burgomaster are now in the jug, and the Colonel decided that no partiality should be shown. Accordingly, both citizens (they have the regulation German build according to *Life*) are taking cold baths each morning and sweep the streets of their village during the daytime, and will continue to do so for four months.

Perhaps you won't see any humor in my story. That's because you don't know how cold the water is in the Rhine.

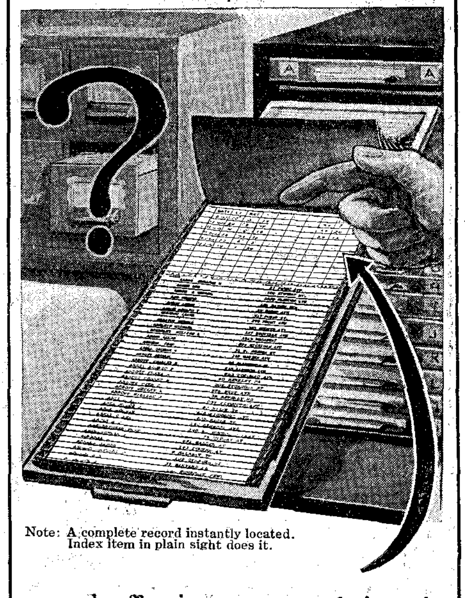
Curious stories are told of the effect of the armistice on men actually engaged in fighting when the order came to "cease firing." Some were visibly disappointed that the war was over; others were thankful that the awful slaughter was stopt, but all exprest elation that they were "in at the finish" of the brutal and treacherous Hun. In a letter to friends in New York, Morill L. Cook, of Pittsburg, who was serving as captain of infantry at the time, gives the following touching sketch of the feeling produced in his command:

The day before the armistice we started an attack. All afternoon we fought; all during the night we advanced through a deep fog, enemy machine guns being our only guide, so blinded were we by the heavy mist. Daylight found us in the shell-eaten ruins of a little French village near the German border. It seemed that none could exist there, so filled with mustard gas was it, but nevertheless the *Boches* were still shelling it heavily. Four times the wall behind which we stood was struck with shells, and four times men standing near me paid the supreme price of battle on the morn of the armistice.

A grin—a hug, and we sat waiting for eleven o'clock to come. At ten o'clock there was absolute quiet for about one minute and then all hell broke loose on both sides. For an hour it continued as tho every one realized that it was the last opportunity to express the accumulated hatred of five years of desperate fighting. But at eleven it ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

At eight o'clock the enemy artillery ceased firing. I could not understand it. The only evidence of battle was the drumming of the machine guns and occasional stretchers passing by. At nine-fifteen we received word that the armistice had been signed. There was no excitement, no elation—we were too cold, too tired—our nerves had responded to too many sensations to respond even to this. But a strange, overwhelming sense of comfort, of thankfulness, of quiet joy came over us. The war was over. We would have peace! No longer would we walk the lines in apprehension. No longer would we hide the

"It ain't the individuals,
Nor the Army as a whole,
But the everlasting team work
Of every bloomin' soul."
—*Kipling.*



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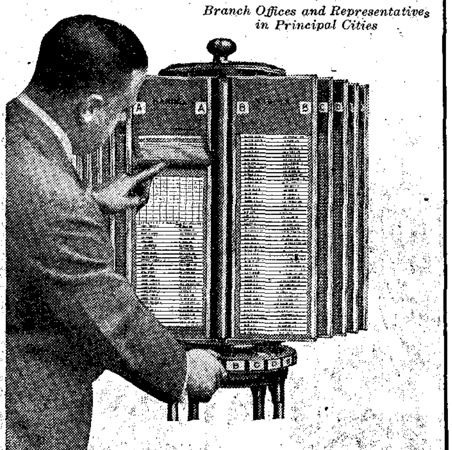

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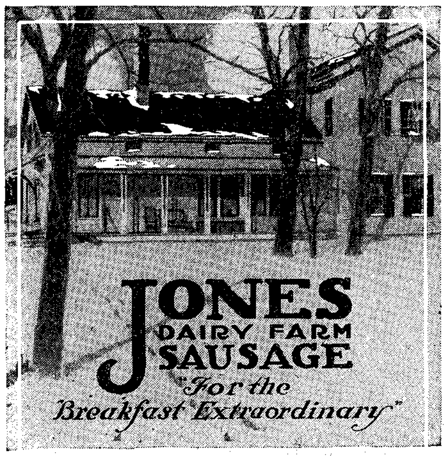

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And today Jones Dairy Farm Sausage is the same as it was then — a sausage made by a treasured New England recipe from choice young pork and home-grown spices.

Ask your grocer or market man about it — and ask him about the Jones Farm Hams and Bacon in anticipation of Easter's special spread.

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Look for the Luden yellow, dust-proof package.

Wm. H. Luden, Reading, Pa.

LUDEN'S

MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

lights at night or live in caves, or go without food, or shiver because we could not build a fire, or wear wet clothes, or cling to our gas-masks and helmets. There among the ruins we stood—thirty of us—tired, dirty, hungry—cheering our chaplain, who waved the emblem of the principles for which we had fought, while the sun struggled through the thinning mist to join our celebration.

President Wilson visited Reims and the ruins of the cathedral not long since, and the cables quoted him as declaring that words could not express the desolation he had seen. Sergt.-Major Murdock J. Claney, with a hospital center at Rimancourt, France, visited the place shortly before President Wilson did, and, not being self-conscious in the matter of words, goes right ahead to tell how things looked. "Never in my life did death seem so vivid. Everything is dead," he writes. "I imagine all hell couldn't be any worse. When I stood before the great cathedral, I wondered—well, it was all so very wonderful that you could do nothing but wonder." Sergt.-Major Claney, it seems, has found words to express something of that scene over which the world will wonder for centuries. Here is his letter:

Well, I'm back from the most wonderful experience one could have in this world. I just toured three days the battle-field of Reims. It is almost impossible for me to describe it, because the human mind can not conceive the destruction of that district even when one sees it.

We might as well start at the first, so here goes. Some French refugees from Reims applied for transportation to us to take them back home—four old ladies, two with broken legs—and their daughter, a woman about thirty-five. The Colonel decided that we could send them back in an ambulance. I heard him talking, so thought, "Well, here is a dandy chance for me to see the cathedral." So I asked the adjutant, but he said he could not spare me. It would mean such a wonderful trip, so I forgot army procedure and when I had a chance I slipt into the Colonel's sanctum. I stood at attention and he said: "Well, Claney, what can I do for you?" Very meekly I said: "Does the Colonel think he could spare his sergeant-major for two or three days?" He looked at me out of the corner of his eye and started to laugh and said, "I'll bet the sergeant-major wants to get in on that trip to Reims." "You're right," I said. "Well, I guess you can go all-right," and, believe me, I clicked my heels, saluted, and ran to get on the ambulance before anything more was said.

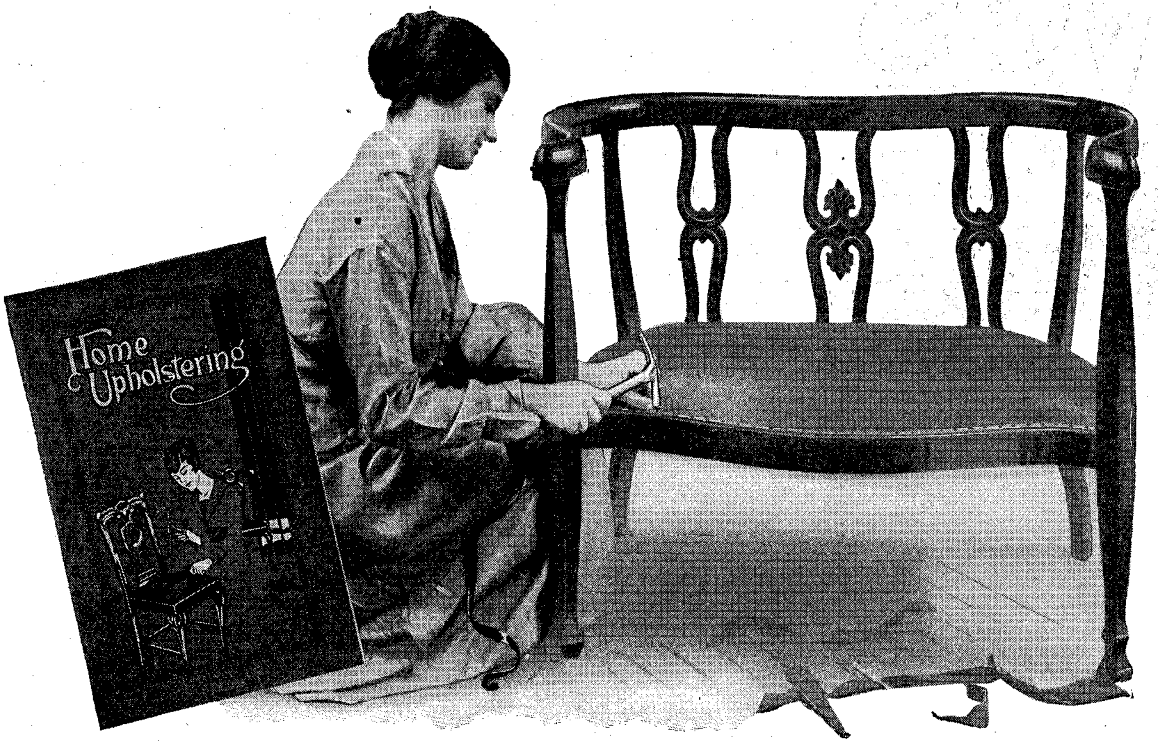
We had a long and tiresome trip over, took us nine hours, and the poor old women were crying before we landed at a little village just south of Reims where they lived up to last June, when they fled just as the Germans broke through. Their house wasn't touched because in 1914, when the Germans were in the town, they nursed some of the wounded Germans. They are, or were, very wealthy, live in an old house in the middle of a big estate. The family is one of the oldest in France, having lived in the same house for over three hundred years. The family has married and intermarried so that it is perfectly natural for them to speak about every language on earth. They could speak very good English, and certainly entertained us wonderfully. They had a house full of servants—they had stayed to keep the house going—had a big supper, sat up and talked—principally religion—until twelve at night. She, or rather they, were like many more French I have spoken to over here. They have an intense love for France, but hate the Government—they make a noticeable destinction between the two—they can not understand the American's point of view, but say the Government is Free Mason and a Free Mason is a devil, but France—France, immortal France, is Catholic. I told them that in America the Masons were considered part of the best of the nation, but they could not conceive that so we laughed a couple more times, the ladies smoked another cigaret and drank another bottle of wine, called the maids, and they showed us to our rooms. Some rooms, and still more some—some beds—a canopy over the top, and when I got in I sank down about two feet. On top of the covers they have another mattress, of course lots lighter than a regular one, but, believe me, I never slept in a better bed in all my life and don't know as I ever slept better.

We were up bright and early and said our good-bys to the people and were into Reims before noon. Never before in all my life did death seem so vivid. Everything is dead. I have seen some other parts of the front, but never have I seen an immense city totally destroyed, especially a city of the apparent beauty of former Reims. There is not one house or building remaining whole, buildings as large as Carnegie Library with just the walls standing, and the most impressive part of it all is the absence of all human beings, it is typically dead. We were all alone, and as I stood in the square and looked at the great cathedral I wondered, well it was all so very wonderful that you could do nothing but wonder. But I imagined all hell couldn't be any worse. We rode around the city for two hours, and it was all the same, every building totally destroyed, and the walls remaining were completely covered with small bullet-holes. The towers of the cathedral remain, they have been hit with small shells, but the shell of the building still stands. In fact, it is the least destroyed of any building I saw in the whole city. But the eye soon tires of such sameness so we found the main road out and went up the hill to the German lines. The French were still around their own lines outside of the city, but we see enough French so passed them up. They were hauling their guns with little baby tanks. They must have had fully five hundred in one field—they are wicked-looking things, just the one turret sticking up out of the body and one little machine gun sticking out of it. I surely wouldn't relish seeing one of those things coming my way.

The fields were just a mass of shell-holes, you could see them for miles and miles, because the ground in that sector is pure chalk and the ground thrown up is white, so that even tho the day was dark and dreary one could see them for miles.

We traveled along camouflaged roads for miles—twenty feet up on both sides a bamboo fence, and over the top chicken wire with green muslin. I observed all that wire and thought how I used to scrape and hunt for wire to build my chicken-coops and such, what glory I would have been in if I just could have this near my chicken-coop—I'd have a runway a mile long. For two hours' solid running we

DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES



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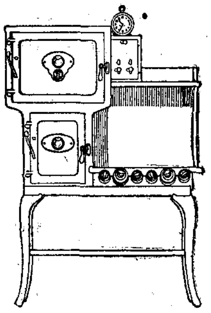
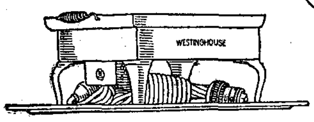
“Now I’ve made electricity my housemaid. It serves us from morning till night in one way or another.

“At breakfast it makes toast for us and delicious coffee. When we want bacon and eggs, griddle cakes or anything of the kind, it cooks them for us in a *jiffy*.

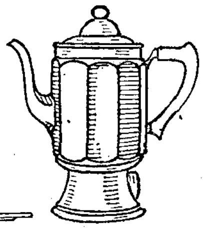
“Then there’s washing and ironing—I just couldn’t think of going back to the old way after my electric washing machine and my Westinghouse Electric Iron. They’ve saved me no end of work, and have made me independent of outside help besides.



Ranges
$96.50 to $282.00



Toaster-Stove
$8.00



Percolators
$10.00 to $17.00

W
WESTINGHOUSE
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Westinghouse

ELECTRIC RANGES WITH AUTOMATIC CONTROL

It Even Cooks the Dinner When I'm Out"

"But it's when I go out for the afternoon that I appreciate electricity most.

"Because of my Westinghouse Automatic Electric Range, with its time-clock control, I can put dinner in the oven the first thing in the morning and then leave for the rest of the day knowing that the meal will be ready to serve when I get home. Last thing before I go, I make sure the clock is set to turn the current *on* at the right *time*, and the heat indicator is set to turn it *off* at the right *heat*. That's all there is to it.

"I don't know what it is to burn a roast, or to have one underdone or dried out. That's because the Westinghouse Range is really automatic and turns the current off as well as on. It saves current because so much of the cooking is done by stored heat. I find, too, that meats are juicier and vegetables taste better because electric cooking keeps the flavor in."

Where to Get Westinghouse Ware—Westinghouse Electric Ware is sold by light and power companies, electrical stores, department stores and hardware stores. Ask your power company or dealer about the Westinghouse Electric Range.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Irons
$5.00 to $7.50

Sew Motor
$15.00

Turnover Toaster
$7.00

W
WESTINGHOUSE
ELECTRIC

went along just such a road, and you know Uncle Sam's ambulances aren't the slowest things in the world.

Outside of Reims we stopt on the top of the hill—the hill where the Germans had their big guns they bombed the place with. We could see Reims plainly from there and it looked much larger than any view I ever saw of Pittsburg—in fact, Reims was a city of 350,000. From that view I decided that a great deal of the talk about the destruction of the cathedral is more or less propaganda, because those towers stand up from the rest of the town and if the Dutch would have wanted to knock them down a one-handed gunner could have hit them. The hill was pulverized, and if we would have picked up a spade I guess we could have found may things that wouldn't have appealed to the nose, but as the trenches were all around us (German), we had to see them.

The trenches aren't as you imagine: they are just, well—great big ditches running every which way, along the road, under it, and away as far as your eye can see nothing but trenches. We walked across a field to the nearest ones and shells (duds—ones that didn't go off) were everywhere—in fact, one had to watch himself or he would step on one of the things. We hopped into a trench and, believe me, I didn't know whether I had got into an arsenal or what—all kinds of ammunition, just as the Germans had left it, boxes after boxes of shells—big ones, little ones, trench-mortars, guns, everything, yards and yards of machine-gun bullets, and hand-grenades; you had to watch every step for fear of stepping on one—all kinds, long ones and round ones. Some of the walls had been knocked in, but, on the whole, the Dutch had fled before they got hit very badly. We walked along until we saw an opening, decided it was a dugout, so started down. I was first with the flash-light and right at the bottom of the steps—forty feet straight down—was the nicest little hand-grenade, just where if one didn't see it he would give it a peach of a kick. But, luckily, I saw it and picked it up gently and laid it aside. Well those Dutch surely had lived mighty well—dandy rooms, just as dry as punk, all boarded in, hanging lamps, shelves for books, good bunks, everything one could want. They had their names written on the walls—Kochs, Zimmermans, Hennings, almost every German name you could think of. We couldn't see anything more around there, so went up again into the trench, took down some signs (one enclosed in special package to you and one to Howard). Took fifteen feet of machine-gun bullets, a gas shell (exploded), a couple of rifles, some casings, and a couple of odds and ends that might happen to get by.

You know, after it is all over it will not be very interesting to tour the trenches because it is awfully tiresome, just the same thing mile after mile. So we were impatient to get away back of the German lines and see what had gone on there.

Well, you have to hand it to those Dutch; they sure are an artistic bunch; they had the most beautiful camps one would want to see. They would pick out a pine woods and build their camp in it. The officers' houses were the most artistic little things—all built out of logs, natural wood railings along all the walks, and the walks lined with white stones. I tell you their camps are a picture—even to their cemeteries are pretty, and always in a pretty place. But here is the Dutchman all over: his camp was as pretty as could be but he spared no pains in making everything French as ugly as he could. For one whole day we traveled behind the German lines and not once did I see a building that even looked half-way whole. Of course, in every camp they had their dugout shelters, and they were the same as the rest, just as comfortable as could be.

That the German had no idea of ever going back was evidenced by the signs at the crossroads. On the French side it was hard as the dickens to find your way, but over on the German side every crossroad has a sign-board as big as a house with the name of the towns and an arrow pointing to it. But even tho the signs were there, they only directed you to a bunch of stones. We stopt at nearly all of them, and bummed around for awhile. The desolation was terrible, really made one want to get away as soon as possible. I walked around and through lots of the buildings — hand - grenades everywhere. German guns, bullets, everything but the Dutchman himself—and even you could see where they had chiseled the iron gates of the walls and buildings out of the stone posts, and in all my rummaging around I didn't find a piece of iron as big as my thumb, except arms.

We were going up to Verdun from there, but I decided I'd seen enough because there was lots more to see before we got back to the French lines again, so we started back.

Nothing is more monotonous to the eye than ugly things, and where everything around one is ugly he soon wants to flee. We traveled over some of the roads the Germans retreated over in 1915. Every tree cut down for miles upon miles, and the dead trees lying in the field. All the trees when they were not cut down are only stumps anyway. Nothing could even live around that hill. Coming back we came to the last German stronghold before Reims. If you could turn the ocean, at it's roughest, to something solid it would give you some idea of how that country looked. As far as your eye could see it was that way, tanks lying broken open, dead horses, guns, cannons, destruction to the *n*th power—terrible does not describe it.

I saw so much, and it impress me so, that I told the driver to speed her up, so that we could get back to that part of the country that had some semblance to God's country. Never before did I fully realize how the French have suffered. Where are the countless hundreds of thousands of people that lived in all those towns? I closed my eyes on the whole thing because one would have to be dead to accustom himself to such surroundings. So we sped on, and after nine hours of hard going I found myself again in Rimancourt, a bigger, wiser, and, I think, just a little bit better man than I was when I left a couple of days before.

Private Al Sabin, of Battery F, 149th F. A., whose job, at last reports, consisted of driving four mules attached to a rolling kitchen and being "married to a whistle," writes joysomely to a friend in Chicago of matters at the front. His letter, written while shells were still falling free, is naturally more cheerful than most of the letters received since peace left the soldiers with little to do but "wait around." Private Sabin's battery was in several strenuous actions shortly before he wrote this letter, but he seems to be more interested in the subject of genuine United States candy:

Yesterday the box of candy arrived, which I was glad to get. Tell whoever packed it that the assortment was a work of art. I went about four feet off the ground all at once, when I saw that box. Did you ever try French chocolate or candy? To say that it is "rotten" is putting it mildly. Very often—as for the past two months—we are located so that we can not even buy Frog stuff, so you can realize my exuberance at seeing some of the Simon-pure article appearing on the scene—I could have disposed of that box for two hundred francs without any trouble at all, but you can bank your bottom iron, Honey, that I didn't. I don't know whether you realize the rep that your candy has with the troops from the Mid-West. If you could only transplant a couple of your stores over here and supply the demand for about three pay-days, old John D. would be about $3.52 short to buy you out. The feed that you outlined in your letter sure holds forth a world of inducements—I'll sure be there with my hair in a braid and give you all a classic exhibition of how to do justice to it.

So Sylvia is playing the Navy now. Probably the blue uniform with the flapping breeches appeals more to her than the plain O. D. of the Army does—I'm off of her for life. Way back last Christmas I sent her a card telling her how much more I preferred the French in America, to the French in France, etc. Now, honestly, it was a real good line—but it never evoked as much as how-do-you-do from her.

The mother tells me that she is to teach camp cooking to prospective honor boys. That ought to be easy—all she needs is a frying pan, a gob of grease, some spuds, and a can of corned horse. If she gives them anything more elaborate than that it's a waste of time for that's all they will have to work with over here. In the artillery we usually manage to keep our rolling kitchen going, but the dough-boys live on iron rations a good share of the time they are on the front, that is, during an advance. In sector warfare their chow is cooked behind the lines and carried up to them in marmit cans, which are practically the same thing as a huge thermos bottle, that is, they work on the same principle.

A year ago to-day we left the States and now we are entitled to wear two service chevrons, which is more than most of the outfits in the A. E. F. are sporting at the present time. We have fought a pretty hard war the last six months and the outfit is beginning to look a little the worse for wear and tear. The longer we are in this mess the more we appreciate the merits and capabilities of Colonel Reilly. We used to cuss when we had to wear steel helmets and dress up to snuff, but as a result of it all we have built up a reputation that many outfits envy, and more than one lad owes his life to the Colonel's forethought and management. We are still up and at 'em and able to follow the *Boche* up just as fast as they can run. It is getting to be a common sight to see detachments of *Boche* prisoners being marched to the rear. Most of them look pretty well done up. A year ago I would have felt sorry for them, now I don't even sympathize with them. It's the same way with captured guns and ammunition. One of the best sports I know of is tossing their own hardware back at them. We had to take it ourselves last spring when the

Another Shortage of Hudson Super-Sixes

MANY times during the past three years, premiums have been paid for prompt delivery of Super-Sixes. We again confront a similar condition.

No open car models are to be built for some time. The present limited factory production is concentrated on closed models for which there is immediate demand.

$2,200 for the seven-passenger model gives it a distinctive value

Spring is only a few weeks off. No Hudson dealer has enough cars to meet the first few days requirements when spring buying gets under way.

Men are getting to realize that situation. They are buying their open cars now. They take no chances on deliveries in the face of the known limited stocks, and the fact that the factory will not be able to resume full production before June.

It isn't hard to understand the cause for this situation, peculiar and we believe exclusive to Hudson in the fine car class. It is due entirely to the value of the Super-Six as gauged by its performances, its reputation, its endurance and its cost.

There is nothing fictitious about its value. It has never been necessary to stimulate its sales by manipulating its selling price. Its price has not even been influenced by the measure of its performance. Had that been so, then it should be the highest priced car in the field, for hasn't it established every worth-while record?

What other car has equaled it?

Super-Six prices are based on costs. The present price of $2,200 for the seven-passenger phaeton, thousands of owners will tell you, is the best value on the market.

And those same owners will advise you to order your Super-Six now.

Production is limited and sales at this early season equals the present output.

HUDSON SUPER SIX REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.

Hudson Motor Car Company

Detroit, Michigan

60,000 Super-Sixes are now identified by the White Triangle

(1004)

Carey ROOFINGS *are* Scientific!

ASPHALT

ASBESTOS

WOOL FELT

UNTIL comparatively recent times men have taken thatch, skins, bamboo, wood, slate or stone in their natural states and used them for roofing with all their natural drawbacks.

Carey scientifically selects elastic asphalt, flexible felt, impervious enduring cement, fire resisting asbestos rock—and gives the world amalgamated roofing. Virtues combined—the faults of old style roofing materials eliminated.

You get fire resisting qualities without the weight of slate, tile or stone. You get the lightness of shingles without the tendency to rot or curl. You get a weather resisting roof for flat surfaces that does not wash away like gravel or run like tar.

You get a scientific roof—ice, heat, and gas resisting—adapted to any climate. There is a style to meet the needs of every type of building.

Every Carey product listed below is a product of brains, machinery and science, and is backed by 45 years of research and successful manufacturing experience. See or write a Carey Distributor or write us about your possible needs.

Carey Building Materials

Carried in stock by the Distributors listed below

Asbestos Built-Up Roofs
Feltex Asphalt Felts
Elastite Expansion Joint
Manco Asphalt
Wallboard
Roofing Paints
Insulating Papers
Asphalt Built-Up Roofs
Asfaltslate Shingles
Carey Flexible Cm't Rfg.
Fibre Coating for Roofs
Fiberock Asbestos Felts
Asbestos Materials
Rubber Roofings
Damp-Proofing Comp'ds
85% Magnesia Pipe and Boiler Coverings

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DISTRIBUTORS

Atlanta	R. O. Campbell Coal Co.
Baltimore	The Philip Carey Co.
Birmingham	Young & Vann Supply Co.
Boston	Brockway-Smith Corporation
Boston	The Philip Carey Co.
Buffalo	The Carey Co.
Charlotte	Charlotte Supply Co.
Chattanooga	James Supply Co.
Chicago	The Philip Carey Co.
Cincinnati	The Breese Bros. Co.
Cincinnati	R. E. Kramig & Co.
Cleveland	The Carey Co.
Dallas	Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co
Denver	H. W. Moore & Co.
Detroit	The Carey Co.
Havana	The Kelmah Co.
Houston	Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.
Jacksonville	Cameron & Barkley Co.
Kansas City	The Philip Carey Co.
Knoxville	W. W. Woodruff Hardware Co.
Los Angeles	Warren & Bailey Co.
Louisville	R. B. Tyler Co.
Memphis	Fischer Lime & Cement Co.
Minneapolis	W. S. Nott Co.
Montreal	Wm. Rutherford & Sons Co.
Nashville	T. L. Herbert & Sons
New Orleans	Woodward, Wight & Co.
New York	Robert A. Keasbey Co.
New York (Export)	The Kelric Co.
New York	The Philip Carey Co.
Oklahoma City	A. M. DeBolt
Omaha	Sunderland Mach'ry & Supply Co.
Philadelphia	American Insulation Co.
Philadelphia	The Philip Carey Co.
Pittsburgh	American Insulation Co.
Pittsburgh	The Philip Carey Co.
St. Louis	The Philip Carey Co.
Salt Lake City	Galigher Mach'ry Co.
San Antonio	Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.
San Francisco	West. Asbestos Magnesia Co.
Seattle	Savage, Scofield Co.
Spokane	Nott-Atwater Co.
Tacoma	Savage, Scofield Co.
Tampa	Cameron & Barkley Co.
Toledo	The Carey Co.
Toronto	The Philip Carey Co.
Washington	Asbestos Covering Co.
Wheeling	The Philip Carey Co.
Little Rock	Fischer Lime & Cement Co.

Boches were using up Allied stores captured from Russia.

There goes the whistle, I'll have to knock off and go graze my mules. I have a new job. I am driving four mules on the rolling kitchen. It is the first time I have ever worked mules to amount to anything. They are the personification of orneriness, but I like 'em and we get along together pretty well; our relationship improves every day—as I get to know them and their individual characteristics better. The first few days they certainly tried my patience to the breaking-point.

In civil life lots of people kick about being married to an alarm clock—it's just the same in the Army—one is married to a whistle, which the "top-soak" seems to take fiendish delight in blowing at all hours of the day and night.

"NAT" GOODWIN, ALMOST A GREAT AMERICAN ACTOR

FIRST place among contemporary comedians is conceded to Nathaniel C. Goodwin, familiarly known as "Nat" Goodwin by his friends and the public at large, whose recent death in New York City called forth newspaper comment all over the country; but he might have been much more than that, agree most of the commentators who seriously consider his place in the history of American acting. "He belonged to that famous group of which he alone was left when Joseph Jefferson ceased to act," comments the New York *Sun*, and the New York *Morning Telegraph*, known as a theatrical authority, asserts that "had he possest the earnestness of W. S. Hart, or the painstaking care in his professional work of Mr. Faversham, he would have reached the head of his profession and remained there." In spite of his inclination to "take things easy and enjoy life," however, he was as popular as "any man on the stage, and better liked than most." *The Telegraph* records the accident, which happened four years ago, eventually responsible for his death:

> At that time Mr. Goodwin was struck in the eye by a cork while opening a bottle of champagne. The resulting affection necessitated the constant use of an eyewash. Last fall, while playing in "Why Marry?" in Indianapolis, his valet by mistake gave him a poisonous liniment instead of the harmless wash. An abscess was formed and the removal of one eye was necessary in order to save the sight of the other.

Boston, where he was born July 25, 1857, the actor always considered his "real home," says *The Sun*, which follows his career, beginning with his early school days:

> He attended public schools in Boston when a small boy, and later studied in a private school at Farmington, Me. Then he went back to Boston and worked for a short time as clerk in a dry-goods house, or long enough to save a sufficient sum to take him to New York, where he had hopes of getting a theatrical engagement.
>
> His first try at the drama, however, got him no further than a job as general utility man in a stock company at the old Niblo's Garden in 1872. He had been here

only a little while when he returned to Boston and was engaged to play his first part. The rôle, that of a newsy, was largely what is known as a "thinking part" in the late Stuart Robson's production of "The Law in New York," and it was in this piece that young Goodwin made his first appearance, March 5, 1873, at the old Howard Athenæum, Boston.

Not long thereafter came an engagement that promised better things. It ended disastrously. The play was a piece called "The Bottle," and the fledgling actor came on the stage in what was to have been his first real speaking part one night at Providence, R. I. Stage fright in most violent form seized Goodwin as he opened his lips to speak his first line. His vocables failed him and in full view of the audience he fainted from sheer terror.

A furious manager dragged him off the stage and discharged him. Back to Boston went Nat Goodwin that night and again he became a shop clerk. A natural born player, however, he soon began to appear at "private" performances, where he gave readings and imitations of famous actors of the day. His remarkable powers as a mimic and yarn-spinner—until his death he was one of the best story-tellers on or off the stage—gave him a local fame in Boston which soon brought him to the attention of theatrical men.

A professional engagement to give in public the imitations which had so delighted more intimate Boston audiences might be said to have been the beginning of his career. For a few years, or until 1879, he played low-comedy parts in a delightful way and then branched out as *Modus* in "The Hunchback," and as a *Grave-digger* in a performance of "Hamlet" produced at the Cincinnati American Dramatic Festival of 1883.

Older theatergoers will remember him here in the Bijou Theater in 1885. Five years later he was delighting London audiences in "A Gold Mine," "The Bookmaker," and "The Nominee." Shortly thereafter he was starred as *Captain Crosstree* in "Black-Eyed Susan."

Then on through the '90s he was the star of many successes—"Nathan Hale," "A Gilded Fool," "Evangeline," "In Mizzoura," "David Garrick," "The Rivals," "The Cowboy and the Lady," "When We Were Twenty-one"—in 1900—and many other notable performances.

A few years earlier it had come to be the fashion to say of Nat Goodwin: "He is the logical successor to Joseph Jefferson." He continued into the new century, playing *Shylock* in "The Merchant of Venice," *Bottom* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," a starring tour on "Beauty and the Barge," "Wolfville," "The Genius," "The Master Hand," and "The Easterner."

But his habits of life, carelessness, a love of conviviality, unusual marital ventures—all these things combined to turn great success to comparative failure. No student of good acting ever doubted his great abilities, approaching at times positive genius, in the rendition of comedy rôles; and it is quite within the possibilities that if he had elected to rule his life differently he might have gone down in stage annals as the foremost comedian on the American stage. But even in his comedy work, and particularly when he attempted the pathos which goes hand in hand with all good comedy, there was a lack of sincerity at times, especially in late years, which mitigated against the stupendous success which his earlier admirers had predicted for him.

Also his more serious efforts suffered

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THOSE near and dear—are they protected in your absence? Can they snap out the lights, certain of their security? Easy in mind, with no thought of the *creaks and whispers* of a house asleep? Will they have the *confidence* that results from the use of Yale Builders' Locks and Hardware?

Your plans for that cozy home provide for comfort and convenience. Add to these that comforting sense of security and freedom from intrusion by providing for Yale Builders' Locks and Hardware.

You will stimulate a taste for better things with "Yale." In your home you will carry on the influences with which you want to surround yourself and family. For Yale Hardware is correct in design, proportion and finish.

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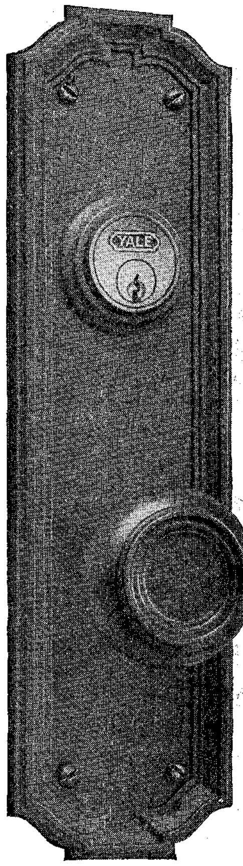

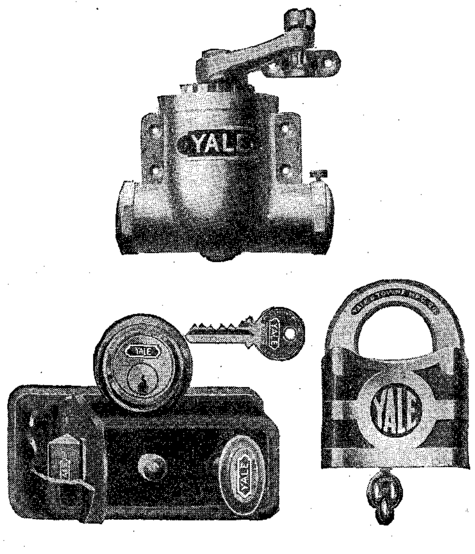

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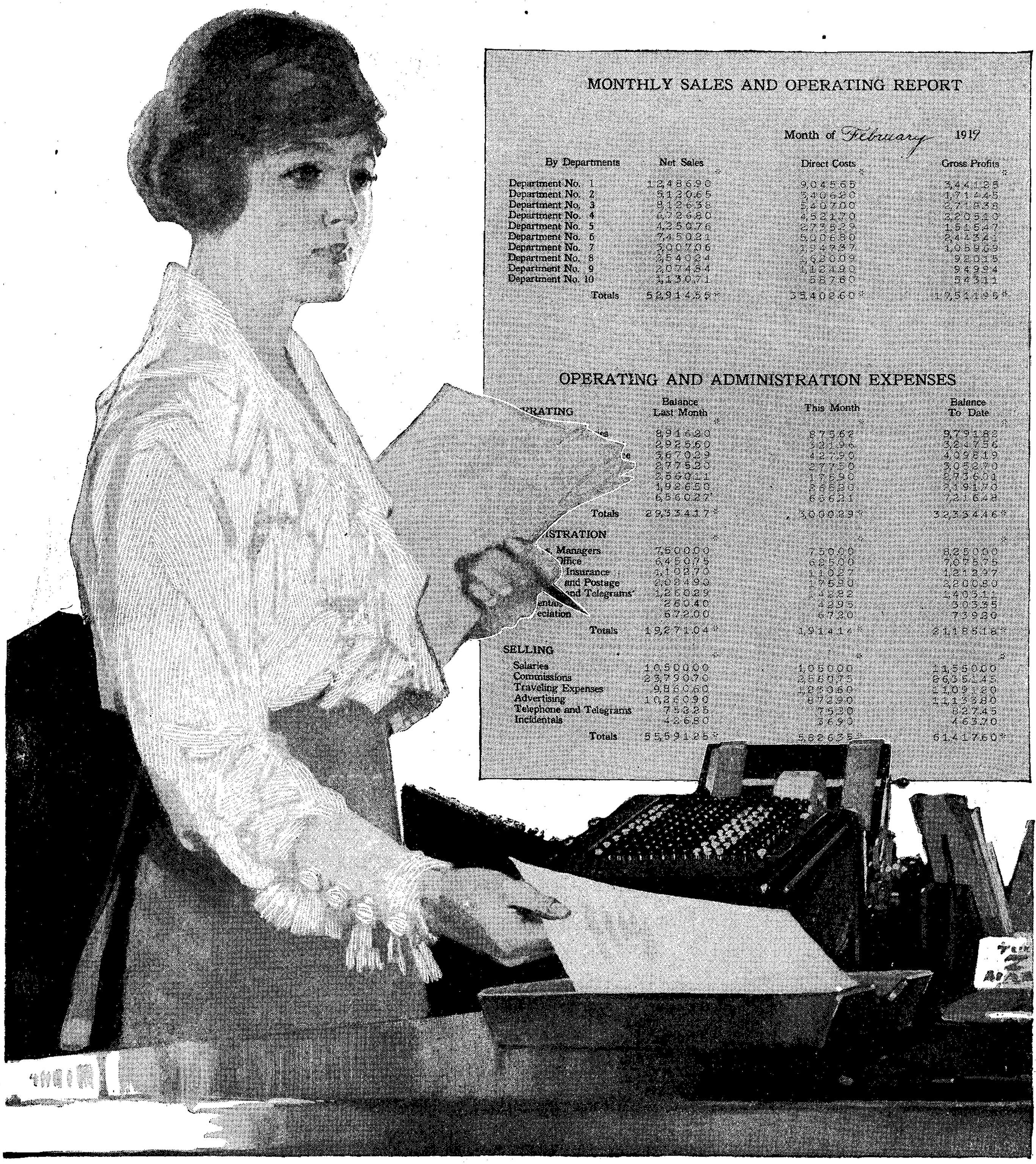
Facts that Speak



MONTHLY SALES AND OPERATING REPORT

Month of February 1919

By Departments	Net Sales	Direct Costs	Gross Profits
Department No. 1	12,486.90	9,045.65	3,441.25
Department No. 2	5,120.65	3,406.20	1,714.45
Department No. 3	8,126.38	5,407.00	2,718.38
Department No. 4	6,726.80	4,521.70	2,205.10
Department No. 5	4,250.76	2,735.29	1,515.47
Department No. 6	7,450.21	5,006.80	2,443.41
Department No. 7	3,007.06	1,947.37	1,059.69
Department No. 8	2,540.24	1,620.09	920.15
Department No. 9	2,074.84	1,124.90	949.94
Department No. 10	1,130.71	587.60	543.11
Totals	52,914.55*	35,402.60*	17,511.95*

OPERATING AND ADMINISTRATION EXPENSES

RATING	Balance Last Month	This Month	Balance To Date
ies	8,916.20	873.62	9,791.82
	2,925.60	321.96	3,247.56
ce	3,670.29	427.90	4,098.19
	2,775.20	277.50	3,052.70
	2,560.11	175.90	2,736.01
	1,926.50	265.20	2,191.70
	6,560.27	656.21	7,216.48
Totals	29,334.17*	3,000.29*	32,334.46*
ISTRATION			
s, Managers	7,500.00	750.00	8,250.00
Office	6,450.75	625.00	7,075.75
Insurance	1,102.70	110.27	1,212.97
and Postage	2,024.90	175.90	2,200.80
nd Telegrams	1,260.29	142.82	1,403.11
ntals	260.40	42.95	303.35
eciation	672.00	67.20	739.20
Totals	19,271.04*	1,914.14*	21,185.18*
SELLING			
Salaries	10,500.00	1,050.00	11,550.00
Commissions	23,790.70	2,560.75	26,351.45
Traveling Expenses	9,860.60	1,230.60	11,091.20
Advertising	10,260.90	872.90	11,133.80
Telephone and Telegrams	752.25	75.20	827.45
Incidentals	426.80	36.90	463.70
Totals	55,591.25*	5,826.35*	61,417.60*

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PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME

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"Get the figures."

The time has gone by when an executive acts on anything except facts that can be expressed in positive form.

Every business question in factory, store or office hinges on, or comes back to, facts that speak in figures.

The preparation of those figures is the job of Burroughs Machines—and without the speed and accuracy of *machine-methods* of figuring, business could not be what it is.

Burroughs Machines not only take care of the daily routine of business—posting yesterday's transactions, recording costs and pay rolls and inventories, and doing all the daily jobs of miscellaneous figuring—but they also prepare the controlling reports and statements and compilations of facts that are the "raw materials," so to speak, of management.

The great corporation, with scores of factories, uses Burroughs Machines to its profit—and so does the one-man grocery store around the corner; for there are Burroughs Machines for every figure-job in business.

The Burroughs way of handling business facts and business figures is worth consideration in your own business. Any Burroughs office will be glad to help you get at the application of the principle to your work, and can doubtless show you how your own problems have been answered in other concerns.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME

PRICED AS
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Burroughs

from the notoriety which his many marriages attached to his name. First he married Miss Eliza Weathersby, a burlesque performer, who died in 1887. A year later he married Mrs. Nellie Pease (Miss Nellie R. Baker), whose first husband, Edward Pease, was the youngest son of F. S. Pease, a large owner of Standard Oil stock. In 1896 Goodwin, when playing Australia, had his lawyer bring a divorce action against the second Mrs. Goodwin in California.

Maxine Elliott was the third Mrs. Goodwin. The actor and Miss Elliott were married at Cleveland in 1898. The actress was formerly the wife of George A. McDermott, a lawyer, until the divorce courts separated them. Goodwin and his third wife were divorced in 1908. On November 8, 1908, he was married to his fourth wife, Miss Edna Goodrich, in his mother's home in Boston.

The fourth marriage lasted only two years, Mrs. Edna Goodwin bringing suit for divorce against the actor in December, 1910. In California in 1912 Goodwin was thrown out of a boat and badly injured when dashed against some rocks on the Santa Monica shore. Miss Margaret Moreland, an actress, nursed him back to health, and thereupon Goodwin took Miss Moreland as his fifth wife. Recently they were divorced.

After his fifth marital venture Goodwin did not hesitate to air his private affairs in a book entitled "Why Beautiful Women Marry Nat Goodwin." The actor-author characterized his various wives pithily in the volume and the book attained wide notoriety. Altho he had made more than one fortune on the stage he was in financial difficulties frequently during the last ten or more years. He had no children.

CHATTY GERMAN AVIATOR VISITS AMERICAN BATTERY

A *BOCHE* aviator who dropt in for lunch and a confidential chat with an American heavy artillery unit, shortly before the signing of the armistice, furnished one of the most human episodes of the last days of the war. The story is told by Capt. H. C. McLeod, in command of Battery A, 53rd Artillery, C. A. C., a unit which returned not long since, after considerable experience in bombarding the German lines with 400-millimeter howitzer shells, and being bombarded in return with German hardware too numerous to mention. *Liason* (New York), "The Courier of the Big Gun Corps," publishes the Captain's story:

It happened on November 9, 1918. We were occupying a position near Verdun from which we had been steadily shelling the Germans in Jemelle d'Ornes since September 26, the Germans holding on tenaciously under our heavy fire. Orders came to move and we were taking up our guns to join the Second Army in the attack on Metz. The morning was foggy and the officers and men of the battery were busying themselves in the preparations for moving when suddenly our activities were arrested by the hum of plane overhead which we identified as a *Fokker* single-seater. It passed over us at an altitude of about one thousand meters, circled, and returned toward the *Boche* lines; circled again, and flew directly over our heads at an altitude of only about one hundred feet. There was a mad rush for machine guns, for we expected him to open fire on us and, as a matter of fact, we were pretty much at his mercy. However, he fired not a shot and, to our utter amazement, landed in a near-by field.

A number of us ran over to the field and called to him to surrender. It is a strange coincidence that the rifle which covered him happened to be a captured *Boche* rifle which some one had picked up in our rush for arms. The German had jumped out of his plane before we arrived and stood calmly waiting for us. He made no resistance and stood there smiling with his hands over his head. His uniform denoted him to be a first lieutenant in the aviation service, and he was a tall, handsome fellow about twenty-six years old with a typical Prussian military bearing.

We interrogated him in French and he replied in the perfect French of a native Frenchman. We tried English on him and he answered our questions in fairly good English. We asked him for an explanation of his unusual mode of dropping in on us, and he told us that he was lost in the fog and could not locate the direction of his own lines, his compass being broken. He had flown low over our battery in the hope that he might identify it and thus locate his own lines. In addition to being lost his plane had suddenly developed engine trouble, making an immediate landing necessary. An examination of his compass proved that it was broken and verified the truth of his statement regarding it.

We brought him back to the battery with us where he was an object of extreme curiosity to the men who lined up on both sides and eyed him keenly. Mess was being served, so we invited him to eat with us. It was an odd meal, with this strange prisoner-guest in our midst, but it gave us an opportunity for informal conversation and questioning him. He told us that he was a Prussian baron, his home being in Berlin, and that he had been flying for the German Army for three years, having shot down six Allied planes during that time. He had recently lost a brother in action. He had secured a short leave to visit his sister in Étain and while there he had been prest into service to fly for the army opposing us. We asked him what had been his purpose in flying over our lines and he replied that he had been instructed to get information regarding the development of the American attack and to shoot down any Allied planes which he might encounter.

All of his answers were given in a frank and truthful manner which impress us and we thought that except for the fact that he was a Hun he might have been a gentleman and a very likable sort of a chap. We asked him if he expected that we were going to kill him, and he laughed. Speaking of the food-conditions in Germany, he told us that the German soldiers had plenty to eat but that the civilian population had enough but none to spare. He stated very candidly that he believed the German submarine campaign which forced the United States into the war was a gross mistake and that he had always been entirely out of sympathy with it. We asked him whether the German people were in sympathy with continuing the war and he said that he did not think so, but that they feared the military authorities who were in absolute power. We also asked him how many American troops he thought were in France and he startled us by replying 2,300,000; at the time there were actually 2,200,000 American troops in France.

After mess we gave him plenty of cigarets, all he could possibly smoke for a week, and he thanked us profusely, remarking that the American cigarets were vastly superior to the German. We next took him to the headquarters of Colonel McMillan, commanding Groupement McMillan, for cross-examination.

"Were you in Étain?" asked the Colonel.

"Yes," replied the prisoner.

"Did you see whether any shells had fallen in the town?" queried Colonel McMillan.

"Yes, many," answered the Baron-aviator.

"Did they hit any buildings?"

"Yes, several."

"Did any shells fall around the railroad-station?"

"Yes."

"Did any of the shells hit the railroad-tracks?" asked the Colonel.

It might be well to explain here that one of the objects of our fire was to destroy this particular railroad-track.

To this question the German replied that he did not see. This evasive answer did not seem to please Colonel McMillan and he asked the same question again in a slightly different way, receiving the same evasive answer. This seemed to put the German on his guard, and all the rest of his answers to Colonel McMillan's questions were evasive so that the Colonel finally ended the interview.

After this I took the Baron back to my quarters, plied him with smokes, and soon had him engaged in informal conversation. I asked him what he thought of the fact that I was soon to return to the United States to bring back more troops. He replied that it would not be necessary to bring over any more troops as the war would no doubt be over in a few weeks.

This proved to be a true prediction. He also told me that Bavaria had formed a separate state and that the sailors on the German war-ships in the Kiel Canal had revolted. The truth of both of these statements was borne out by press dispatches within two days.

At this point several aviators, both American and French, came in and I beheld one of the most remarkable things that I have seen in France, for they greeted each other almost like long-lost brothers. It was indeed wonderful, this strange feeling of fraternity between aviators. Here were enemy fliers, victors of many thrilling air-duels and ready at a moment's notice to give battle to each other, now greeting one another like friends from the old home town. I asked the German how he regarded the aviators of the Allied nations, and he said that the British were the best, even better than the Germans, and that the Americans and French were about on equal footing. Turning to the American and French aviators, he said:

"With my plane out there I would not mind tackling two of you in the air." They all laughed over this as if it were a good joke.

Before leaving us our prisoner gave us all souvenirs to remember him by, such as German coins and other little personal trinkets. Altho he told us that he had been decorated with the Iron Cross he did not wear it. The only personal jewelry he had was a small gold medal awarded for scholarship in school and his baron's ring, which, of course, we did not take. That afternoon we turned him over to the Intelligence Department and I believe he was placed in the officers' prison.

Why Tractor Makers Choose Oliver Implements

Scene at National Tractor Demonstration, Showing Tractors Working with Oliver Plows

Every year—at the National Tractor Demonstration—tractors and tractor implements have a public opportunity to prove their merits.

Prospective buyers from all parts of the country are in attendance.

Tractor manufacturers are especially anxious that their products show maximum efficiency.

They realize that their success depends upon the quality of the plowing and seed bed preparation—that the performance of the tractor is often gauged entirely by these facts.

Naturally they select the tractor implements that will work with their tractor to the best possible advantage.

Actual test has proved to them that these implements are—Oliver.

This increasing recognition of Oliver by tractor manufacturers is best evidenced by the records of successive tractor demonstrations.

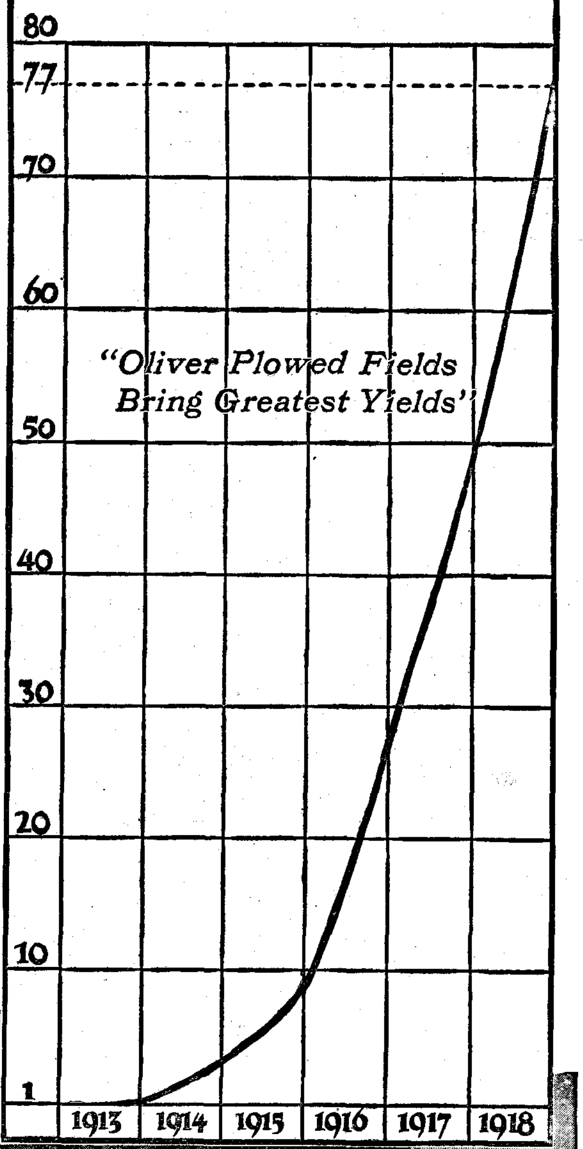
At the National Tractor Demonstration in 1913 there was but one tractor that pulled an Oliver implement. On the strength of that single showing, and the Oliver organization's unequalled equipment for the task in hand—keeping pace with the great tractor industry—the popularity of the Oliver line has steadily risen.

Dominance was reached in 1918 when 85% of the tractors at the National Tractor Demonstration at Salina, Kansas, pulled Oliver tractor implements.

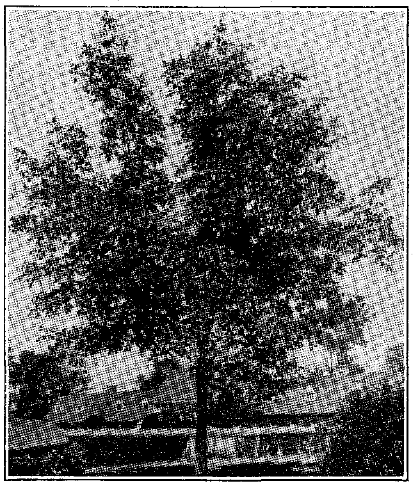
Endorsement so unanimous and authoritative can admit of only one verdict: Oliver Plows are the most advantageous for use with tractors—and the *best* seed bed preparation is secured through the use of Oliver tractor implements.

Oliver Chilled Plow Works
South Bend, Indiana

Chart showing number of tractors pulling Oliver implements at National Demonstrations 1913-1918.



OLIVER
Tractor Implements


A Beautiful English Walnut Tree in Washington's Garden, Mt. Vernon.

The Great Washington

probably did not know that an acre (50 trees) of

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will produce in a single year food equal to 60,000 eggs (as asserted by Dr. J. H. Kellog), but he did know the great value of nut trees and planted them around his home at Mt. Vernon. *You* may not know that at Rochester we have highly developed under severe climatic conditions the

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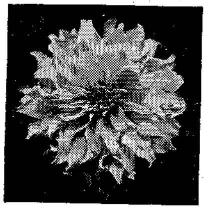

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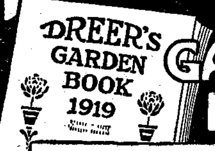
DREER'S 1919 GARDEN BOOK



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HENRY A. DREER
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CLOSING NORTH SEA WITH MINES WAS THE JOB OF THE "GOB"

THE greatest mine-field ever laid, the one that closed the northern outlet of the North Sea to German submarines, was the result of American invention, and the actual work was done by Yankee sailormen. "Gobs," meaning Yanks who are still green at the business of sailoring, did a big part of the job, and incidentally enlivened the Scottish shores near by with typical gobbish pranks, and quite as typical yarns of the glories of Kokomo, Indiana, and Waco, Texas. New York City was also represented, and one of her gob sons recently took time enough off from singing her praises to the Scotch inhabitants to write back home an intimate story of how the big mine-barrier was laid down. His story, together with his references to allied Scotch and American matters, appeared in the New York *Evening Sun*. It begins with the establishment of two bases:

American naval officers chose Inverness and Invergordon, a few miles apart from each other in the northern part of Scotland, with access to the submarine-infested North Sea by way of Moray Firth.

Inverness, selected as the situation for Base 18, looks out upon a firth which bears the name of the town and is cradled by the outer fringe of the Highlands of Scotland. The Ness River, with all its scenic beauty, winds through the heart of the city, while the famous Caledonian Canal skirts an outer edge in finding its way to open water.

Base 18 was situated at the point where the canal enters Inverness Firth and beside the tracks of the Caledonia Railway, thus giving the base the advantage of both systems of transportation.

The mining project required bases at which every want and requirement could be complied with, the assembling of the mines, the upkeep of the ships which laid them, and the care of the men who did the work. Each base was a machine shop, a storehouse, a railroad yard with a busy water-front, a supply station, and a home for the sailors, all in one.

One reason for selecting this spot was that it solved the problem of barracks for the 1,100 sailors needed to carry on the work. On the premises was an extensive distillery in temporary disuse because of the inhibition on distilling in force in Great Britain. The Americans transformed the plant of J. Barleycorn & Co., Ltd., into an up-to-date home for Uncle Sam's seagoing nephews.

There is no doubt that there were those among the gobs who deemed this transformation nothing short of an act of profanation. Think of destroying a perfectly good distillery just to make a place in which to work and sleep!

The first job on their hands consisted of removing 6,000 barrels of Old Scotch whisky from the buildings to be transferred elsewhere. The mines were soon to arrive, and it was feared the proximity of two deadly explosives to each other would be fatal. The whisky would have to go.

The barracks established, the next step was to construct the sheds wherein the mines were to be assembled preparatory to being placed on the mine-layers

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Garden Lovers who do not have the Sixth Edition (issue of 1918) may secure a complimentary copy if they send me their name and address.

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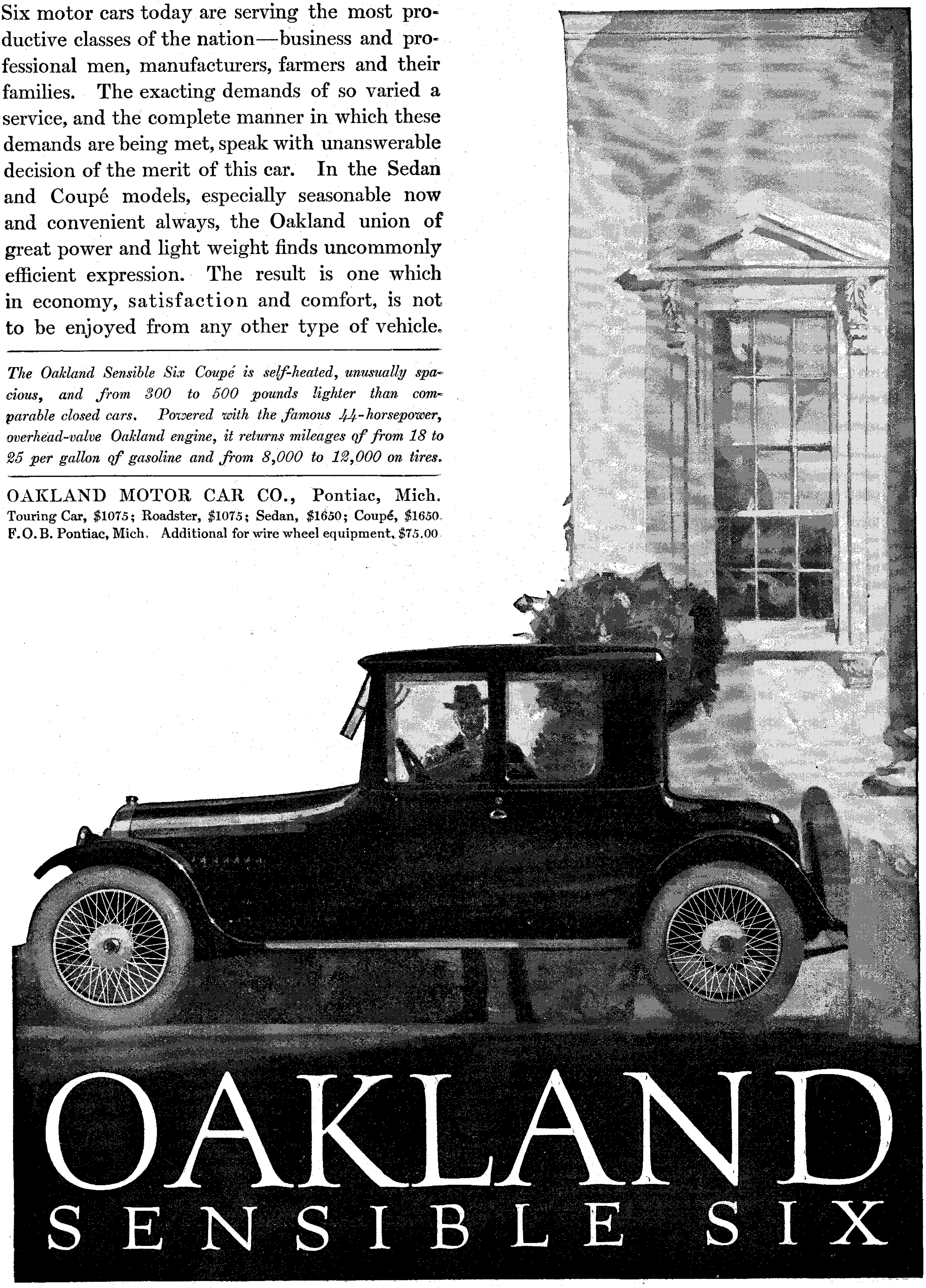

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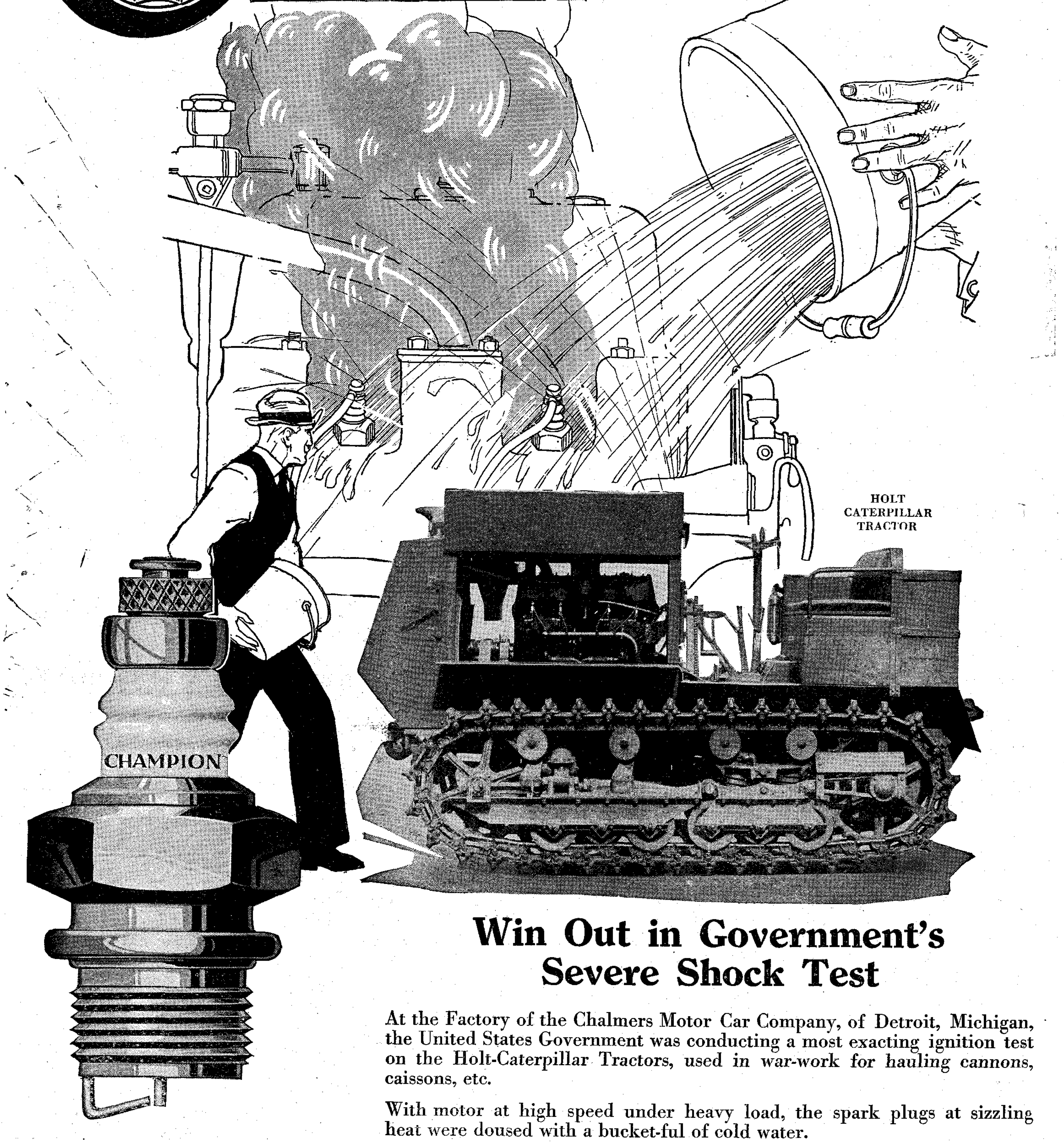

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and started on their way for their christening in the North Sea. With the sheds completed and drafts of sailors arriving rapidly from the United States and from other American naval bases in Europe, everything was in readiness for the big job.

The mines began to arrive, coming by the way of the canal and by rail from ports on the other side of Scotland. At first the mines were regarded with much respect by the men. The top of the affair, or "egg," was the part which was to furnish the excitement and diversion for the *U*-boat crews. The yoke of the "egg" consisted of TNT, the deadly explosive which caused the Halifax disaster.

In the mine it seems innocent enough, resembling black-coated cement. Connected with this stuff were many contrivances which, when their interest was aroused to the proper pitch, whispered something to the TNT, the resultant effect of which was calculated to convert bad Hun submarines into good ones.

At first the men were inclined to talk in whispers when around the mines for fear a conversational concussion of the atmosphere might arouse the ire of the spirit of death which slumbered within. But familiarity breeds contempt. Then, too, the men learned that a blow or concussion will not arouse TNT from placidity unless the proper element of detonation is introduced.

So their attitude changed; the mines were regarded as friendly animals which became angered only when their mechanical senses detected the contaminating presence of a *U*-boat cork. The result was to convince undersea Huns that somebody had pushed the ocean.

By the time the work of assembling the parts of the mines into complete engines of destruction was well under way, the men pushed, pulled, and found lost chords with their hammers in a way that would have given palsy to a layman who realized that inside one "egg" there reposed enough TNT to send the whole base soaring and transfer the men into the aviation branch of the service.

And there are thousands of these mines in a space the size of a city block, enough TNT to make the Halifax explosion seem like a small-town Fourth of July in comparison. Had it ever exploded, people would now be referring to Scotland as "was" instead of "is."

Precautions were taken against air-raids. Anti-aircraft guns were hidden on surrounding hills and many watchful search-lights were ready to send their rays sweeping across the heavens, but the Huns probably thought it wise not to cross the sea this high up with their *Zeppelins*. An occasional *U*-boat would lift his nose above the waves outside the Moray Firth, but they were unable to get near enough to do any damage or learn anything.

The mine-sheds could have been likened to a combination of a munition-plant and Henry Ford's factory. The mines, on a network of tracks and switches, crossovers, and terminals, pass through hundreds of workers, each of whom has his particular task in the process of assembling, whether it came to twisting a gazinkus, hammering a gilhicky, or attaching a gag-jet.

It was hard work and long hours, but the men went at it with the irrepressible American spirit which has done so much to take the joy out of Germany's life, and the work went forward with amazing swiftness. The knowledge that each mine might become an entertainment of one for the reception of some nomadic submarine and its occupants added to the interest of the work.

Of all types and from all walks of life were these mine-workers, at least these mine-workers by temporary profession. As we read:

> Here, fastening on a gag-jet as a mine rolled past him, was a man who, before the war, was a gem-cutter for a jewelry firm.
>
> On his right, tacking on a gilhicky, was a lad whose lot had been to bathe dishes in a quick lunch. To his left was an individual who was hammering on gabobets, but which was a different occupation than the dentistry he had practised "On the Outside," for which he had been trained in a German University.
>
> There was a former bartender whose work speeded up every time he heard the Kaiser's war was making the United States drier and drier. He was making the best of his opportunity to even up the score.
>
> The "everlasting teamwork," which the Allied armies were using so successfully on the Western front, was going forward with a vengeance at the mine bases. The old hard-boiled navy men, sporting their hash marks denoting years of naval service, worked side by side with "Boots," as naval recruits are known, their hammers, sledges, and other "paraphernails" blending into a chorus which was to become a funeral dirge for the seagoing exponents of German *Kultur*.
>
> From the assembly-sheds the mines followed the tracks to the storehouses, where they waited turn for conveyance on lighters to the mine-barrage stretching its long arm across the North Sea to carry out the policy of "They shall not pass!"
>
> It was not all work for the sailors. The United States more than any other country has recognized the fact that recreation is essential in the business of war. The Y. M. C. A. has taken an important place in this phase of the mining operations. At each base there was a "Y" hut with an emblem of invitation, the familiar triangle, advertising diversion and good cheer.
>
> In addition to being an establishment of war, Base 18 was also a home for virtually all the dogs and cats in Inverness who had become orphaned by the war or were forced to seek a haven of refuge because of business reverses or domestic troubles. There is no doubt that the "chow" had considerable to do with the pilgrimage which the canines and felines made to the base.
>
> Meat, of course, was scarce in these parts and the dogs and cats suffered accordingly. One day there came to the base a dog and another day there came a cat. On each occasion the dog and the cat partook of their rations—established themselves as permanent members of the personnel, and then sent out invitations to all their friends to the effect that dinner was served every day to all comers.
>
> One of the greatest institutions in the American Navy is liberty. It ranks with pay-day and chow. By the time the base was well established the streets of Inverness were filled with as many gobs as regular inhabitants. The sailors were popular with the great majority of Scotch people, and many were the homes that were open to them.
>
> No description dealing with the life of an American gob can be complete without recognition of the feminine element. The gob and the girl—if one is

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The gobs in Inverness told the girls all about jazz music and modern dancing, so that the town's dancing styles underwent a change. The old dances were relegated with the wall-flowers, and the one-step, fox-trot, and American waltz became the vogue.

After the American sailors had become firmly established in Inverness they became a fad among the girls. Every "Hieland lassie" had her Yank. They would listen with wide-eyed interest when the gobs explained about the wonders of America.

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FAULTS AND VIRTUES OF ROOSEVELT AS SEEN BY A CALIFORNIA EDITOR

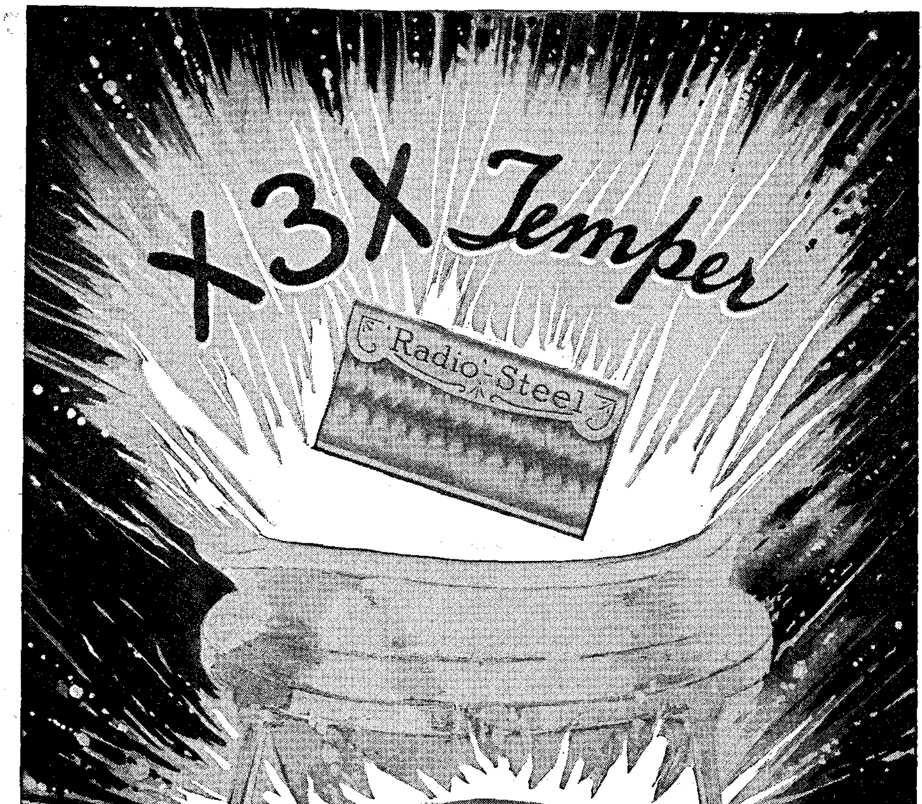
OUT of the beaten track of eulogy comes an appreciation of Col. Theodore Roosevelt from a California paper. "Affectation, brutality, egotism—you were full of all these things!" cries the editor of the San José *News*, with a blustering frankness that might have won the approbation of his subject, and then he rises to such tributes as "one of the heroic gods of American mythology," and "an embodiment of so much that is most crude and good and vital in our American life." Addressing the Roosevelt spirit which, like John Brown's, is still marching on, the far-Western editor writes:

> Theodore Roosevelt, you were not merely a man—you were a great national tradition, an embodiment of the thoughts and feelings of millions of men. You were one of the heroic gods of the American mythology, and with your faults, your tremendous faults, and with your virtues, your tremendous virtues, you clanked your way across our national consciousness even as the rough old gods of the Norsemen clanked their way through the consciousness of those early grapplers with the sea and the wind and the rough things that you yourself loved so well.
>
> Say what we may about you now that you are gone, the fact remains that you were a product of us, the people of America, in the latter decades of the nineteenth century and the early decades of the twentieth. Your preaching of the "strenuous" life, your wondrous hurly-burly, your magnificent grasping for power, your enormous appetite for battle—battle with anything, just so the "scrap" was a hot enough one—are not all these things flesh of our flesh, blood of our blood, and bone of our bone?
>
> You charged up San Juan hill, and that

charge, even when we jest about it, is now part of our national tradition; you said "Bully!" and we all cried out after you, laughing at you and hating you and loving you; you smiled hugely, and we built up a national legend about your very teeth; the very manner in which you said "Delighted" became as much a part of our consciousness as are the sun and moon and stars; you invited a negro to eat with you at the White House, and the entire South screamed at you, and later negro troops did something that you considered wrong, and you were stern, and the entire North shrieked at you; you smashed through the jungles of Africa and South America, and gloried in the blood of animals like a super-butcher; you paraded through all Europe, with the grand old Rooseveltian brass-band blare before you; you came back to us, fell upon politics with the old cowboy "yip" and went down smashingly to defeat; throughout the European War the sound of your thunders almost drowned out the cannonading and the groans of the wounded and dying—but through it all, you were fighting, you were living, you were vitally embodying huge raw sections of American psychology, American life, tradition, and aspiration.

Affectation, brutality, egotism—certainly, you were full of all these things. But there was one thing we all loved about you—and that was your everlasting outspokenness. You consigned your enemies right and left to the Ananias Club, you called our beloved President a traitor in the midst of America's greatest war, you scoffed at the idea of a league of world-peace, and brazenly assured us that there would always be war, and that the only thing to do was to arm ourselves to the teeth and be prepared to blow our enemies to flinders. But how we loved to hear you thunder and howl! Washington was noble and stately, Lincoln homely and humorous, Wilson is eloquent and full of idealism—but when we go through our gallery of national heroes, will not there always be a great statue of you armed with a big stick, but courageous, outspoken, "strenuous," an embodiment of so much that is most crude and good and vital in our American life? Your deeds had the taste of raw meat, your words were like great bellowing winds that come in, rough and keen, from the ocean. You drove words and phrases into our language with the primal force of a caveman hammering the earth with a club snatched from a tree. You smashed us with the word "red-blooded," you buffeted us with that old word "liar," which you gave a new vigor, you taught us what "big stick" meant, you insisted on trying to reform our spelling, our football, our army, our family. What, woman! Thirty years old and no children yet! Be bitterly ashamed. See to it that you bear children to become soldiers who can raise blazes all over the universe! What, you man! Can't you box? Can't you ride a bronco? Can't you shoot? Don't you love to wallow in blood? Shame on you! You're not a man, you're a mollycoddle! Thus it was that you howled at us. And we howled back at you, and called you miserable old blatherskite and soapboxer and imperialist and everything else we could think of. But it was great sport and you loved it, and we loved it. With you alive our American life was a great snowball battle. And we never knew when you would hit us, and when we would hit you. It was all in the game.

And now you are dead. Elephant-



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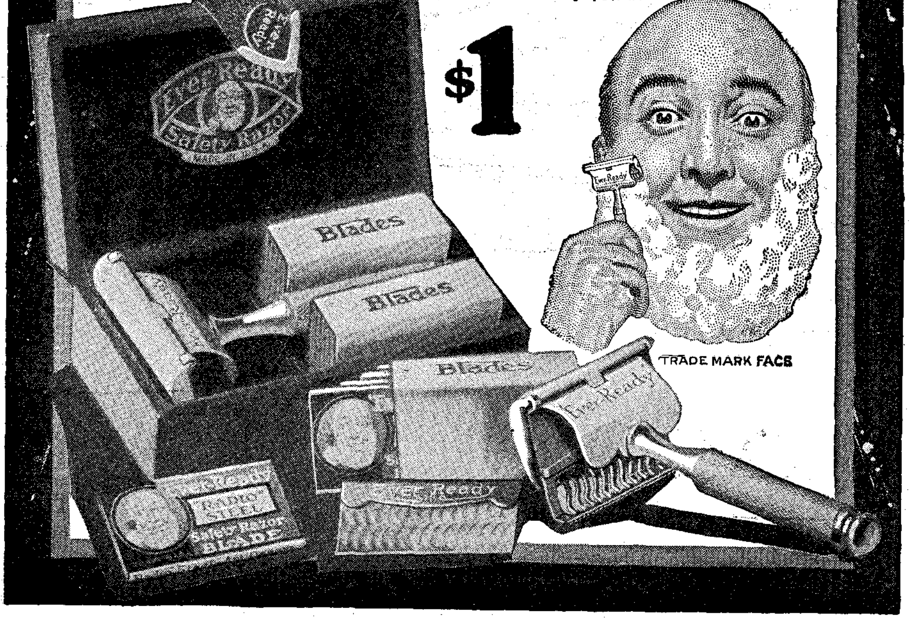

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"This glass stopper furnishes a handy illustration of the tapered construction of a Timken Bearing, which resists end-pressure and offsets the effect of wear.

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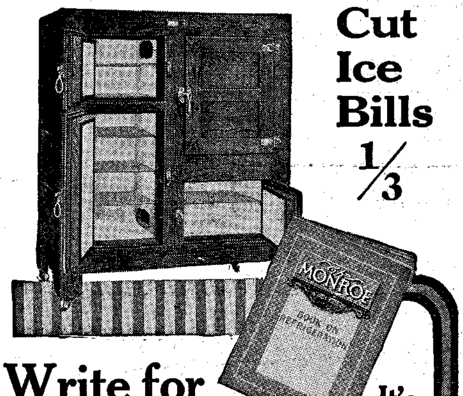
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Theodore Roosevelt—your body is dead, but your soul, it will march on, as John Brown's did—for your soul is all that is strenuous and strong in America.

"JUST SCHULTZ," WHOSE HORNY PALMS MAKE OPERA STARS

TEMPERAMENT is great, art is magnificent, beauty is much to be desired—but what shall all of these things profit a budding operatic star if she have not Schultz? Schultz, plain Schultz, is a molder of destinies, director of popular enthusiasm, leader of applause, at the Metropolitan Opera-house, New York. "A single clap from this powerful operatic figure," says a writer in the New York *Herald*, "has been known to prevent a temperament from developing into a temperature." What follows this single reverberating clap from the horny, hollow hands of Schultz, what are its meanings and ramifications? We read:

> It is a call to arms. From different parts of the house where Mr. Schultz has planted his reserves sharp sallies follow. Behind the scenes a soprano, who is dying of chagrin because of the black, abysmal failure of the piglike audience to appreciate her superb vocal triumph, decides to live a little longer.
>
> She reconsiders her determination, arrived at one moment previously, to throw the opera-score at the conductor, kill her dresser, and sue the manager for something.
>
> After all, the audience is not a collection of cold-hearted Anglo-Saxon icebergs.
>
> It is not composed entirely of lukewarm nonentities who know nothing at all of art, music, life, expression, or beauty.
>
> The applause grows and the soprano dashes onto the stage, warm and radiant, and faces the sweetest audience in the world. It is all heart, melting with tenderness, exquisitely responsive to art and to her.
>
> And who did it? Not the composer, not the conductor, not the singer—just Schultz.
>
> Remember that the audience was absolutely impassive at first. Languid beauties yawned behind their fans. Men in the service sat heavily forward, thought of the manual of arms and failed to realize that the most important event in the world was taking place on the stage at that moment. Matrons abstracted their thoughts from the opera to ruminate sadly on a cookless world. Stolid camels, all of them!
>
> The curtain fell, there was the light percussion of gloved hands and conversations were resumed, just where they were dropt when the overture began. That was all.
>
> And then Schultz! Stationed where he can command a view of his helpers—he gives the reverberating clap of the leader just at the psychological moment—not too soon, so that it would look as if he were afraid the singer would fail of applause; not too late, so that there would be a perceptible break between the *aria* and the response. A moment of silence just after the act or at the conclusion of an important number is often the finest tribute, a pause just long enough to signify that the hearer has been momentarily too much overcome by emotion, induced by the performance, to express his approval at once.
>
> If it should continue too long, oh, blank! oh, awfulness! oh, unforgiving musical artist! oh, Mr. Schultz!
>
> Mr. Schultz is a small, quiet man with light eyes that roll over the standing-room area of the Metropolitan Opera-house with the scrutiny of a general massing his forces for battle. Who has assigned him to his post in the Metropolitan? That is one of the mysteries. Certainly it is not the Opera-house management. Is it, then, the singers? Well, perhaps. Who shall say?
>
> Unannounced he appears and enters upon his life-work. He says nothing. He labors indefatigably. Perhaps twenty men, perhaps more, are stationed in different parts of the house waiting the clap of command. Schultz gives it, and horny-handed men jump into the breach. What is their reward? Often it is no more than admission. For many of these strong-armed men love music so much that they will gladly clap their hands into blisters to pay for the opportunity of hearing it.
>
> Of course, for the leaders of the profession there are more substantial returns. But of this Mr. Schultz will say nothing, altho a somewhat elusive light flickers in his eye when the subject is mentioned.
>
> "Schultz," a candid usher remarked on the situation, "yes, I know him all right. Some of 'em around here pick him for a boob, but I want to tell you that fellow's been bit by a fox, see?"
>
> One saw.
>
> "Certainly a *claque*," sputtered a fiery veteran of the opera company, "absolutely a *claque*, and it is not needed in New York alone. We take it with us when we go on tour, and it interposes between us and the unresponsiveness of a world that is only half-awake to artistic excellence the stimulation of a discriminating appreciation.
>
> "Once we left the *claque* at home. We were going to Boston, and we decided that there, at least, they would understand.
>
> "But what happened? They regarded us through their eyeglasses, subjecting us to an intellectual scrutiny. But did they feel with us? No."
>
> The veteran opera-company member let his open penknife fall on the desk in front of him and the blade penetrated for about two inches.
>
> "The performance fell just like that," he commented, "stuck fast. You see, the Boston audience had taken courses in how to appreciate the opera, but they couldn't express themselves. When *Alfredo* sobbed his soul out over the desertion of *Violetta* they were as responsive as a carp. They could give only a few frozen taps with the tips of their gloves.
>
> "The tenors began biting their nails and bursting into tears on the least provocation, and the sopranos and contraltos were lined up for a go to the finish when somebody thought of sending for Schultz. He arrived with the *claque*, put through one performance, woke up Boston, and set things straight again."
>
> It is therefore plain that it isn't the

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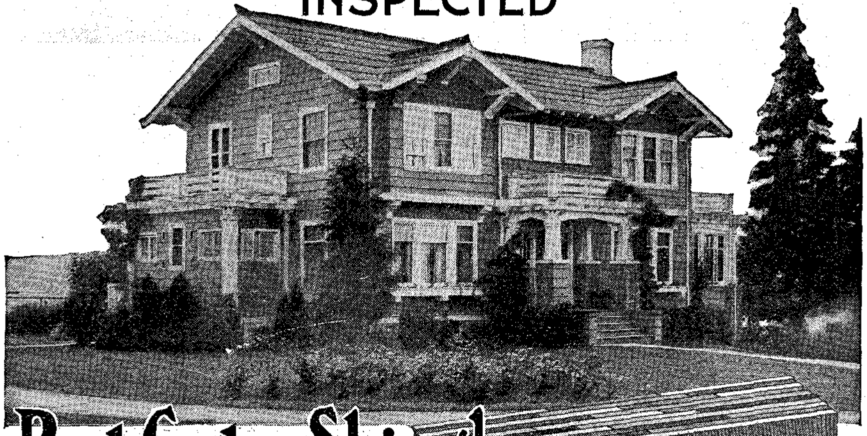

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unpopular singers, or those who are struggling to get along, who particularly need the *claque*. Every one of them needs it at times, and is glad to pay tribute into the palm of Schultz. Some of the most popular singers won't got to a concert without taking their *claque* with them, for fear of a flat performance. Of Caruso, even of Caruso, it is whispered—but why mention one name without mentioning all? And why shouldn't they patronize Schultz? For as a matter of sober fact, insists the writer, the clammish average American audience is as much indebted to the *claque* as is the singer. "The American audience is afraid to show its feelings for anything but football or baseball or a horse-race unless there is a *claque* around to break the ice for it:

> Look at Chicago, for instance. In that town they regard any performance with the jaded eye of a tired business man—an eye that rarely brightens with emotion and is never suffused save under alcoholic stimulant—except when the *claque* gets after it. The fact that the heroine of an opera dies her vocal death to the accompaniment of tears in the audience is almost always due to the circumstances that the *claque* has been busy stirring people up to the point of expressing themselves from the moment that the opera opened.
>
> The fact that the twenty earnest workers who are showering him with applause from the standing-room regions of the house are directed by the one supreme intelligence with which he has been in communication before the performance appears to detract nothing from the value of this applause as a stimulant to the artist. With the childish faith that is a part of his genius he forgets that the applause has been arranged and accepts it as a spontaneous tribute, especially as the house almost invariably takes up the challenge and wave after wave of entirely unprofessional applause follows in the lead of the trained *claquers*.
>
> Only when the *claque* goes wrong, which never happens save when an imposter butts in, does the artist recollect that there is a sound business foundation to the response of the audience. Then he decides that the *claque* has simply got to live up to its responsibilities or quit appreciating music so far as he is concerned.
>
> With the naïveté which is characteristic of great genius, one of the Hammerstein singers used to employ a large *claque* and after the performance meet them at craps, whereupon he would shoot such a good game that the *claquers* found at the end of the evening that he had not only got back all of their professional earnings of the evening, but some of their reserve funds as well. However, they had a little of the artistic temperament themselves and liked craps and music so much that they willingly kept him in cigarets through an entire season.
>
> The odd part of it was that when his *claque* applauded him the singer appeared to be quite unaware that he had ever seen or heard anything about such an institution and was honestly thrilled by the effect that he was having on the audience.
>
> Only after the curtain fell and he had received the seven calls which he attributed entirely to the perfection of his performance did he suddenly recollect that there was a *claque* and a game of craps waiting for him in a congenial café.

But to Mr. Schultz the *claque* is not only a business, it is a profession. The public must understand that it is not the amount of applause which is so important to an artist, it is applause in the right place. Was it not the late Richard Mansfield who once fixt an audience haughtily with his eye and administered the rebuke, "You applaud but you don't know when to applaud"—a rebuke uttered in accents so chilling that they froze the marrow in the bones of his previously complacent audience.

In the Schultz studio there is a collection of all the operas annotated for applause. Mr. Schultz has been the leader of the *claque* in Vienna, Paris, and London, and he would as soon be capable of interrupting a musical number by premature applause as an experienced army officer would be guilty of leading his men into their own barrage-fire. The great applause leader doesn't need these marked opera-scores for himself any more. He knows all the operas so well that he can do without them. Only the student *claquers* need to refer to these documents from time to time in order to correct their operatic interpretations.

The very nicest discrimination is needed to know just how far to go in stimulating the applause. On a night when one opera is substituted for another, for instance, the utmost care must be exercised. The audience arrives in a disappointed mood. The new opera which they were expecting can not be given because rehearsals have gone wrong, perhaps, or a singer is ill, making it necessary to put some entirely different work on for the evening. Perhaps the singers are not regarded with quite such approval by the public as those who were to have appeared in the original cast or for one reason or another disappointment is in the air.

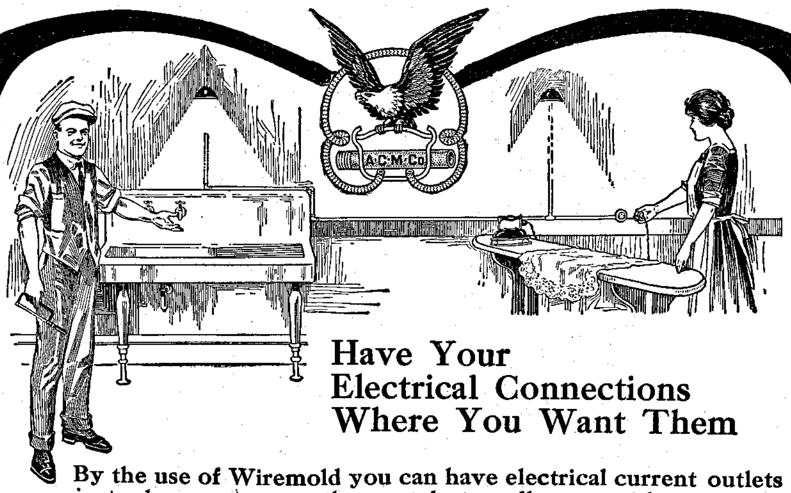
Then Mr. Schultz is at his best. It is then that his art appears most discriminating and instructed.

The amateur *claquer*, the ignorant, untrained person who thinks that all that is necessary is to make a noise, would go completely wrong on such an occasion. He would insist on bursting into noisy applause over every *aria* and at the conclusion of every act. His resounding thwacks would make his professional character absolutely obvious. The audience, already inclined to carp, would become irritated to the point of bitterness by this attempt to make them enthuse over something that they hadn't wanted to hear and which they considered had been forced upon them.

But observe the *claquer* artist.

He whispers an admonition in the ear of an over-noisy adherent. He sets the pace for his followers by moderate, well-controlled applause at just the right moment. He administers a few vigorous hisses when some one breaks into a number before the orchestra has finished, thus impressing upon the minds of those around him the precious quality of the music and the perfect artistry of the performance so rudely broken into.

Thus he nurses the performance along. The singers, doubtful themselves of the success of a performance which the public will at best look upon as a makeshift, take heart from this modest and delicate tribute, so nicely balanced and skilfully proportioned. They begin to put their heart into it; the audience awakens to the fact that they are being granted the privilege of a peculiarly warm and intimate performance of an opera which is somewhat hackneyed, perhaps, but which possesses many charming qualities not before recognized or else forgotten. Before the end



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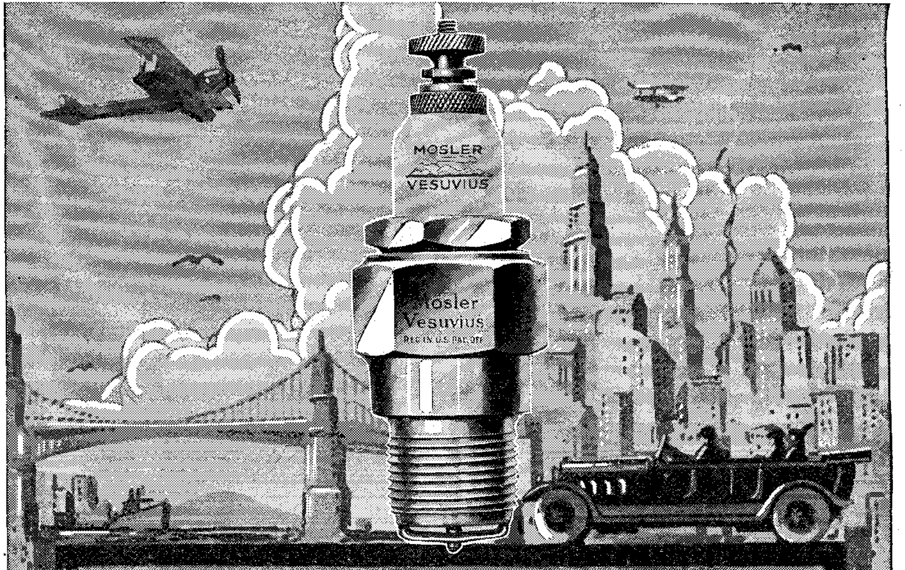

"The life impulse of the motor depends on the spark plug."
—A. R. MOSLER.

Absolute certainty of operation—instant starting, smoother running, maximum power—that's what Vesuvius Plugs give any kind of motor. Perfected design and construction, Vitite (patented) insulator, gas tight, carbon-proof.

"The Quality Plug"

$1.00 each at dealers—or write us. (In Canada $1.50.)
The perfect plug for Tractors, Trucks, and high-powered Cars is the heavy, massive Vesuvius Tractor Plug—with Unbreakable Mica Insulation—$2.00 each. (In Canada $2.50.)

Book Free, "Mosler on Spark Plugs" prepared by A. R. Mosler, the foremost ignition authority—tells the right plug for every motor. Send for it today.

A. R. MOSLER & Co., - - New York, New York
Also mfrs. of Spitfire (platinum point) Plug $2.50, and Superior (Ford) Plug 75c.
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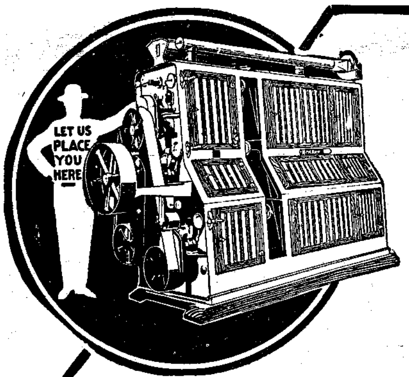
19 YEARS OF LEADERSHIP IN SPARK PLUG MANUFACTURE



$500 TO $1000 Profits

per month being made with the self contained one man Roller Flour Mill

The AMERICAN "MIDGET" MARVEL MILL

The surest and most profitable business in the United States and second in dignity only to banking. Over 1,500 now in operation.

Be the Flour Miller in your community and own this new, improved mill which is revolutionizing milling. You can start in this profitable business at once with our nationally advertised brand of flour as your own.

"FLavo" (America's Community) FLoUr

A Flour of Incomparable Flavor

Our Service Department and Confidential Selling Plans will establish you in this business and make you a success.

This wonderful mill is made in 7 styles—from 15 to 100 bbls. a day—takes small amount of power—built to last a lifetime—and will make a yield of 42 lbs. of good flour per bushel of clean wheat. Guided by our book of instructions, it can be operated by anyone without previous knowledge of milling. Its greatly improved system of milling makes "a better barrel of flour cheaper," therefore gives you larger profits.

Grind your home grown wheat with this mill and sell it to your home people. You can get into this money making business with as little as $3000. Sold on 30 days' trial.

Write today for our free booklet, "The Story of a Wonderful Flour Mill."

The Anglo-American Mill Co.
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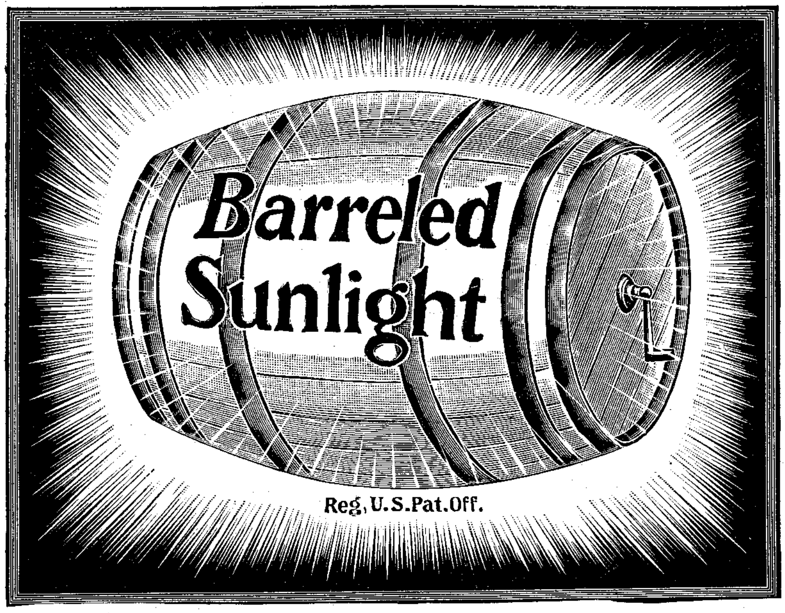
FLavo
FLour



NOW—When Changing from War to Peace Work

is the time to use Barreled Sunlight—the OIL paint with a glossy, tile-like, white finish. Made by a special process over which we have exclusive control. Contains no varnish. Brushes and sprays freely. Its firm, yet elastic, surface will not crack or scale, for it expands and contracts with temperature changes, and withstands vibrations.

RICE'S MILL WHITE

(*Barreled Sunlight*)

USED IN OVER 5,000 PLANTS

THE ORIGINAL MILL WHITE. It increases your daylight 19 to 36% by actual tests. Reflects every ray of natural and artificial light. Reduces your lighting bills. Resists dirt. Is sanitary and can be washed clean when other paints need recoating. Remains white long after other paints have turned yellow under the same conditions. This we guarantee.

Sold in barrels; also in cans

FOR ALL INTERIOR USE IN

Textile Mills
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U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO., 29 Dudley St., Providence, R. I.

of the evening a complete harmony has been established between the audience and the performers. And the audience leaves the house not elated, possibly, but satisfied.

And meanwhile the quiet and unpretending Mr. Schultz has left a half-hour before with the perfect realization that his conducting of the evening's performance has been a complete success.

But it is not every one who will make a good *claquer*. No, indeed. Special gifts are necessary for this branch of operatic art also. A *claquer* must be generously supplied with large hands and feet, the hands that are a little hollowed out in the palm and the feet warranted not to desert him when subjected to standing-room exactions. If he aspires to become head of the *claque*, he must, of course, possess initiative also, but if he wants simply to be one of the *claque* he is better without too much individuality, as he might otherwise be tempted to applaud something on his own account. This would be fatal to discipline and cause the *claquer* profession to deteriorate into the disorganized demonstrations of a mob. Just at present the professional ranks appear to be about full in New York, altho there is a red-haired woman *claquer* who is trying to institute a feminine invasion of the Metropolitan claquing district.

All nationalities have from time to time enlisted in the *claque*, but generally the Latin races, especially the Italians, and the Slavs have been found most successful.

This is because they really are overjoyed to get an opportunity to hear the music, and they never weary of their professional duties.

For oh, Verdi! oh, romance! oh, temperament!

C'est le garlic!

"THE MILL" AWAITS EACH DOUGH-BOY HOMEWARD BOUND

JOY and thoughts of his best girl and of the "good old U. S. A." filled the heart of each Yank when the news of the armistice was flashed along the front, but gloom and consternation followed fast. For, after his first shock of pleased surprize had passed, he sat down and did a little figuring. The figures seemed to prove that a long, sad wait was in front of him. To make sure, he consulted his company commander, and had his fears confirmed. But, says Maj. Stuart Edward White in the Washington *Star*, the company commander forgot that Uncle Sam learns by experience. Both the dough-boy and his officer thought that getting home would be as long and complicated a process as getting over had been, but better methods were devised by men "frantically desirous of keeping their names out of print." The result was "The Mill" which is doing business to-day. Major White, who was a novelist before he was a soldier, writes appreciatively about the said mill:

> They tried to get a better name for it, but the dictionary did not contain one. For it is a mill. Into one end they feed soldiers, dirty and ragged and infested from the battle-fields, and from the other they turn them out cleaned and reequipped and ready for home. Now that the soldier's ambition to go overseas is once

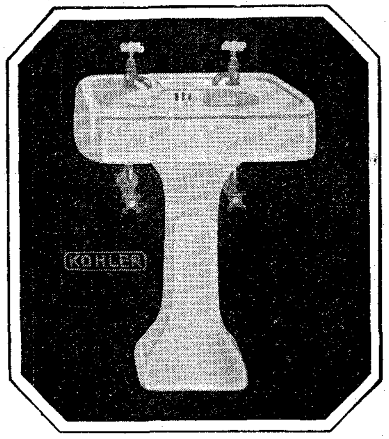
more in a way to be gratified, he has acquired another. That is the way with ambitions. Now he wants to greet again his closest friends at home, and get rid of his closest friends in France. I refer, in the latter case, to the cooties.

It is not a pretty animal, nor is it a pretty name, but both stick. The cootie has risen to the dignity of official command. I believe there is now an officer—I am not sure he is not a general officer—who rejoices in the proud title of chief delousing officer. Why not chief delicing officer, I do not know. It was considered that the corps under him should be named the military delicers, somewhat like the military police, but the other M.D.'s objected. At any rate, he has built various combat strongholds, such as in the embarkation-camp outside of Bordeaux, and there he obtains his victories.

Men going home are either casuals or organized units. The organized units come off the line and are sent into billets in villages scattered over a wide area. There they put up their own little portable delousing plants and draw their new equipment and generally tidy themselves up. When they think they are ready they report that fact and are inspected; and, if their opinion of themselves is correct, they are, according to priority list, moved to embarkation-camp No. 2, whence they go aboard ship. But the casual is in a different case. I have always had the greatest sympathy for casuals. They have usually no homes and no friends. Nobody wants them. On the authority of any piece of tissue paper with a blue rubber stamp on it they travel over the face of France, seeking preferably their old units, but, at any rate, a home. I am glad to see something done for them at last. Here in embarkation-camp No. 1 they come into their own.

The camp is a collection of typical American barracks, situated in a beautiful country about four miles out from Bordeaux. It is very complete and comfortable. The arrival —armed, it is hoped, with his service papers and travel orders—blows in, laden with full equipment. He is shoveled into one end of the mill. From that moment his destinies are in other hands. Between long batteries of typewriters he files slowly. His vital statistics are taken. Where he is from, who is his nearest relative, what unit he has belonged to, the barracks to which he is assigned, and other items of the sort are entered on duplicate cards. From this room he proceeds to another, also full of clerks, who assign him to one of the eight great districts into which the United States is divided. The idea is to get him into a casual company with comrades from his own section of the country. Thus his return home in an orderly and military manner is assured. The casual companies number 150 men each, and are officered by casual officers, also from the same neck of the woods. The information here obtained is collated at headquarters. The adjutant has always before him a morning report, showing exactly the number of men and officers on hand from any part of America. He also knows that by the time the man leaves that second room his records—all his service records, his equipment slips, his allotments, his insurance, his qualification cards, etc.—are cleared and in order.

The third room has two long benches, two long tables, and a row of ash-cans. Hinged sides to the room make it possible to remove the ash-cans from the outside. Here the soldier separates himself from all



KOHLER

Also MEANS AN ENAMEL

Here at Kohler flows almost unceasingly an iridescent stream of molten enamel—the beautiful complexion of every Kohler product—the joy of thousands of Kohler enthusiasts.

Kohler bathtub or kitchen sink, laundry tray or foot bath, lavatory or drinking fountain—its lustrous beauty and wondrous durability are insured by this blanket of pure white enamel, famous for years.

Into the enamel itself is glazed inconspicuously the Kohler name, a guarantee of quality, an assurance of worth, a mark of achievement.

Kohler products are found everywhere in the better homes, public institutions and factories. More than likely it was a Kohler Viceroy built-in bathtub you enjoyed so much at that fine hotel.

The worthy architect and plumber are Kohler adherents, for this is the line that appeals to their highest sense of achievement.

May we send you a descriptive booklet?

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Kohler Co., Kohler, Wisconsin
Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wis.
AND TWELVE AMERICAN BRANCHES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE

How Up-to-Date Women Sweep

Not with a broom—mercy no! That would be stirring up dust, and dangerous germs, as well as breaking your back.

Neither do you need a vacuum cleaner for the daily sweeping.

Up-to-date women use the Bissell Carpet Sweeper, the reliable, efficient, convenient sweeper, that no well managed home can get along without.

Just run it over your rugs and carpets with the handle held at an easy slant. Be sure the dust-pan is empty, and that the brush is clean—not matted up with hairs, thread, etc.

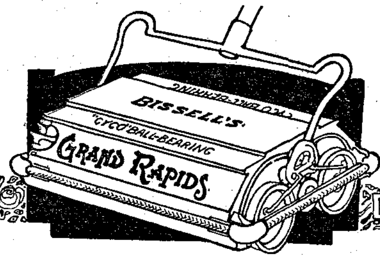
The Bissell, thus used, will take up all the surface dust and pick up all sorts and kinds of small litter with dispatch. There won't be a lot of dust in the room, and the work takes but a few minutes. There is no wasted effort, no weary arms, no injury to carpets.

For the periodical, thorough cleaning, use Bissell's Vacuum Sweeper. Has more powerful suction than the average electric. It gets both the surface dust and the dirt which is tramped in. Bissell's Carpet Sweeper and the Bissell "Vac" are the efficient home cleaning equipment.

BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell's "Cyco" Ball-Bearing Carpet Sweepers are $4.25 to $7.50; Vacuum Sweepers, $8.00 to $14.50—depending upon style and locality.

At dealers everywhere. Booklet, "The Care of Rugs and Carpets," upon request.



BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers
Grand Rapids, Michigan
Made in Canada, too (414)

Let Cuticura Be Your Beauty Doctor

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 6B, Boston."

FACTORIES NEEDED IN WASHINGTON STATE

WASHINGTON, rapidly expanding in domestic and overseas trade, offers unlimited opportunities for varied manufacturing industries. Cheap hydro-electric power, mild winters, cool summers, abundant raw material, water and rail transportation. For special 240-page bulletin with list of suggested locations write I. M. HOWELL, Secretary of State, Dept. L1, Olympia, Washington.

EVERYTHING for the GARDEN

is the title of our 1919 catalogue—the most beautiful and complete horticultural publication of the year—really a book of 184 pages, 8 colored plates and over 1000 photo-engravings, showing actual results without exaggeration. It is a mine of information of everything in Gardening, either for pleasure or profit, and embodies the result of over seventy-two years of practical experience. To give this catalogue the largest possible distribution we make the following unusual offer:

Every Empty Envelope Counts As Cash

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen and who encloses 10 cents we will mail the catalogue

And Also Send Free Of Charge
Our Famous "HENDERSON" COLLECTION OF SEEDS

containing one pack each of Ponderosa Tomato, Big Boston Lettuce, White Tipped Scarlet Radish, Henderson's Invincible Asters, Henderson's Brilliant Mixture Poppies and Giant Waved Spencer Sweet Peas, in a coupon envelope, which when emptied and returned will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order amounting to $1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK CITY

his personal belongings. Equipment and all that dread word comprehends fall from him, both ordnance and quartermaster, and he steps into the fourth room, boasting of earthly possessions only a towel and a piece of soap—both newly acquired. The ash-can contains all the rest; and that, spirited away by unseen hands, disappears into unknown regions. What eventually becomes of its contents he knows not, nor greatly cares.

And in the fifth room that soldier undergoes his five hundredth or six hundredth physical examination since entering the army. If he is all right the soldier goes on into still another of the innumerable long steamy rooms. If he is all wrong he is shunted one side into the yawning infirmary-wagon. This room is full of showers and steam and hot water and the smell of soap, all of which are supposed to be very bad for cooties. In fact, this might be called the chamber of horrors for the cooties. When they have passed this test they are, if not dead, at least in an awful fright.

The cleaned, solitary, but naked soldier next steps into a storehouse. Here are arranged neatly on pigeonholed shelves every last item that a soldier is supposed to own, and arranged according to the exact order in which he wears and carries them—that is, he gets his tape for identification-tag and his undershirt first and his ordnance last. Into the equipping and dressing-room he comes as he came into the world, and out of it he steps a complete American soldier.

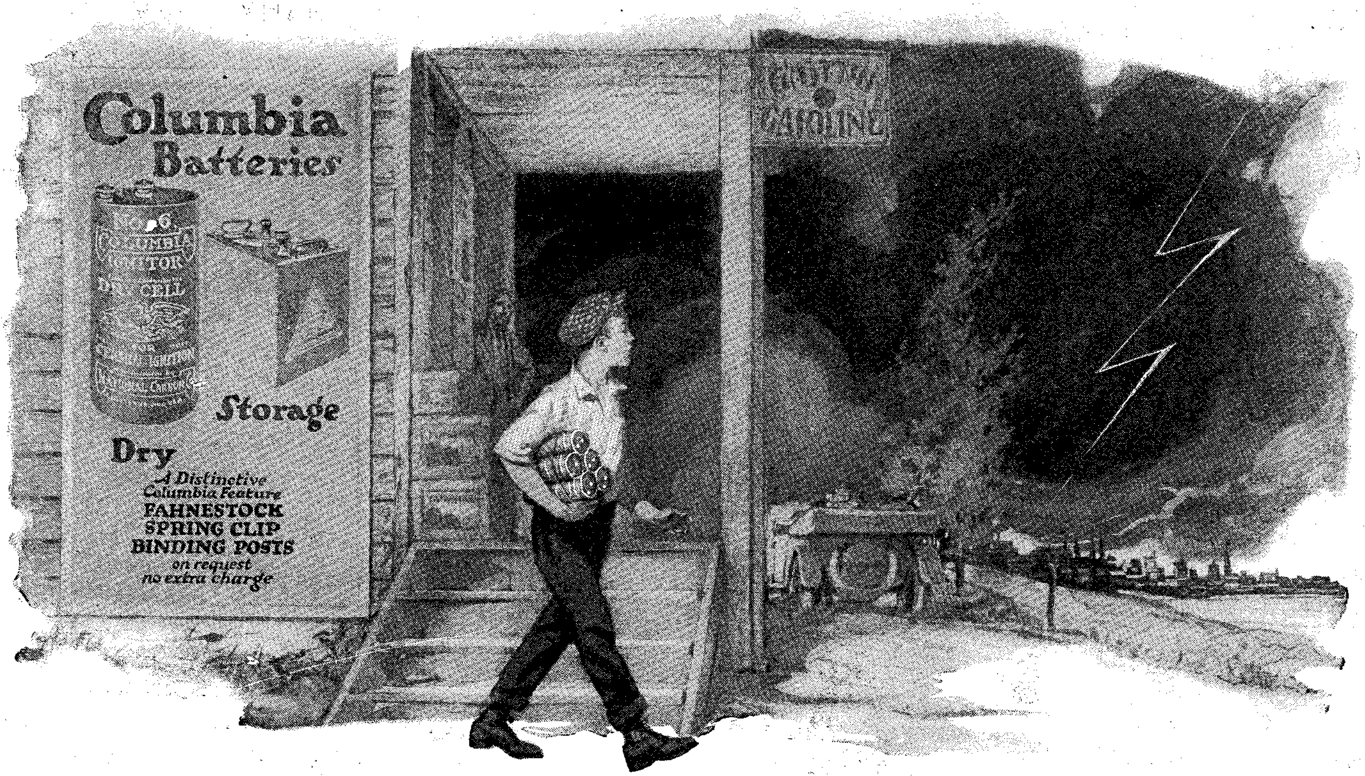
He can now go to his assigned barracks to await the time when, a sufficient number of men from this section having gathered, he is pronounced a member of a full-strength casual company and is moved to the embarkation-camp.

From that moment his history is that of any soldier belonging to a unit.

Before the time of sailing, perhaps some days, or even weeks, must elapse. He must be held in readiness, nor permitted to stray. It is dull work, but even waiting must have an end. There comes a time when the Navy says to the personnel officer at the docks that it has a ship with such a capacity ready for home, and the personnel officer at the docks so informs the personnel officer at the camp. The latter refers to his priority list and his morning report, and reports such and such units for embarkation. They shoulder their packs and march to the docks in tow of special guides. There are guides everywhere to show each unit, each man, by prepared lists, just where he shall go. At the foot of the gangplank the embarkation-camp bids him and his record—farewell.

And to an army man here is a beautiful arrangement; for in the army a man and his record are presumed to be inseparable. If they ever drift apart dreadful things happen. The man is adrift. He may even become a casual, and that, as I must have made clear, is a terrible fate. If the transport took him over at camp, for example, and if, on the way to the docks, he should break his wishbone or something and be sent back to a hospital, and his record should go right on without him—don't you see? But embarkation will have none of that. It escorts him and his record "*tout ensemble*," as we say in our fluent French, to the edge of the water and wishes him a good trip.

At the Mill, near Bordeaux, alone, they can delouse or delice them at the rate of 6,000 a day, 180,000 a month. Bring on your ships!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No 6 COLUMBIA IGNITOR DRY CELL
Storage
Dry
A Distinctive Columbia Feature
FAHNESTOCK SPRING CLIP BINDING POSTS
on request no extra charge
GASOLINE

The Mighty Thunder Cloud and the Fiery little Columbia are first cousins

THE mighty thunder cloud often generates and wastes 150 thousand horsepower, when it hurls its terrific bolt flashing and crashing through the sky.

The fiery little Columbia generates a fraction of this volume, but sends its power on a specific errand, through wires, under control, without waste.

It is electricity in both cases. But the mighty thunder cloud works at the command of Nature for an unknown purpose. The fiery little Columbia works at your command for a definite use.

THE DRY BATTERY

THE Columbia Dry Battery is the handyman of the world. It ignites stationary engines, autos, trucks, tractors, and motorboats; rings bells and buzzes buzzers; lights lanterns and makes telephones talk; runs toys for the youngsters.

Motorists the world over know the wisdom of carrying the extra set of vigorous Columbias—to be connected in a jiffy when the regular ignition begins to loaf.

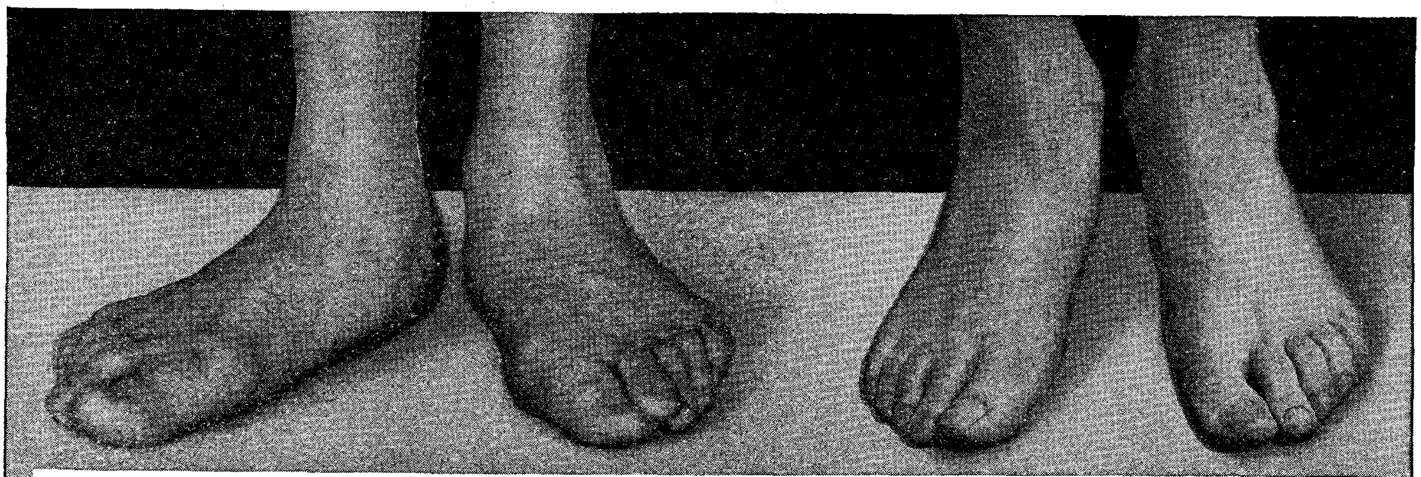
THE STORAGE BATTERY

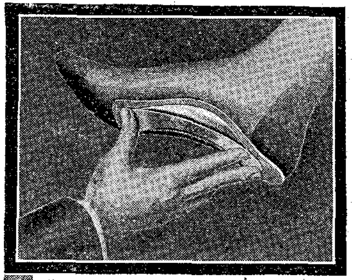
THE Columbia Storage Battery is so hale and hearty it is guaranteed to do definite work for a definite time. Its health certificate even stipulates that another battery will be put to work for you without additional cost if the original should fail within the guarantee period.

A unique plan is back of this Columbia Storage Battery Service. Any Columbia Service Dealer will test, charge, or water your battery. But if surgery is necessary, he will pass it along—with its seal unbroken—to a nearby Columbia Service Station, where only competent experts will open it and remedy it. This plan heads off tinkering—which, as you motorists know, is responsible for half your battery troubles.

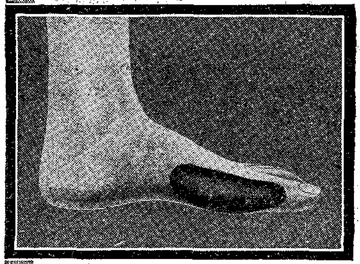
Columbia Service Dealers or Service Stations anywhere will be glad to demonstrate why and how you—like legions of other automobile owners—will prosper with Columbia Quality and Service.

Columbia
Storage and Dry Batteries

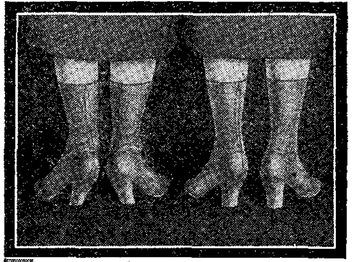




Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer—"Eases the feet." Relieves tired, aching feet, weak arches cramped toes, etc. $3.00 pair.



Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer. Instant relief to bunions and enlarged joints. Relieves shoe pressure. Hides deformity. 50c each.



Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads prevent run-over heels. Correct faulty walking. Save repair bills. 35c pair.

Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex corrects bunions by straightening the crooked toe. Very comfortable. Three sizes: 50c each.

Dr. Scholl's Fixo Corn Plasters instantly relieve corns, removing them in 48 hours. 25c per box.

Foot Troubles—a Result of Neglected Feet

NOTE carefully the pair of feet shown at the left—notice the weakened and depressed arches—the cramped and contracted toes—the crooked and enlarged great toe joints (bunions) and the corns on the top of the toes. On the soles you will find tender, burning, callouses, caused by the unequal pressure exerted by one or more of the small bones in the transverse arch having become displaced. Such feet tire easily; the soles burn; the heels throb; the ankles and calves ache and rheumatic-like pains are frequently present in the legs and hips. The possessor of feet like these is usually nervous, irritable and inefficient.

Now take a glance at the pair at the right. They represent a normal pair of feet, free from defects, are comfortable and highly efficient. Instead of shuffling along, their owner has the springy, elastic step of youth.

If you have neglected your feet—if you have any form of foot trouble.

Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances

will afford you immediate relief and assist Nature in restoring them to normal condition. There is a specially designed Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy for such foot troubles as weak or broken down arches, overlapping or crooked toes, bunions, corns, callouses, painful heels, weak ankles, etc.

These scientifically constructed correctives are light in weight, resilient, very comfortable, can be worn in any shoe and are easily adjusted to meet each individual requirement.

Foot Expert at Your Service

Leading Shoe and Department Stores sell and scientifically fit Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances. In these stores you will find a Graduate Practipedist —a man specially trained in the science of giving foot comfort. These foot experts can tell you which Dr. Scholl appliance is required to relieve your foot trouble and adjust it so you will have immediate and lasting relief. They are rendering a distinct service to your community and deserve your patronage.

Send for Valuable Booklet

"The Feet and Their Care," by Dr. Wm. M. Scholl,
recognized foot authority, mailed free upon request.

The Scholl Mfg. Co., Dept. F-1, 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago

Largest Makers of Foot Specialties in the World

New York *Toronto* *London*

"WATCH YOUR FEET"

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Airy About It.—" Where are you going, John? "

" To raise the wind."

" What for? "

" To meet a draft."—*Boston Transcript.*

How Could He!—" I'm terribly worried. I wrote Jack in my last letter to forget that I had told him I didn't mean to reconsider my decision not to change my mind, and he seems to have misunderstood me."—*Life.*

Forced to Toil.—" You used to hate work."

" I hate it yet," replied Plodding Pete. " But I'm goin' to keep at it. If you get in the habit o' loafin' now some member of the I. W. W. is liable to step up any minute an' call you 'brother.' "—*Washington Star.*

The War is Not Over for Harry.—JANE WILLIS—" You look as if you had lost your last friend. What is wrong? "

MARIE GILLIS—" I've just discovered that Harry is false to me. He wrote me from France that he wasn't even looking at any other girl and now I see in the paper that he has just been decorated for gallantry."—*Chicago News.*

Intelligent Turk.—The recent Turkish armistice led George Cohan to say:

" The Turk has well been called unspeakable. I met one once at Pera. 'I have seven wives,' he told me, calmly, blowing perfumed clouds from his hooka.

" 'Merciful powers,' I exclaimed, 'how do you manage to pay their dressmakers' bills? '

" The unspeakable Turk waved his hand:

" 'I married dressmakers, son of an infidel,' he said."—*Los Angeles Times.*

Where Pat Was.—In a small village in Ireland the mother of a soldier met the village priest, who asked her if she had had bad news. " Sure, I have," she said. " Pat has been killed."

" Oh, I am very sorry," said the priest. " Did you receive word from the War Office? "

" No," she said, " I received word from himself."

The priest looked perplexed, and said, " But how is that? "

" Sure," she said, " here is the letter; read it for yourself."

The letter said, " Dear Mother—I am now in the Holy Land."—*The Argonaut.*

Too Wise.—" There's such a thing as being too wise," said Chief of Police Butler the other day. " Indeed, that is how we catch many thieves. They are too clever and it gives them away. They remind me of the new clerk in the seed-store.

" Some one, just for a joke, asked for some sweet-potato seeds. The clerk hunted all through the seeds but could find no sweet-potato seeds and finally appealed to the boss.

" The latter explained that he was being kidded and cautioned him about not letting smart Alecks put anything over on him.

" A few days later a lady entered the store and asked for some bird-seed.

" 'Aw, go on,' grinned the clerk, 'you can't kid me. Birds is hatched from eggs.' "—*Los Angeles Times.*

No Free Feeds.—QUEENSLAND PAPER—" Dave Lewis begs to notify that he has started business on his own hook as an up-to-date restaurant, and hopes that his many friends will damn well stop away and give him a chance."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Rider As It Is.—" In speaking of this bill before Congress you mention a 'rider.' What is a rider? "

" A rider," replied Senator Sorghum, " is usually like the postscript to a woman's letter—apparently an afterthought, but in reality the most important part of the communication."—*Washington Star.*

Unusual Sparrow.—The native minister was telling the missionary in charge of his district that a sparrow had built a nest on the roof of his house.

" Is there anything in the nest yet? " asked the missionary.

" Yes," said the Indian brother, proud of his English, " the sparrow has pups."—*The World Outlook.*

A Race Not to the Swift.—A fellow said to a famous sprinter: " I'll race you and beat you if you'll let me choose the course and give me a yard's start."

" Fifty dollars to one that you don't," said the sprinter, confidently. " Name your course."

" Up a ladder," said the challenger.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Delicate Hint.—The morning milk delivered at the parsonage was certainly weak, and the head of the household considered it necessary to remonstrate. " Are you aware," he remarked to the milkman, " that we require this milk for the hitherto recognized purposes? "

" I hope so, sir," replied the tradesman.

" That's all right, then," returned the parson gently; " I merely mentioned it in case you may have thought we wanted it for the font."—*The Argonaut.*

Boosting His Business.—The vicar's appeal had been a most eloquent one, and had even penetrated the depths of Mr. Blackleigh's granite organ. The latter came forward and offered £50 for the fund.

The worthy cleric was overjoyed.

" I don't know your name, sir," he cried; " but I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I thank you! May your business prosper, sir! "

Then there was a solemn hush, and the committee looked askance at their vicar.

" What's the matter? " whispered the clergyman, turning to the chairman.

" Well—er—that donor is an undertaker! "—*Pittsburg Sun.*

The Retort Crisp.—After a grand review of German troops at Potsdam the Kaiser called out to the officer commanding the Prussian Guard, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all the distinguished guests who were grouped in front of the palace: " Pick me out a hundred men from the Prussian Guard! " Then, taking the arm of King Edward VII., who was there, he said, " Come with me." He escorted King Edward very delicately round the hundred men and then said banteringly, " Well, do you think you could find a hundred men in England to beat them? "

" I don't know so much about that," promptly replied the late king, " but I could easily find fifty who would try."—*The Argonaut.*

First aid in every household —Musterole

Cough, cough, cough. How it racks little Dorothy and passes on to mother and grandma and holds a croup danger for all the little ones!

Hurry, there, with the Musterole, that pure, white ointment that is better than a mustard plaster—and it will not bring a blister. Massage it gently over the chest and neck. Feel the tingle, then the cool delightfulness as Musterole searches down. It will penetrate, never fear. It will rout that old congestion clear away.

Musterole is a pure, white ointment made from oil of mustard and a few home simples! Musterole searches in under the skin down to the heart of the congestion. There it generates a peculiar congestion-dispersing heat. Yet this heat will not blister. On the contrary you feel a relieving sense of delightful coolness. Rub Musterole over the spot. And you get relief while you use it; for Musterole results usually follow immediately.

On no account fail to have a jar of Musterole handy. For coughs and colds and even the congestions of rheumatism or lumbago Musterole is wonderful.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole.

30c and 60c jars—$2.50 hospital size.

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Conscious Evolution can easily and quickly demonstrate to you that you are only half as dynamic, vital, brave, authoritative, forceful, dominant, self-reliant, daring, courageous, progressive, masterful, aroused, powerful and creative as you easily may become, through higher personal evolution. Why Take Less Than Your Full Share of Real Pleasure and Real Life?

CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION can quickly show you that you are only half as alive as you must be to realize the higher joys and complete benefits of living in full, and that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be, and only half as well developed as you ought to be.

Conscious Evolution can easily and quickly give your powers new and higher values. With only blind evolution to lead you, life means less pleasure, less profit, less money, less health, less power, less energy, less joy, less success and less life in every respect.

Conscious Evolution means more pleasure, more profit, more health, more power, more wealth, more joy and genuine success.

Become an Aggressive, Fearless, Positive Personality

Many men and women have amazing memories, wonderful education, excellent health and even unusual strength, many are good looking and are good talkers and possess every advantage that education plus whatever mere blind evolution gives them, and many have read practically every book ever written on how to be a success and attain a dominant will power, and yet these men and women are failures in life, because they do not possess a vital, dominant and dynamic power of personality. Their energies and knowledge are not co-related and activated; they do not possess the dynamic conquering personal power such as Conscious Evolution develops and which is so essential to intelligent and concrete crystallization of the personal factors leading to real creative success.

Become a Victorious Personality

Make up your mind to convert your personal liabilities into assets. Convert fear into courage, timidity into confidence, nervousness into self-reliance, feeble health into super-health, failure into success, disappointment into pleasure, weak personality into dominant personality, negative will into dominant will, stagnant mentality into dynamic mentality, mind wandering into intense power of concentration, and indifferent memory into positive memory. Become a live personality.

Become Dynamic—Supreme

No matter who or what you are, whether young or old, strong or weak, ill or well, highly educated or unlettered, a recognized success or a moderate personality, whether you graduated from universities and colleges such as Yale, Harvard, Cambridge, Oxford, or merely from a country school, Conscious Evolution can demonstrate to you that you possess not one-half the creative, thinking, reasoning, memorizing, planning, concentrating power, penetrating power, or logic sensing and scheming power which you may easily acquire through self evolution. In fact, Conscious Evolution can prove that you have thus far relied solely on blind evolution, and Conscious Evolution can demonstrate to you that you may easily and quickly double your mental power, bodily power, health power, heart power, nerve power, brain power, executive power and business power.

Become a Giant in Personal Attitude and Power

You will be a bigger, better, finer, nobler, higher, and more-free human being by recognizing yourself as you really are and advancing yourself eternally through scientific evolution.

Conscious Evolution can make you think faster and better. Under its influence you can have higher aims, higher ambitions, higher aspirations, higher ideas and every result you genuinely desire.

You are a tremendous possibility — and Conscious Evolution is the key to your further and higher evolution!

New energy—new life—new power and new success are yours — through evolution consciously advanced!

Inferior Life?

A New and Higher Life

The fact is that regardless of whether you are rich or poor, Conscious Evolution can prove to you readily, by demonstration, that you are living an inferior life: and you owe it to yourself to give Conscious Evolution the opportunity to show you the way in which you may completely and easily without inconvenience or loss of time, and without contrivances, apparatus, chemicals, study, special bathing or dieting, come into possession of a new dynamic life, an unusual vigor, a higher type of dominant energy and power of personality—**a new realization of the meaning of life and success.**

Are you living the full and successful life? Why not always be at your very best—thoroughly well, virile, energetic, vital, zealous, keen, alert, fearless, dominant, dynamic, magnetic, masterful, creative, supreme? Why not invest in yourself? Why not raise yourself above the level of blind evolution and make the most of your every opportunity? Why not improve your personal atmosphere?

The more dynamic your personality, the greater is your power of decision, the keener is your power of judgment and the more aggressive is your power of action and the greater is your power of reasoning.

The more dynamic you are, the more precise, exact, definite, clear and positive become your ideas.

Why Accept the Crumbs Instead of the Rich Prizes of Life?

Conscious Evolution gives greater power to live the superior life, the better life, the higher life, the more successful life, the life worth while, and the life in complete accord with the ultimate laws of life, evolution and creation.

Conscious Evolution can increase your combative, fighting, aggressive motive, forward and persistence power. Conscious Evolution can increase your power of continuity.

Conscious Evolution is the way to a forceful personality, forceful mentality, forceful will and forceful mind.

Daily Experiences

I am happy to say that I received your instructions, and that in spite of traveling a good deal my health is remarkable at ninety years of age.

I am certain I am gaining in every way, for I feel as full of "fight" and energy as a wild cat.

Problems that formerly worried me are now as easy as to seem almost unreal, since I gained power of personality through Conscious Evolution.

I would not take fifty thousand dollars for the power which in six weeks Conscious Evolution has given me.

I owe my rise from the position of a country insurance agent to virtual head of one of the largest insurance companies of the world entirely to the power of personality Conscious Evolution has given me.

My weak will and personality for years made it possible for my business partners to rob me of my proper share of the profits. Conscious Evolution gave me courage, self-reliance and power of personality, and I made my partners pay me $160,000.00 out of which they had bulldozed me during my feeble and powerless days.

A year ago I was down and out financially and physically. I was a wreck. Conscious Evolution gave me power of mind and health. I am to-day better than ever and I am more prosperous than ever. Naturally, I am a believer in the Swoboda idea.

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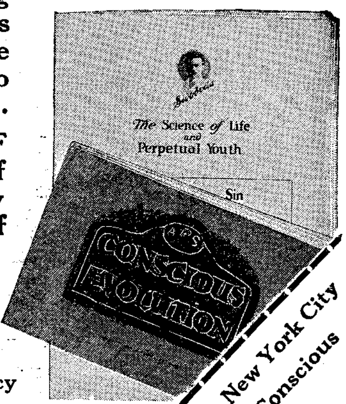
Swoboda has published for distribution two remarkable books which explain his system of Conscious Evo ution and what it has already done. Write for these books —not because Conscious Evolution has meant so much to 262,000 other men and women, not because there is scarcely a prominent family in the country that hasn't at least one member a pupil of Swoboda. Conscious Evolution is being personally used by many of the most prominent physicians and such men as Woodrow Wilson, Charles E. Hughes, the Rockefellers, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Huntingtons, the Cudahys, the Swifts, the Armours and McAdoo for advancing themselves in energy, health, vitality and power of personality.



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CURRENT EVENTS

PEACE PRELIMINARIES

January 29.—Paris reports the Allies nearing an agreement on President Wilson's plan for the internationalization of the German colonies under the supervisory care of the League of Nations. A London cable states that the British Imperial War Cabinet has accepted the plan, notwithstanding strong protests from representatives of the Dominions.

Recognition of the Provisional Government of Poland has been accorded by the United States, officials of the State Department announce in Washington.

January 30.—Announcement is made in authoritative quarters in Paris that the great colonial Powers, notably Great Britain and France, have accepted in principle the American proposal that the League of Nations exercise supervision over the German colonies and allot their administration to mandatory Powers.

Indications that the claims of the British Dominions are not being supported by the Government are causing dissatisfaction in England, according to comments of London newspapers. The Official Press Bureau characterizes the reports of Peace Conference proceedings upon which these statements are based as "mischievous, inaccurate, and entirely misleading."

Vigorous opposition to the internationalization plan reported from Paris is voiced in the Senate at Washington by Senator Borah, of Idaho. He intimates that adoption of such a plan might lead to an interference with our Monroe Doctrine.

January 31.—The Peace Congress is pushing the formation of the League of Nations, states an Associated Press dispatch, so that the decision on the question of the colonies can be carried out. The correspondent understands that President Wilson told the Supreme Council that he would not be a party to a division of Germany's colonial possessions among the Powers which now hold them and then become a party to a league of nations which, in effect, would guarantee their title.

Republican leaders in the United States Senate continue their attacks on the attitude of the President regarding the colony question. Senators Knox and Lodge look upon the internationalization plan as "a stupendous and preposterous undertaking," and Senators Johnson, of California, and Vardaman, of Mississippi, declare that the Senate would reject a treaty requiring American troops to perform police duty in Asia or Africa.

Japan formally accepted the colonial plan of the Peace Conference on January 30, cables the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*, and it is understood that South Africa has abandoned its opposition to the scheme.

No American troops will be among the forces sent to Turkey for garrisoning purposes, states a Paris dispatch, because it would be inappropriate in view of the fact that the United States has never been at war with Turkey.

February 1.—Main features of the accord reached by the Peace Conference are thus described by the Paris correspondent of the Associated Press: The German colonies shall not be returned to Germany owing to mismanagement, cruelty, and the use of these colonies as submarine bases; and the conquered regions of Armenia, Syria, Mesopotamia, Palestine, and Arabia shall be detached from the Turkish Empire. Provision is made whereby the well-being and development of backward colonial regions are regarded as the sacred trust of civilization, over which the League of Nations exercises supervisory care. The mandatories are to report at stated intervals concerning the manner in which a colony is being administered.

The nations associated against Germany, states another Paris dispatch, are considering making a start toward the actual peace treaty by inserting some of the elementary terms into the conditions which will be submitted to the German Armistice Commission on February 17.

In response to a request by Premier Clemenceau, Delegate Bourgeois of the Society of Nations presents a plan for the formation of the League of Nations as agreed upon by the French, American, British, Italian, and other associations. It provides for compulsory arbitration in all disputes, the limitation of armaments, a series of penalties against nations provoking war, and a detailed provision for an organization to which all countries giving guaranties of loyal intentions are admitted.

The American Federation of Labor delegation in Paris decides to support the Belgian Socialists and trade-unionists who refuse to meet the Germans at the congresses which will convene at Bern.

February 2.—Up to date, cables the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, President Wilson has succeeded in evading all attempts to fasten upon America the responsibility of managing any colonies, altho the British desire the United States to aid in the policing of the new possessions in Syria and Asia Minor.

French Foreign Minister Pichon tells newspaper correspondents in Paris that he is decidedly of the opinion that the armistice authorizes the Entente governments to stop the hostilities between Poland and Germany. Referring to the subject of international control of the colonies, Mr. Pichon said action in that matter does not in any way touch Italian claims to control of Dalmatia.

Representatives of Russian provinces, states a Paris dispatch, display great willingness to enter into any sort of federation in Russia that the Peace Conference may suggest. Declaring that the Bolshevik rule stands for tyranny, terrorism, atrocities, and the abolition of all discipline, the President of North Russia says it will be impossible for him to meet the Bolsheviki at the Princes' Islands, as requested by the Conference. "We must fight Bolshevism to the death," he said, "or Russia will perish."

Charles J. Doherty, Canadian Minister of Justice, proposes in a memorandum submitted to the Peace Conference that an international house of representatives be established in connection with the League of Nations.

Passage by Congress of the bill appropriating $100,000,000 for relief work in Europe will "lift a load of fear from the hearts of millions of people," Herbert G. Hoover states in Paris.

February 3.—Comradeships have become vivid, declares President Wilson in an address to the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, and the purpose of association has become evident. The nations of the world are about to consummate a brotherhood which will make it unnecessary in the future to maintain those crushing armaments which make the peoples suffer almost as much in peace as in war.

Premier Ebert complains to the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Tribune* that by the terms of the armistice Germany has swallowed worse conditions than she imposed on France in 1871. He says the Peace Conference keeps swinging away from the original Wilson conditions, and if it is the intention of the Entente to impose a crushing defeat on Germany, he and his colleagues will reject it.

Paris reports Secretary of State Lansing unanimously elected as chairman of the Commission on Responsibility for the War.

Considerable interest is aroused in the French capital by the presentation by the German Government of a draft scheme for a League of Nations prepared by the Society on International Law. It contains a provision to limit armaments to twenty-five per cent. of the 1909 appropriations.

The Paris *Temps* publishes the text of a treaty signed August 17, 1916, between Roumania and the Quadruple Entente which promises the former a part of Hungary.

Food Administration headquarters in Paris reports the receipt of a shipment of 25,000 tons of food at Prague from Trieste for the Czecho-Slovaks.

The Government of Georgia in Transcaucasia transmits to Paris its declination to attend the proposed conference of Russian factions at Princes' Islands on the ground that Georgia, like Finland, has already achieved her independence and is no longer a portion of Russia.

February 4.—The Supreme Council of the Peace Conference agrees that questions in the statement of Premier Venizelos concerning Greek territorial interests shall be referred to a commission of experts, including Americans, to make recommendations for a final settlement.

The plans for a League of Nations have narrowed to two, reports Paris, which differ mainly in the composition of the executive branch. One plan gives the small nations nine representatives in this branch to the large nations' ten, while the other excludes the small nations.

The Peace Conference, in a communication to the Poles and Czechs who are disputing control of mining districts in Austrian Silesia, warns them against occupying the territory in question. The communication announces that a commission of control for the disputed region will be immediately sent by the Conference.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

January 29.—Leading manufacturers in Westphalia are interested in a plan of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg to bring about the return of the ex-Kaiser, states the *Echo de Paris*.

Altho Berlin is giving daily financial support to 180,000 unemployed, cables the Associated Press correspondent, only 150 men answered a call of a briquette company for laborers. The coal shortage is reported so threatening that it overshadows all other questions.

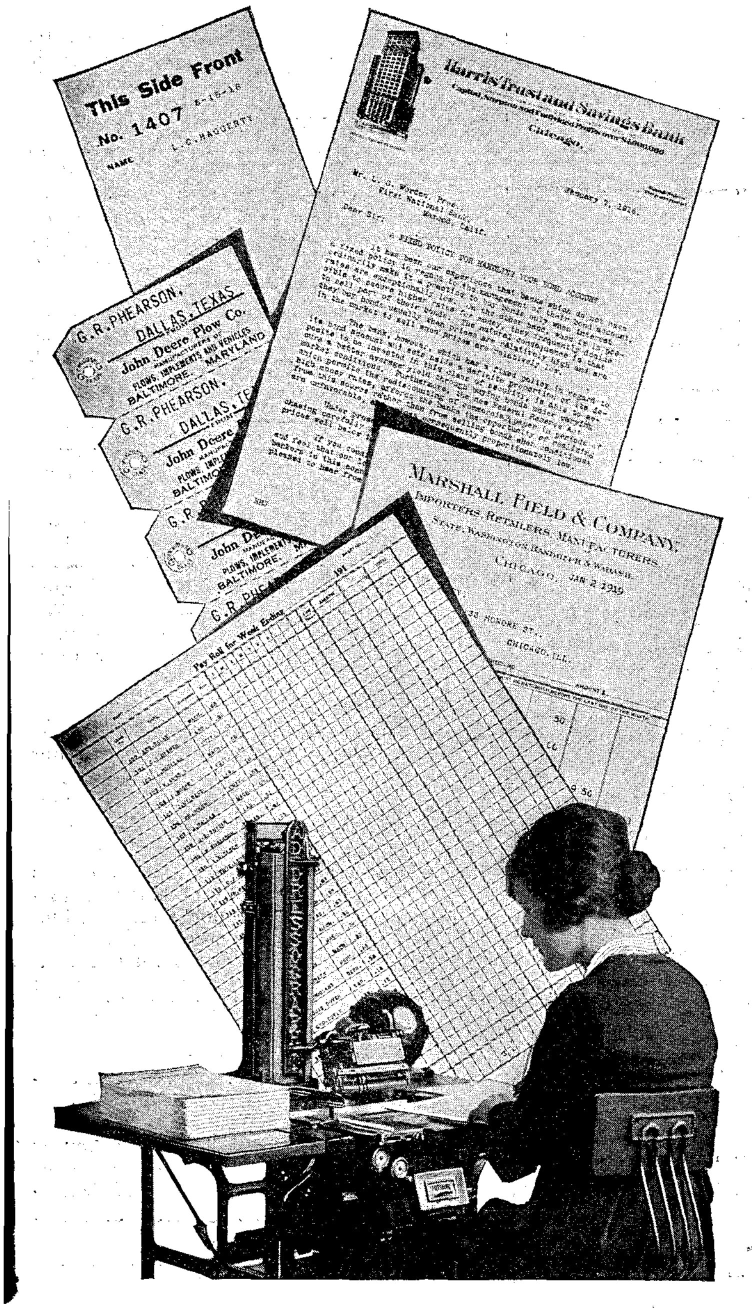
Warsaw reports President Masaryk of the Czecho-Slovak Republic ordering troops to occupy eastern Silesia.

January 30.—During a Spartacide uprising at Wilhelmshaven, says a Berlin message, the vaults of the Imperial Bank were rifled of 2,000,000 marks. The rebels were soon overcome, however, and the bullion recovered except 20,000 marks.

January 31.—Austrian East Silesia, reports a Vienna message to the Cologne *Volkszeitung*, has been entirely occupied by Czechs after heavy fighting with the Poles.

Considerable attention has been attracted in Paris by reports from Berlin that Field-Marshal von Hindenburg is raising four army corps for the protection of Germany's eastern frontier.

The Card Index That Addresses Itself



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Berlin reports that the German force assigned to occupy Kulm, the railway junction between Thorn and Graudenz, were forced to take the place by storm after Polish irregulars had refused to negotiate.

Paris hears that the German Government has decided to send troops to Bremen to maintain order.

February 1.—"You will never see the Kaiser again," Prince Eitel Friedrich, second son of Herr Hohenzollern, tells his tenants near Potsdam, says an Amsterdam dispatch; "circumstances have wiped him out of the world's history. Legally speaking, my father is dead."

Mass-meetings protesting against any proposed separation of the Rhineland from Germany were held recently in Cologne, under the auspices of the League of Freedom for the German Rhine districts, states a dispatch from Coblenz.

The Berlin *Tageblatt* reports Germany's eastern frontiers gravely threatened by the Bolsheviki and Poles, and calls for volunteers to aid the present dwindling army.

An order issued by Colonel Reinhardt, Prussian Minister of War, says another Berlin message, has aroused open revolts on the part of soldiers' councils in the German armies.

Amsterdam has advices from Berlin that the Left Radical elements are planning a counter-parliament.

February 2.—The general German political situation has suddenly taken on an aspect which must be considered as menacing to the Government, cables the Berlin correspondent of the Associated Press. By a vote of 492 to 362 the *Soviets* of Greater Berlin have adopted a resolution calling for a national congress to take action on the question of a national assembly and a new constitution and the future position of the *Soviet* boards.

Czecho-Slovak troops have restored conditions of comparative order in the coal-mining towns of eastern Silesia, according to a dispatch from Prague.

The Spartacides are reported in possession of the City Hall and other public buildings at Bremen and are preparing to resist execution of the mandates of the Berlin Government.

Information reaches Coblenz that every infantry, artillery, and cavalry regiment which was part of the German standing army in July, 1914, continues in existence in skeleton form.

February 3.—Troops in the newspaper quarter of Berlin have been reenforced, states an Associated Press dispatch, and heavily manned armored cars stand day and night before the Reichstag Building in readiness to proceed to any threatened point.

The German Cabinet goes to Weimar for to-morrow's opening session of the Convention. The city is thoroughly policed by Government troops.

Berlin rejects a compromise offered by the Spartacides who are in control at Bremen and demands their immediate surrender.

February 4.—Societies to "save the Kaiser" from being handed over to the Allies are being organized in Germany, according to the *Volkszeitung* of Osnabrück.

RUSSIAN AFFAIRS

January 29.—Bolshevik control in Tashkend, capital of Russian Turkestan, has been overthrown and all the commissioners shot, reports an Omsk dispatch dated January 25. The Siberians have captured Saranpol, Province of Tobolsk, two hundred of the Red

Guard being killed and the remainder dispersed.

London gets official news of the defeat of the Ukrainian peasant army by the Ukrainian Bolsheviki and the occupation of Ekaterinoslav.

American and Allied forces evacuate Shegovarsk and retire ten miles to the northward, states a dispatch from Archangel.

January 30.—Stockholm reports a decree printed in Petrograd newspapers threatening to punish inebriety among high Bolshevik officials by death.

January 31.—An Archangel dispatch states that the Allied forces were obliged to evacuate the village of Alexieffskaya, west of Taresevo, by a superior force of Bolsheviki.

The Polish Government has sent a strong protest to the Russian *Soviet* Government concerning the arrest of the Polish legation at Moscow and a Polish prisoners' relief committee in Russia. The *Soviet* Government claims that these arrests were reprisals for the assassination of members of a Bolshevik Red Cross Mission in Poland.

February 1.—Another violent attack by the Bolsheviki on the Allied positions at Taresevo compels them to withdraw about forty miles, states an Archangel dispatch dated yesterday. The Allied column is now at the village of Srdmakrenga.

Washington reports that military officers in North Russia regard the situation in the Archangel district as extremely critical.

The United Press Paris correspondent learns from authoritative sources that the United States, supported by Great Britain, has submitted a proposal to France for immediate withdrawal of all troops from Russia.

February 2.—Petrograd has been bombarded by Cronstadt artillery, according to Finnish newspapers received at Stockholm, and serious disorders still prevail in the city.

In storming Upper Tulgas, says a message from Archangel, the Bolsheviki met with severe resistance from the American patrol and lost forty killed and wounded and seven prisoners.

February 3.—Two hundred and fifty soldiers and ten officers were shot for refusing to obey an order to protect the front of the Siberian army against the Bolsheviki in the region of Kungur, according to advices received at Omsk.

Kief has been taken by Bolshevik troops, states a dispatch from Warsaw dated January 31, and part of General Petlura's troops have gone over to the enemy.

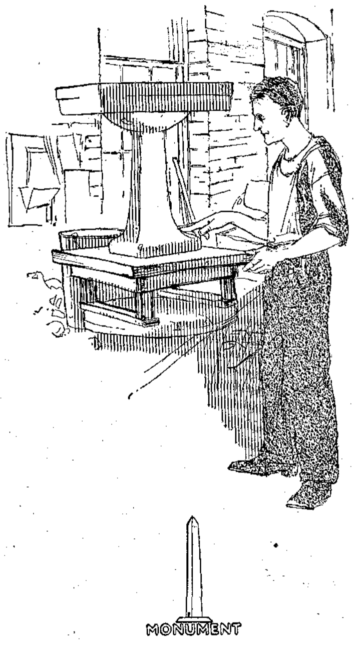
London hears that Ukrainian troops are preparing to attack Roumania, which has mobilized its forces to meet the assault.

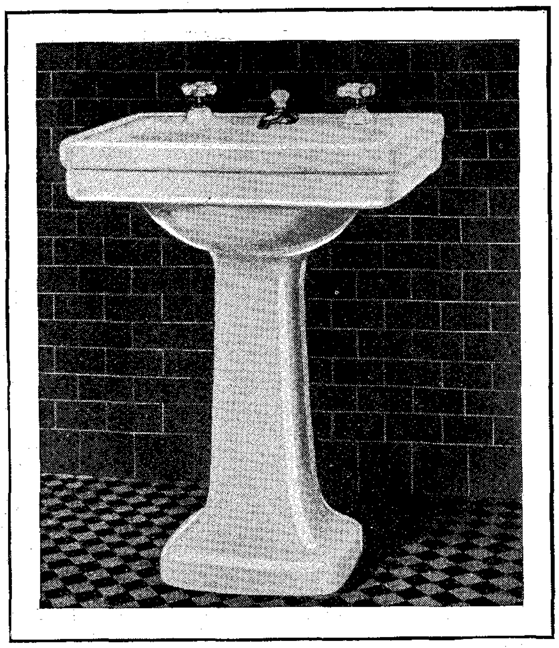
February 4.—The Central *Soviet*, of Moscow, states a dispatch from Helsingfors, has called to the colors all men between the ages of twenty-nine and forty-five years.

The Russian *Soviet* Government will take "all measures" to bring about an agreement with the Entente, according to a wireless message sent from Moscow three days ago, says a report from Paris. The Bolshevik authorities complain that they have received no formal invitation to the Princes' Islands conference, the only word regarding it being a wireless message "containing press news."

In their advance from Dvinsk the Bolsheviki have captured Vilkomir, forty-five miles northwest of Vilna, the capital of Lithuania, according to a report from Vilna.

Bolshevik forces are now masters of





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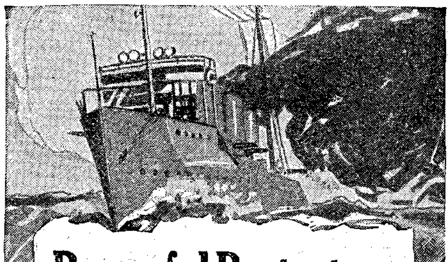

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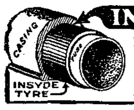

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almost the whole eastern Ukraine, says a dispatch from Helsingfors.

FOREIGN

January 29.—Cost of the war to Great Britain was approximately $40,640,000,000, Sir E. H. Holden declares in London. Of this sum $5,535,000,000 was loaned to the Allies.

The British Admiralty announces an increase of pay for all naval men, ranging from a shilling for ordinary seamen to six shillings a day for captains and officers of higher rank.

Mexico and Cuba have resumed diplomatic relations, according to reports in official circles in Washington.

London reports that the pay of British soldiers retained until a peace footing is reached will be twenty-one shillings a week, with board and lodgings.

January 30.—The *Endurance*, which Sir Ernest Shackleton used in his explorations in the Antarctic, is dashed to pieces on the sands of Yarmouth, England. Ten members of the crew are lost.

La Razon reports 157 strikes in Buenos Aires between January 1 and October 31, 1918. Sixty-one trades and 121,000 employees were affected, the wage loss to strikers being $1,375,500.

January 31.—Strikes are reported spreading in Great Britain. Serious conflicts with the police occur in Glasgow in which forty persons are injured. At Edinburgh 2,000 strikers demand that the city corporation grant $10,000 and the Leigh corporation $2,500 to the strike fund.

A squadron of military airplanes has been allotted by the British Government to convey foodstuffs to Belgium for the relief of the population.

February 1.—Thousands of soldiers are guarding the tramway, gas, and electric systems in Glasgow, and are having a steadying effect on the strikers. Many highway robberies are reported in Belfast where the outlook is described as threatening. Miners are demanding a thirty-hour week at full pay, with a minimum wage of $5 a day. The British press see signs of a social revolt behind the strikes with which the Government declines to interfere.

Brussels reports sixty German prisoners, three French officers, and one American killed by the explosion of a munition-train between Aubagne and Longwy.

Total British casualties in the air-service during the war were 16,623, states a London dispatch. Of this number 6,166 were killed and 7,345 wounded.

An official report to the State Department at Washington announces that the French and British authorities have assumed control of all railroads in European and Asiatic Turkey. Control of the police and German and Austrian banks in Constantinople has also been taken over by the Allies.

February 2.—A detachment of one hundred American soldiers arrives in Vienna with the first shipment of American food for relief purposes.

London hears from Oporto that a national government has been constituted in Portugal with Senior Conceiro as Premier and Minister of War. The Monarchists are awaiting the arrival of former King Manuel.

Twelve Sinn-Feiners are sentenced to six months' imprisonment for illegal drilling in a private hall, states a Dublin dispatch.

More troops arrive in Glasgow, the military display now provoking great resentment among the strikers, says an Associated Press correspondent. Two thousand house-builders join the strike for a forty-four-hour week in Belfast, and a labor congress has been summoned to meet in Dublin to demand a universal forty-four-hour week at wages 150 per cent. above the prewar rates, with a minimum of $12.50 weekly for all workers.

February 3.—London traffic is paralyzed by a strike of employees of the tube lines to enforce their demand for a half-hour luncheon period in an eight-hour day.

Copenhagen reports a serious strike on nineteen railway lines in Sweden.

The newly formed union of employees of the French post-office, telegraph, and telephone departments are informed that a bill has been prepared for Parliament by which all wages up to 4,000 francs yearly would be raised 200 per cent.

Monarchist forces are defeated by Portuguese Republicans with a loss of fifty killed and two hundred wounded, states a Madrid dispatch. The Republicans are now marching on Oporto.

Eight American soldiers are killed and thirty injured in a railway collision between Chaumont and Brest, reports a dispatch from Troyes, France. The men were on their way to Brest to take ships for home.

February 4.—London strikes threaten to tie up all electric lighting in the city. The Cabinet, reports the London *Daily Chronicle*, contemplates "immediate action," the nature of which is not specified.

The direct cost of the war, according to a London authority writing in *The Daily Telegraph*, is $200,000,000,000. He estimates the indirect cost of diminished trade and financial disturbances at $250,000,000,000.

The second sitting of the International Labor and Socialist Congress, at Bern, is marked by a violent rhetorical duel between French and German Socialists over the question of responsibility for the war.

DOMESTIC

January 29.—New York and Vermont ratify the Federal prohibition amendment, making forty-four States which have ratified.

Frank L. Polk, Acting Secretary of State, formally proclaims ratification of the prohibition amendment. Dry leaders and legal advisers of Mr. Polk contend that, altho the proclamation is dated January 29, it will become effective January 16, 1920, a year after the ratification by Nebraska, the thirty-sixth State to take favorable action.

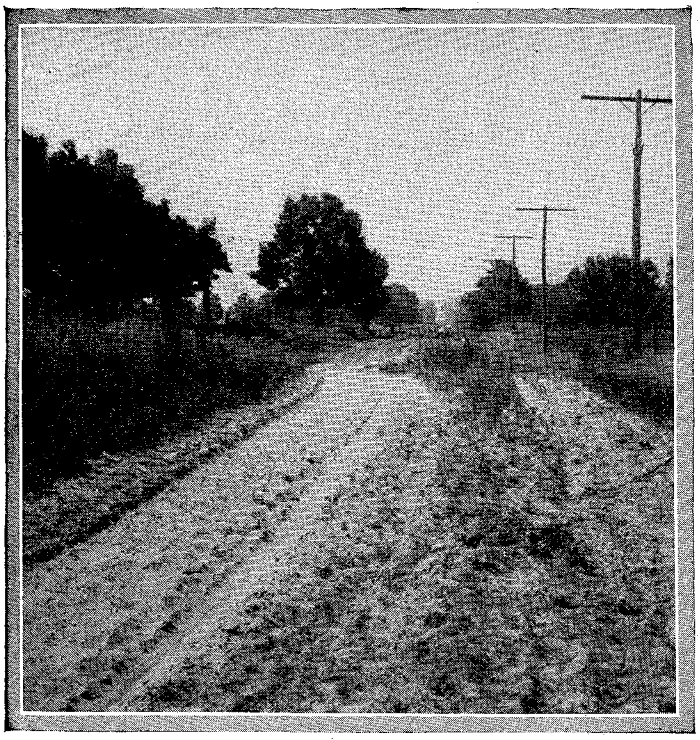
Representative Hicks, of New York, introduces a bill in the House proposing the construction of a museum of arts and history in Washington, at a cost not greater than $5,000,000, as a memorial to Theodore Roosevelt. Representative Farr, of Pennsylvania, introduces a bill for a Roosevelt memorial costing $250,000.

Drastic punishment for persons spreading anarchistic propaganda in the United States is provided in a bill introduced in the House by Representative Farr, of Pennsylvania.

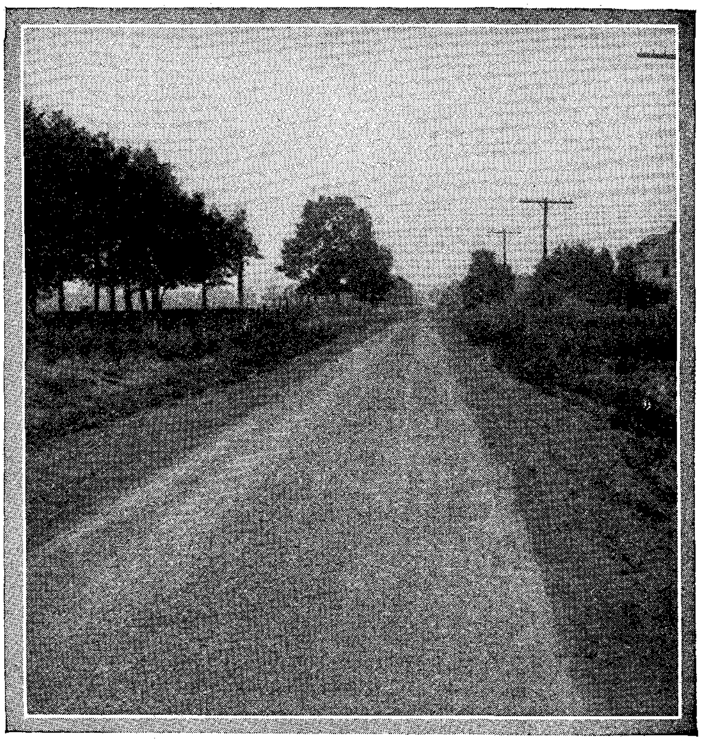
Stringent import restrictions on a wide range of manufactured commodities, which will exclude a variety of goods from the British market, will be made effective March 1 by the British Government, the War Trade Board announces.

The aggregate value of our farm crops last year is estimated at $14,090,769,000 by the Department of Agriculture. This is $500,000,000 more than the total of any previous year, the previous record value year being 1917.

January 30.—Secretary of Labor Wilson reports that 123 industrial centers contained 262,000 unemployed men this week, compared with 245,000 last week. He tells a joint meeting of the



An actual photograph of a part of the Dixie Highway, Illinois, before Tarvia was used.



The same road showing what the use of "Tarvia-X" has done. Note smooth, dustless surface.

How *One* Man Carried the Bond Issue—

A WELL-KNOWN county engineer tells this story, and *it's the best good-roads story we ever heard.*

He says the county was in terrible need of better roads. The mud all through the district was so deep that it was impossible to use wagons, all traveling being done either on foot or horseback.

In spite of the need there was little enthusiasm for good roads when the Board of County Commissioners met. Everyone was afraid of the presumed *high cost and increased taxes.*

A farmer in the back of the room arose.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "I ain't fit to address a dignified meeting like this, but that's because I've had to travel for ten miles over the kind of roads you give us.

"I couldn't drive, I had to ride horseback.

"My boots are covered with mud; my trousers are covered with mud; my coat is covered with mud; my hat is covered with mud; and if I hadn't stopped to wash it my face would be covered with mud, too.

"I look as if I had crawled here on my hands and knees, and I'm only half through because I've still got to go back, with five dollars' worth of groceries that I bought from Brother Fletcher.

"If there had been a good, hard road that my old horse could climb up and draw in a load of lumber that I've got ready, I would have bought twenty-five dollars' worth of groceries instead of five dollars' worth, and there would have been that much more money in town to-night."

And the mud-covered farmer sat down.

Other speakers took up his case. They pointed out that good roads were an *asset* instead of a *liability;* an *economy* instead of an *expense*; that they brought money into a town and greatly increased the markets.

The result was that the Commissioners enthusiastically passed a resolution to issue bonds enough to give them several miles of good roads.

To-day the county is more prosperous than ever, school conditions are better and the amount of traffic going in and out of the town has increased several hundred per cent.

The old-time hostility to good roads by taxpayers is fast passing away. Mud holes may look cheap, but they are the costliest thing any community can have around.

If you will build and maintain your roads with Tarvia you will have dustless, mudless, frost-proof highways that cost little to construct and maintain.

Tarvia has removed the last obstacle to the Good-Roads Movement because its use insures *good roads at low cost.*

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In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking.

If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes,* this Department can greatly assist you. Booklet free on request.

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Back of the Singer's Voice—

—is constant vigilance—immediate attention to the slightest hoarseness. Singers, speakers, and all who use their voices should keep them clear and strong by using *Zymole* Trokeys. They are not cough drops, but mildly antiseptic throat pastilles of real worth. Make the most of *your* voice —Zymole Trokeys at Druggists everywhere.

Singing Susie; leaky shoe;
Voice gets husky; awful blue!
Zymole Trokey, not in vain—
Susie soon can sing again!

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"There's something about it you'll like"
On Sale Everywhere
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A. L. Rice, a prominent manufacturer of Adams, N. Y., has discovered a process of making a new kind of paint without the use of oil. He calls it Powdrpaint. It comes in the form of a dry powder and all that is required is cold water to make a paint weather proof, fire proof, sanitary and durable for outside or inside painting. It is the cement principle applied to paint. It adheres to any surface, wood, stone or brick, spreads and looks like oil paint and costs about one-fourth as much.

Write to Mr. A. L. Rice, Manufacturer, 124 North Street, Adams, N. Y., and he will send you a free trial package, also color card and full information showing you how you can save a good many dollars. Write today. Advt.

Senate and House Labor Committees that legislation is imperative before March 4 to provide jobs for the unemployed.

The Shipping Board announces sweeping reductions in transatlantic freight-rates on commodities from South Atlantic and Gulf ports to the United Kingdom, France, Holland, and Italy in American bottoms.

The United States Treasury reports paying out about $1,600,000,000 in January for ordinary war-expenses, exclusive of Allied loans. This is only $70,000,000 less than was paid out in December and $55,000,000 less than in November last.

Reports to labor-leaders in Washington show that nearly 500,000 railway employees, or one-fourth of the entire number of railroad men in the country, have effected some sort of organization in recent months.

Secretary of War Baker declares that Congress should provide for some proper decoration for the nurses and Salvation Army lassies who have distinguished themselves at the front.

January 31.—The House Naval Affairs Committee agrees to report out a bill for the construction of ten dreadnoughts and ten scout cruisers.

Developing transportation on the waterways and coordinating and articulating them with a unified railway system is proposed by W. G. McAdoo in his annual report as Director-General of Railroads.

Universal compulsory military training for American youths as a permanent national policy is proposed in a bill introduced in the Senate by Senator New, of Indiana.

Conditions under which soldiers and sailors now holding government life insurance may convert their policies within five years to other forms which can be carried with the Government during their lifetime are announced by the War Risk Insurance Bureau.

Under a blanket order signed by Fuel Administrator Garfield all price-control exercised by the Fuel Administration over anthracite and bituminous coal will cease February 1.

Removal of all restrictions on margins of profit on foodstuffs, except cottonseed products and eggs, and cancellation of most license requirements on importers and distributers, are announced by the Food Administration, becoming effective February 1.

Representative Burnett, of Alabama, urges immediate consideration by Congress of a measure providing for the deportation of aliens interned during the war.

February 1.—Official tables of the major battle casualties of the American forces in France show that approximately 10,000 men remain wholly unaccounted for. The total of deaths, missing, and known prisoners tabulated up to January 10 for each of the thirty combatant divisions of General Pershing's army is 56,592, of whom 17,434 are classified as missing or captured.

Representatives of 600,000 workers in the New York Central Federated Union and the Brooklyn Central Labor Union have voted to support a general strike on July 4 if Thomas J. Mooney is not granted a new trial before that date, according to an announcement by the International Workers' Defense League in San Francisco.

Washington reports that two woman suffragists who planned to sail for France to picket President Wilson have been deprived of their passports.

The Overman propaganda inquiry committee in Washington hears evidence of successful attempts by the Teutonic Powers to prevent the Americanization of immigrants from their lands, to get them to return to the land of

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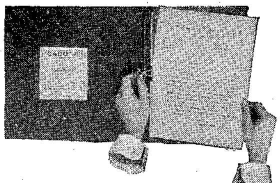

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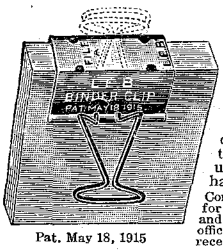

Pat. May 18, 1915

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—noted for comfort, beauty and adaptability to any climate.

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their birth, and to drain them of money and fleece them on their return.

Vice-Admiral Gleaves tells the Albany Society at a dinner in New York that we want "a navy big enough and strong enough to protect the United States," and warns against "insidious rumors" regarding antagonism of the British and American fleets in the North Sea.

Passports for negroes desiring to attend a pan-African Congress at Paris are refused by the State Department at Washington, which announces that the French Government does not consider this a favorable time for holding such a conference.

Colonel Cornell, secretary of the National Highways Protective Society, reports that 10,000 automobile accidents occurred in New York City last year, resulting in 748 deaths and injury to thousands.

A $5,000,000 fraudulent stock scheme, to which 50,000 working people subscribed, is charged in an indictment returned by the Federal grand jury in Chicago against thirteen officers and directors of a motor company, incorporated under the laws of Delaware.

General Pershing cables to Secretary of War Baker that the sensational reports in French newspapers of assaults and burglaries committed in Paris by American soldiers are "gross exaggerations."

An appropriation of $3,000,000 to maintain the National Guard at a strength of 106,000 officers and men during the next fiscal year is tentatively approved by the House Committee on Military Affairs.

General March announces that demobilization of the army passed the million mark during the week, with 61,237 officers and 952,411 men actually discharged.

February 2.—Francis Burton Harrison, Governor-General of the Philippines, arrives in New York from Manila, and describes the conditions of the islands as sound commercially and financially, with the people loyal and devoted to the United States.

Tonnage having increased steadily since the signing of the armistice, the War Trade Board announces that Dutch ships now under control and in the service of the United States will be returned to Holland immediately.

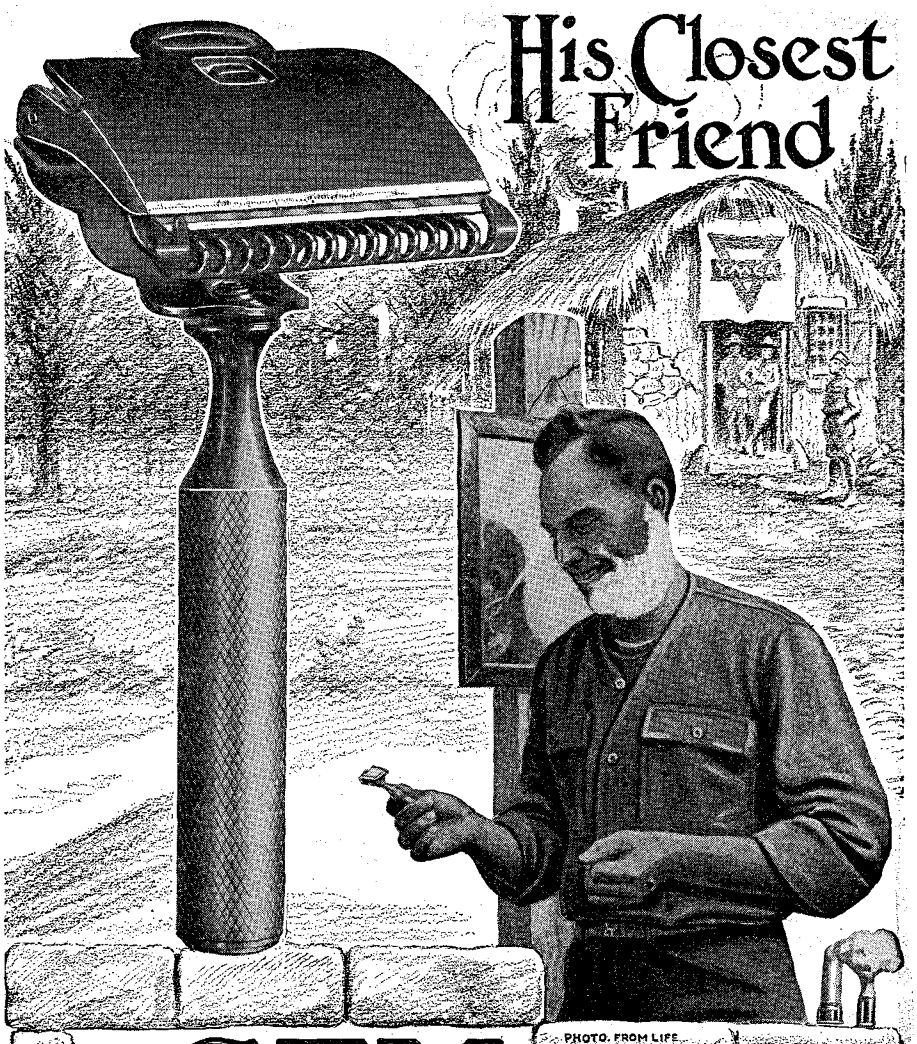
All but $61,332,000 of the original $500,000,000 revolving fund of the Railroad Administration has been used, Director-General Hines reports in his financial statement for January.

February 3.—More than $8,000,000 will have been spent by the Federal Employment Service this year without legislative control, declares Morris L. Ernst, former labor expert of the United States Shipping Board, in a newspaper statement.

The forty-eight hour weekly schedule for textile workers goes into effect in New Bedford and Fall River. A large number of textile operatives strike at Lawrence, Mass., to enforce demands for fifty-four hours' pay for forty-eight hours' work, and Philadelphia reports half of the employees in local textile mills on strike.

February 4.—The sub-committee of the Senate Committee on Judiciary, which, under the chairmanship of Senator Owen, of North Carolina, has been investigating German propaganda in this country, is instructed by unanimous vote of the Senate immediately to begin an investigation of Bolshevism and all other forms of anti-American radicalism in the United States.

The Connecticut State Senate votes 20 to 14 against ratification of the prohibition amendment. Connecticut is the first State to refuse ratification.



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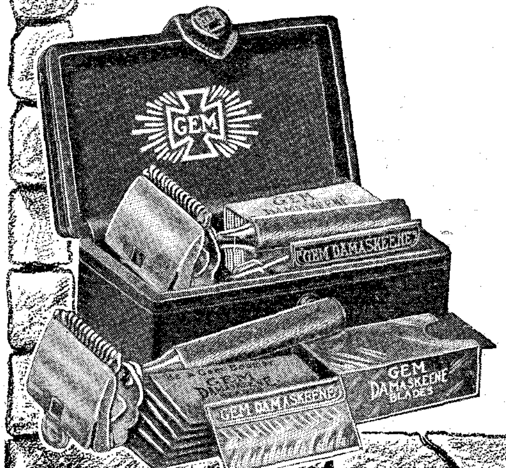

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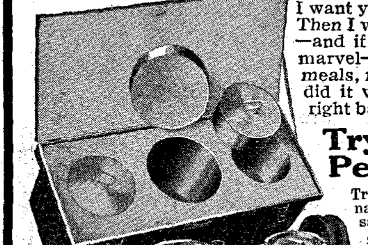

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"O. S.," Clifton Station, Va.—"In the NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY *milch* is given as an adjective and *milk* as a verb and a noun. Under *milch* I find *milch cow* but I have looked in vain for *milk cow.* I can not understand why. In my long life I have no recollection of more than one or two persons who used the expression *milch cow.* It was always *milk cow.*"

The LEXICOGRAPHER has been unable to find *milk cow* in his reference-books. The form *milch*, however, dates, in its adjectival form, back to the Geneva Bible, 1560, and it was used by Shakespeare in "Venus and Adonis," 1592, by Bacon in "Sylva," 1626, by Steele in the "Tatler," 1709, by Chesterfield, 1759, and Goldsmith, 1774, and by many others since. The word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *meolc.*

The noun *milch-cow* dates back from 1424. It was used by Shakespeare in the "Taming of the Shrew" in 1596, and has been used steadily by other writers since. The destiny of words is controlled by the genius of the language. Some survive through the ages, others are modified according to public whim, and such modification is illustrated by the word *milk*, the original spelling of which was *meolc* (Bede's History, about 900 A.B.), *millc* (Ormin, 1200), *mylke* (Langland's "Piers Plowman," 1377), *melk* (Gower's "Confessio Amantis," 1390). The form *milke* was used by Shakespeare in "The Tempest" in 1610, but that spelling can only be traced back to Chaucer's "Romaunt of the Rose," about 1366.

Usage has decreed that the present spelling of the noun is *milk*, and that of the adjective *milch.*

"W. B. L.," Glassport, Pa.—"Kindly inform me what the four letters 'S. P. Q. R.' stood for on the old Roman insignia."

The letters "S. P. Q. R." stand for *Senatus Populusque Romanus* and mean "The Roman Senate and People."

"L. P. W.," Marine, Ill.—"Is the word *Christian* ever spelled with a small letter? For instance, in the expression, 'We should lead a *Christian* life,' is it not proper to use a capital?"

The following writers wrote *Christian* with a small initial letter: Wynkin de Worde in 1526: "The life of every *chrystian* is as a pilgrymage." Sir Thomas More in 1529: "Being faithful *christians.*" Eden in 1553: "Served other *christian* men." Googe in 1577: "This medicine will also remedy a *christian* creature." But these are all before the seventeenth century. Modern usage requires the capitalization of the word.

"R. M.," Murphysboro, Ill.—"How many words are there in the English language?"

The English language contains approximately 600,000 words. Of this total nearly one-half consists of scientific terminology and of archaic, obsolescent, or obsolete terms.

"G. B. S.," Boswell, Pa.—"Please give the play, act, and scene in which the 'seven ages' are given in Shakespeare."

Shakespeare's "seven ages" may be found in "As You Like It," act ii, scene 7.

"L. B. W.," Goshen, Ind.—"Is it good English to pronounce the word *idea* as tho spelled 'idear'? What authority have the 'English-born' people for this pronunciation?"

The pronunciation "idear" for "idea" is simply an affectation, which is not restricted to "English-born people." In December, 1912, the Board of Education of New York City, calling attention to the more common errors of pronunciation among the high-school pupils of the city, drew attention to the fact that "an *r* is often inserted or added when none ought to be heard." Writing on certain mispronunciations, the late Henry James in his "The Question of Our Speech" said—"You will perfectly hear persons supposedly 'cultivated,' the very instructors of youth sometimes themselves, talk of *vanilla-r-ice-cream,* of *California-r-oranges,* of *Cuba-r and Porto Rico,* of *Atalanta-r in Calydon,* and (very resentfully) of 'the idea-r-of' any intimation that their performance and example in these respects may not be immaculate."

"W. S.," New York, N. Y.—"Kindly advise me if leap-year occurs every four years."

In the Julian and Gregorian calendars, every year whose number is exactly divisible by four, except those that are divisible by 100 and not by 400, is a *leap-year*, and is so called probably because in that year an intercalary day, called bissextus, being added to February, the first of March (or any day of any month) is not simply pushed on one day of the week as in other years, but leaps over one day additional.

"M. H. R.," Tampico, Mexico.—"What is champagne? 'A' claims that it is a kind of drink that can be made only in the champagne district of France. 'B' contends that it is a class of wine that can be made anywhere. 'A' thinks that champagne made in America is an imitation, while 'B' thinks that altho it may be an imitation of the kind of wine made in France it is still champagne."

Champagne is a highly effervescent wine, typically amber-colored, made in Marne and adjoining departments in France, *or a wine in imitation of it.* Loosely, any sparkling wine. Good *champagne* is usually of a pale straw color, but with nothing of a yellow tinge about it. Rose-colored *champagnes* are simply tinted with a small quantity of deep red wine. Originally, champagne was any wine, still or sparkling, white or red, produced in the old province of Champagne, France.

"S. W. B.," Ayr, N. Dak.—"Kindly give me the name of the play and the act in which Shakespeare makes one of his characters speak of one who 'Crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning.'"

"Hamlet," act iii, scene 2, reads:

Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.

The words are addressed by *Hamlet* to *Horatio.*

"W. S. R.," Temple, Tex.—"Is the word *beautied* in the following quotation correct?

'Now the bride her dower receives,
Bride of yestermorn, and *beautied*
With a crown of golden leaves.'

"I fail to find the word, but it is possible that poetic license may permit the coinage of the word to fit the occasion."

Beautied is used here correctly and is a variant form of the word *beautified.* The word was used by Berners in 1525, by Shakespeare in 1602 ("Hamlet," act iii, scene 1), and by Singleton in 1855.

"J. H.," Tampa, Fla.—"Should a ship be referred to as *she* or *it?* Please tell me which is correct."

By common consent (usage) the word *ship* is of the feminine gender, and is spoken and written of as *she.* Personification by the use of pronouns occurs when a masculine or feminine pronoun is used to refer to a neuter noun, as if the noun represented a person and were itself of the masculine or feminine gender. Thus poets and orators speak of the sun as "he" and of the moon as "she," and a sailor speaks of his ship or a railroad man of his engine or train as "she."—FERNALD "Working Grammar of the English Language," p. 62.

"J. A. D.," Gouverneur, N. Y.—"Kindly inform me what islands form the Ægean or Grecian Archipelago."

The "Ægean Islands" are *Thasos*, in the extreme north, off the Macedonian coast; *Samothrace, Imbros,* and *Lemnos,* near the Dardanelles; *Eubœa,* the largest of all, lying close along the east coast of the Greek peninsula; the northern *Sporades,* including *Skiathos, Skopelos,* and *Skyros,* near Eubœa; *Lesbos, Ohios, Samos,* and the large group of other Sporades, such as *Rhodes, Cos,* and *Patmos,* adjacent to the coast of Asia Minor; and, finally, the large group, the *Cyclades,* extending southward from Eubœa toward Crete and including *Andros, Delos, Naxos, Paros,* and *Melos.*

"H. M. W.," Greensboro, N. C.—"Please advise me as to the capitalization of the names of the seasons of the year, as, for instance, 'We will wait until the *Fall* of the year,' or 'We will wait until the *fall* of the year.'"

The seasons of the year, being regarded as common nouns, are not written with initial capital letters.

"E. H. C.," Owensboro, Ky.—"What are the 'A. B. C.' countries and why?"

Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, from the initial letter of each name.

"L. C.," Chattanooga, Tenn.—"Where is the following quotation taken from—'And they rise to their feet as He passes by, gentlemen unafraid'?"

The quotation is from Rudyard Kipling's "The Buccaneers."

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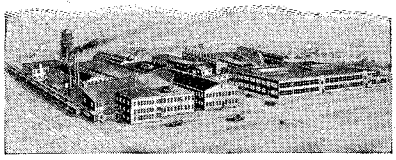

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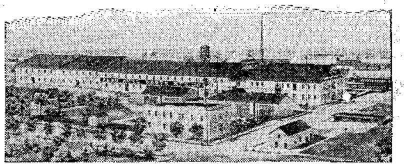

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INVESTMENTS & FINANCE

OUR NATIONAL INCOME LAST YEAR OF $73,400,000,000

DR. BENJAMIN M. ANDERSON, Jr., of the National Bank of Commerce, has made an estimate of the national income of the United States in the year 1918. He arrives at the stupendous total of $73,400,000,000, or nearly double the cost of the war to Great Britain. In 1917 our income was $68,800,000,000, while in 1913, the year before the war, it was only $34,800,000,000. One has to remember, however, that since the war began we have been dealing with much higher prices. Of last year's total $73,400,000,000, $4,600,000,000 was spent by the American people at retail prices for products of foreign industry, while the remainder, or $68,800,000,000, represents the expenditures of our people and our Government for American goods and services. Dr. Anderson remarks that this figure, $68,800,000,000, may be defined as the "domestic trade" of the United States for 1918. Our exports on a retail basis totaled in the year $9,200,000,000, which may be taken as representative of foreign trade for the purpose of comparison with the figure for "domestic trade." Foreign trade for 1918 was therefore 13.4 per cent. of domestic trade. The index-numbers used in the compilation were *Dun's*. Rising prices, as compared with prices for 1913, would alone account for 89.5 per cent. of the increase in 1918 over 1913. As his use of *Dun's* index-numbers makes the total for 1918 several billions smaller than it would be if any of the other index-numbers had been chosen, he believes his estimate "is a distinctly conservative one so far as the price factor is concerned." He presents a table of index-numbers from which figures for net income were derived, these figures being for a series of twenty-eight years, beginning in 1890, as follows:

Calendar Years	1 *Dun's Prices Reduced to Percentages of Prices of 1910*	2 *Index of Physical Production, with Base in 1910**	3 *Composite Index—Prices Multiplied by Index of Physical Production*	4 *Net Income of U. S. in Billions of Dollars 100:30.5 ::(3):x*
1890.........	76.5	39.8	30.8	9.3
1891.........	81.5	42.0	34.2	10.4
1892.........	75.6	43.5	32.8	10.0
1893.........	77.3	42.9	33.2	10.1
1894.........	71.5	38.1	27.2	8.3
1895.........	68.0	40.7	27.8	8.4
1896.........	63.8	40.6	25.9	7.9
1897.........	62.2	42.4	26.4	8.0
1898.........	66.4	45.1	29.9	9.1
1899.........	72.3	49.6	35.8	10.9
1900.........	78.1	54.0	42.1	12.9
1901.........	80.6	59.4	47.8	14.6
1902.........	84.0	62.6	51.3	15.6
1903.........	83.1	70.1	58.2	17.7
1904.........	84.0	70.3	59.0	18.0
1905.........	84.0	76.4	64.2	19.6
1906.........	88.1	85.0	70.5	21.5
1907.........	94.0	92.0	86.3	26.6
1908.........	92.4	81.8	75.6	23.0
1909.........	99.0	91.7	91.0	27.6
1910.........	100.00	100.00	100.00	30.5†
1911.........	98.1	99.0	97.0	29.6
1912.........	104.1	106.9	111.0	33.8
1913.........	101.7	112.5	114.0	34.8
1914.........	102.5	104.5	107.0	32.6
1915.........	106.0	110.0	116.0	35.4
1916.........	125.0	129.0	161.2	49.2
1917.........	171.4	131.3	225.1	68.6
1918.........	192.8	124.8	240.6	73.4

*This index of physical volume of production for the years 1890–1916 inclusive is based on railway gross receipts. Its basis for 1917 and 1918 is discust in the text.

†The basic figure for the net income of the United States is 30.5 billions, in 1910. Figures in Column 4 for other years, as 1905, are derived by taking the index in Column 3 for 1905, the index in Column 3 for 1910, and the absolute figure in Column 4 for 1910, and solving by the "rule of three."

Some interesting comments are made by Dr. Anderson in the course of his article which appeared recently in the New York *Times Annalist:*

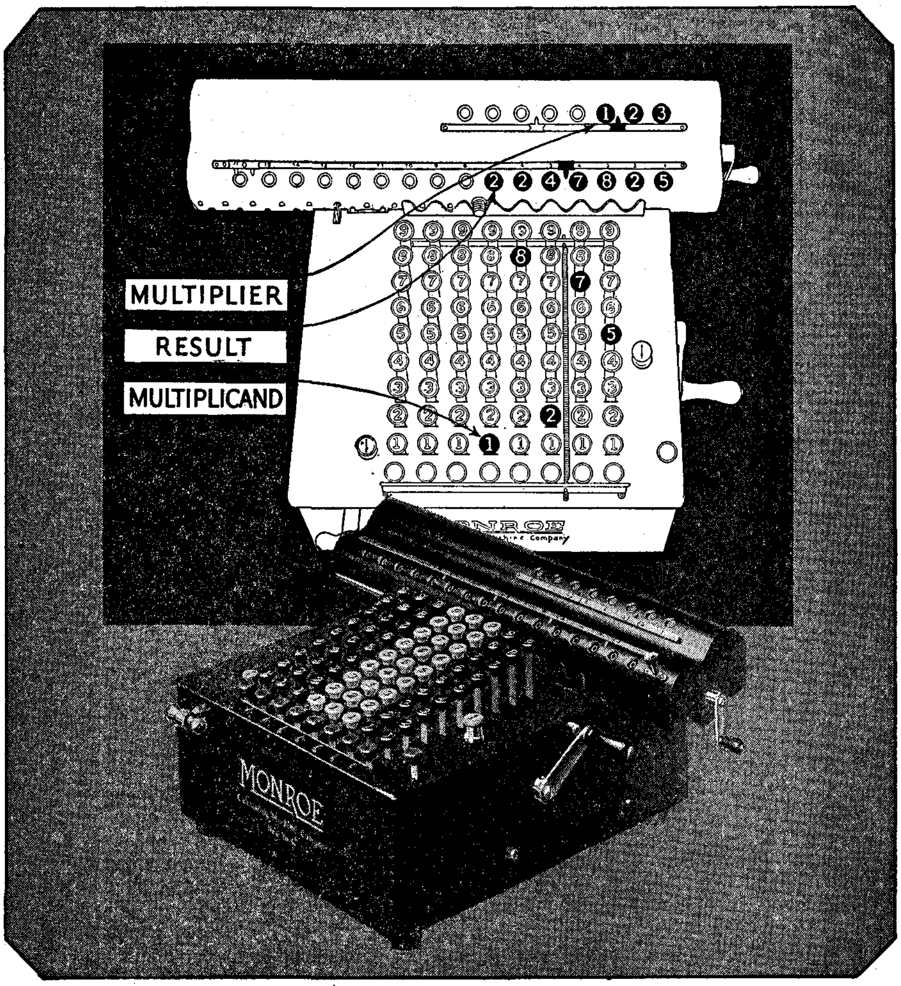
"For the first nine months of 1918 copper production increased 6.3 per cent.

For the first eleven months of 1918, as compared with 1917, bituminous coal output increased 8 per cent. Pig-iron production for the first eleven months in 1918 is virtually the same as for the same months of 1917, showing a decline of .65 of 1 per cent. Steel ingots declined more, 4.4 per cent. Of the major crops, corn declined 15.7 per cent., and wheat increased 44 per cent. Oats declined 3.4 per cent.; hay declined 9.4 per cent. Potatoes declined 9.3 per cent.; rye (a minor crop) increased 41.5 per cent.; cotton (a major crop) increased 3.5 per cent.; tobacco increased 7.2 per cent. The minor crops generally showed an increase, rice, for example, increasing 16.3 per cent. It is difficult to reach any conclusion from these figures, except that things, on the whole, stand about as they did in 1917.

"But there is another significant index which would show a marked reduction of production, and that is the figure for building permits for the first eleven months of 1918, as compared with the first eleven months of 1917. Building permits in dollars show a decline of 39 per cent. The decline would be greater if physical units were available. The year 1917 also showed a decline in building permits as compared with 1916, but in 1917 there was a very large volume of government construction, for which no permits were required, particularly in connection with the cantonments. In 1918 there was very much less of this factor of government construction, and the decline in building permits is very much more significant. The decline in building permits, however, would exaggerate the general decline in non-essential production. Long-time construction at war-time prices of building materials and labor would have been an unprofitable venture in general, and it is wholly improbable that the general curtailment of production, apart from war-essentials, is anything like as great as that in the building trade.

"Taking all factors into consideration, the writer has assumed that aggregate production in the United States was nearly 2 per cent. greater in 1917 than in 1916, and in 1918 was 5 per cent. less than in 1917. This procedure is arbitrary, and the writer can offer no mathematical justification for it. It represents merely his best guess. He reserves the right to revise the war-time figures at a later time when more information is available, and he hopes that other investigators may be interested in giving attention to the problem. If it should appear to other students that the 1918 figure for physical production should be placed still lower, the writer would not be disposed to quarrel with the contention, but, as to his estimate for the net income of the country, he would still feel that it is conservative in view of the choice of *Dun's* index-number of prices.

"Other students may be disposed to give larger emphasis to the fact that some millions of soldiers have been withdrawn from industry, and that many men normally engaged in the professions have been taken over into government work, making it inevitable that the normal volume of physical production should have been reduced by more than 5 per cent. during the last year. The writer would point out in this connection, however, that physical production and prices are not really the only factors to be considered in connection with variations in the income of the country. Under normal conditions, it may be assumed that the income of the country will vary with them. But Government employees also receive income, whether producers in any strict sense or not. Soldiers, tho withdrawn from industry, still receive income; income which might be taxed if the Government so chose, and income out of which Liberty bonds may be and are bought. The income of the country, therefore, has not been diminished in the same ratio that physical production has been diminished."



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According to a statement from Washington printed in *The Journal of Commerce*, high prices and increased production combined last year to swell the total value of our farm crops in 1918 to a total of half a billion dollars more than the total of any previous year. By the Bureau of Crop Estimates of the Department of Agriculture the value of last year's crops was placed at $14,000,000,000, which was "double the average value for the five years 1912 to 1916." Illinois ranked first in the value of all crops, as she did in 1917. Iowa, Texas, and Georgia were second, third, and fourth, holding the same rank they did in 1917. Minnesota took fifth rank, jumping from ninth place, which she held in 1917, while Ohio dropt back into sixth place from the fifth rank. North Carolina moved up into seventh rank from the eleventh place, and Indiana retained her eighth place.

Below is a table giving the hypothetical value in thousands, *i.e.*, 000's omitted, by States for 1918 and 1917, and the rank of States in each year:

	Value		*Rank*	
State	*1918*	*1917*	*1918*	*1917*
Maine	$79,410	$68,597	37	37
N. Hampshire	29,776	25,500	45	46
Vermont	50,874	44,484	42	42
Massachusetts	70,204	64,889	38	38
Rhode Island	7,965	8,235	48	48
Connecticut	59,964	54,345	40	39
New York	447,216	418,089	11	12
New Jersey	103,321	103,107	35	34
Pennsylvania	459,929	407,612	10	14
Delaware	26,290	27,707	46	45
Maryland	127,231	122,368	32	31
Virginia	322,224	303,818	25	23
W. Virginia	141,043	126,487	30	30
N. Carolina	537,438	434,093	7	11
S. Carolina	446,313	383,153	12	15
Georgia	590,292	553,431	4	4
Florida	103,144	96,559	36	35
Ohio	541,400	547,134	6	5
Indiana	507,563	504,300	8	8
Illinois	879,679	849,990	1	1
Michigan	336,669	355,146	22	19
Wisconsin	417,888	367,370	15	17
Minnesota	562,545	464,294	5	9
Iowa	821,920	792,618	2	2
Missouri	482,436	536,827	9	6
N. Dakota	375,601	220,290	19	27
S. Dakota	438,880	358,748	13	18
Nebraska	390,944	522,186	17	7
Kansas	424,298	416,225	14	13
Kentucky	385,066	353,877	18	20
Tennessee	324,256	288,744	24	24
Alabama	366,677	287,939	20	25
Mississippi	403,789	351,070	16	21
Louisiana	282,640	284,634	26	26
Texas	695,651	790,923	3	3
Oklahoma	264,502	340,406	27	22
Arkansas	331,479	371,660	23	16
Montana	146,713	105,745	29	33
Wyoming	61,752	54,247	39	40
Colorado	153,639	164,890	28	28
New Mexico	40,711	38,470	44	43
Arizona	42,267	31,193	43	44
Utah	54,759	52,299	41	41
Nevada	24,536	24,477	47	47
Idaho	107,111	96,525	34	36
Washington	135,255	144,422	31	29
Oregon	122,481	108,025	33	32
California	365,028	439,521	21	10
United States	$14,090,769	$13,506,669		

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